

Broken Bicycles / Junk

Elvis Costello

Broken bicycles
Old busted chains
Rusted handle bars
Out in the rain

Somebody must
Have an orphanage for
These things that nobody
Wants any more
September's reminding July
It's time to be saying... good-bye

Summer is gone
But our love will remain
Like old broken bicycles
Left 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

One wheel won't turn
While the other has gone
The seasons can turn on a dime
Somehow I forget every time
These things you've given me
They always will stay
They're broken... but I'll never throw them away

Motor cars, handlebars
Bicycles for two
Broken-hearted jubilee
Parachutes, army boots
Sleeping bags for two
Sentimental jamboree

Buy, buy
Says the sign in the shop window
Why, why
Says the junk in the yard

Candlesticks, building bricks
Something old and new
Memories for you and me

Buy, buy
Says the sign in the shop window
Why, why
Says the junk in the yard