Semi Suite

Tom Waits

Well, you hate those diesels rollin'
And those Friday nights out bowlin'
When he's off for a twelve hour lay overnight
You wish you had a dollar
For every time he hollered that he's leavin'
And he's never comin' back
But the curtain laced below
And his hands on your pillow
And his trousers are hangin' on the chair
You're lyin' through your pain, babe
But you're gonna tell him he's your man
And you ain't got the courage to leave
He tells you that you're on his mind

You're the only one he's ever gonna find
It's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul
But the only place a man can breathe
And collect his thoughts
Midnight and flyin' away on the road
But you've packed and unpacked
So many times you've lost track
And the steam heat is drippin' off the walls
But when you hear his engines
You're lookin' through the window in the kitchen and you know
You're always gonna be there when he calls
'Cause he's a truck drivin' man, stoppin' when he can
He's a truck drivin' man, stoppin' when he can

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