

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

TOM WAITS

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