

Drops from the Faucet

Nanci Griffith

Drops in the faucet like a nervous heart
Beat on my porcelain sink a rhythm avant-garde
I page through the phone book, reach for my fountain pen
Is he comin' in for the holidays to haunt me again? I call up the Grand central, information please
Is that nickel line on time, oh fine
And it's a hair-do with a wave
We've both forgot and forgave last time
A peddler of pots and pans down on Union Square
Said City Hall wants us off the street
There's no Christmas in the air
Some high-brows were waiting
Carnation bright lapels
Their big cars line the curbs outside those grand hotels
I passed a Marquee, Third Avenue
Ramona with Loretta Young and I swung myself around
And headed uptown to the train
So this is New Year's Eve another year has passed
We wait so patiently, still they come and go so fast
I stand on this platform wait for that basket of light
And the sound of the whistle screamin' out
Like a hot trumpet in the night
And as I'm waitin' I wonder why and where
And what went wrong
But this song don't tell no lies
It was just a quick good-bye

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