

Broken Bicycles

Tom Waits

Broken bicycles,
Old busted chains,
With busted handle bars
Out in the rain.
Somebody must
Have an orphanage for
All these things that nobody
Wants any more
September's reminding July
It's time to be saying good-bye.

Summer is gone,
Our love will remain.
Like old broken bicycles
Out in the rain.

Broken Bicycles,
Don't tell my folks;
There's all those playing cards
Pinned to the spokes,
Laid down like skeletons
Out on the lawn.
The wheels won't turn
When the other has gone.
The seasons can turn on a dime,
Somehow I forget every time;
For all the things that you've given me
Will always stay
Broken, but I'll never throw them away