

White Bikes

Thursday

White bikes on the side of the road
Last night I heard a crash on 22
And you were never the same
Did you forget your name
As the pedals turned and the road unspooled ahead?

Some days I still see your name
On the side of the crosstown bus
It's like something's looking after us
You asked me to look for you
On the overpass near 22

I'm waiting, I'm waiting for you to come around again
(Turn the radio up or how will I ever know?)
Why am I still waiting for you to come around again?
(The radio's on, how can you turn it down?)

White bikes on the side of the road
Last night I had a dream about your house
It was never the same
Since they threw out your bed
And changed the locks
And told everyone you were dead

You asked me to look for you
On the overpass near 22

I'm waiting, I'm waiting for you to come around again
(Turn the radio up or how will I ever know?)
Why am I still waiting for you to come around again?
(The radio's on, how can you turn it down?)

How can you turn it down?
How can you turn it down
When the flowers turn in a purple shock
How can you turn it down?
How can you turn it down
When the neon lights make you feel like God
How can you turn it down?
How can you turn it down
When your friends are here and the music's loud
How can you turn it down?
When your song comes on
How can you turn it down?

I'm waiting, I'm waiting for you to come around again
(Turn the radio up or how will I ever know?)
Why am I still waiting for you to come around again?
(Turn it up, turn it up, turn the radio up or how will I ever know?)

Am I still waiting?