

# 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, there broken but I'll never throw them away

Songwriters

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