# Broken Bicycles

## Mathilde Santing

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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