

# 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?