

Salad "Namedrops"

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You don't
even know your name
You get
on a bicycle
And bend
the frame
Samson in
a cage
Gave him some
wine and Danish
Man, was
he depraved
Raindrops, teardrops
Give me
some real food
Like out
on the balcony
Hamish
in a den
Now that
I'm seventeen
He must
be ten
You don't seem
to love me any more
I gave you
my word of honour
You sprinkled
your path with gravel
Angels
fell from the sky
You don't
even know your name
You get

on a bicycle
I get on
a plane
Namedrops
on a hill
Perhaps in
a distant valley

They'll
be still
You don't seem
to love me any more
I gave you
my word of honour
You sprinkled
your path with gravel
Angels
fell from the sky
You don't seem
to love me any more
I gave you
my word of honour
You sprinkled
your path with gravel
Angels
fell from the sky
Namedrops
on a hill
Perhaps in
a distant valley
They'll
be still

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