Depot, Depot

Tom Waits

Depot, depot, what am I doing here?
Depot, depot, what am I doing here?
I ain't coming, I ain't going
My confusion is showing
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue
I'm gonna paint myself blue
At the depot
I watch the taxis pull up and idle
I can't claim title to a single memory
He offered me a key
'Cause opportunity don't knock
He has no tongue and she cannot talk
You're gonna shuffle when you walk
At the depot
This peeping-Tom needs a peephole
And an uptempo song
To move me along
When I find this depot baby
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe
At the depot
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue
Oh, tell me what a poor boy to do
At the depot
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe
At the depot
The depot

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