

Bicycles

The Clientele

Bicycles have drifted through these leaves still wet
with rain

August now has faded in the silence of the rain

I remember one Sunday, riding in through the gate

Three balloons in a white sky, 1978

La la la.....

Playgrounds where we spent our days

Return within our dreams

What it is, it isn't up to me

I've been driving in my car

On Sunday in the rain

And my life is slipping so away