

Brian Eno

"Some of Them Are Old"

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People come and go and forget to close the door
And leave their stains and cigarette butts trampled on
the floor
And when they do
Remember me, remember me

Some of them are old, some of them are new
Some of them will turn up when you least expect them
to
And when they do
Remember me, remember me

Lucy you're my girl, Lucy you're a star
Lucy please be still and hide your madness in a jar
But do beware
It will follow you, it will follow you

Some of them are old but it would help if you could
smile
To earn a crooked sixpence you'll walk many a crooked
mile
And as you do
Remember me, remember me

Remember me, remember me

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