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 timeA 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 lapelsTheir 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 trainSo 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 nightAnd 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/