

# At the Depot

Rory Gallagher

Well, I'm hanging around the depot, boys,  
Trying to get a job,  
I'm so sick and tired of being laid off,  
No silver lining, no rainbow's end, Bills in my mailbox, that's all they ever send,  
All they ever send.

Well, I'm hanging around the corner, boys,  
Holding up the wall, Feeling kinda sloppy, waiting for a call.  
Running out of patience, running out of cool,  
Don't turn on the radio, I don't want to hear the news,  
Don't want to hear the news. Well, you sure look good, baby, sure look neat,  
Sure make sense from your head to your feet,  
You don't want to know me now, but you're gonna change your mind,  
I'm going to Fat City, gonna do things in style. Well, you sure look good, baby, sure look neat,  
Sure make sense from your head to your feet,  
Making all the ice melt when you walk down the street,  
Making all the ice melt when you walk down the street. You don't want to know me now, but you're gonna  
change your mind,  
I'm going to Fat City, gonna do things in style.  
Well, my motor won't run man,  
I'm sure it's on the blink, Ain't had no gasoline since God knows when,  
I'm waiting for that woman, ain't she ever gonna show?  
Don't keep me waiting, I got some place else to go,  
Some place else to go. Well, I'm hanging round the depot, boys,  
Can't get a job,  
I'm so sick and tired of being laid off,  
No silver lining, no rainbow's end, Blues in my mailbox, that's all they ever send,  
All they ever send,  
All they ever send.

Songwriters

RORY GALLAGHER Published by

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