

# Debris

## Fusebox

I left you on the debris  
At the Sunday morning market  
You were sorting through the odds and ends  
You was looking for a bargain  
I heard your footsteps at the front door  
In that old familiar love song  
'Cause you knew you'd find me waiting there  
At the top of the stairs  
I went there and back  
Just to see how far it was  
And you, you tried to tell me  
But I had to learn for myself  
There's more trouble at the depot  
With the general workers' union  
And you said they'll never change a thing  
Well, they won't fight and they're not working  
Oh, you was my hero  
Now you are my good friend  
I've been there and back  
And I know how far it is  
But I left you on the debris  
Now we both know you got no money  
And I wonder what you would have done  
Without me hanging around

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