

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