

# Broken Bicycles

## Tom Waits & Crystal Gayle

Broken bicycles, old busted chains  
rusted handlebars out in the rain  
Somebody must have an orphanage for  
these things that's nobody wants anymore  
September's reminding July  
it's time to say goodbye  
Summer is gone but our love will remain  
like old broken bicycles out in the rain

Broken bicycles, don't tell my folks  
of all these playing cards pinned to the spokes  
They lay there like skeletons out on the lawn  
wheels won't turn when the other half's gone  
But seasons can't turn on a dime  
somehow I forget every time  
The things you've given me  
will always stay  
they're broken  
but I'll never throw them away

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Lyrics submitted by suzanna peet.

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