Walkin' Home Alone

Stan Ridgway

Now there's last Sunday's paper
Crumpled up and rollin' down the street away
And there's a piece of gun
Just waitin' for a ride on someone's feet today
CHORUS
And tonight I'll be walkin' home alone
Therre's a million things I said
And twice as many that I didn't say
And I remember an afternoon
A broken coffee cup and some Broadway tune
And I shook her hand and I said...OK
and now as I stroll by some skinny dog
Left outside without a bone
CHORUS
And ain't it funny how one afternoon
Can make two people stop and say
That all the time they spent together
Really didn't mean that much anyway
Except a sink full of dirty dishes
And a picture in a drawer
And a hairbrush on the table
And a hole punched in a door
And if sher were here right now
I'd tell her things I never told her before
So now I hear a clock and I get up fast
And draw the curtain on a brand new day
I can't wait to get this cast off
The telephone's dead, I guess they turned it off today
Turn the key on the mailbox slot
I'm lookin' for a letter but bills is all I got
And even the cat she left me with
Is goin' out with someone else
So put another quarter in the jukebox Pete,
But don't play the one with the sad trombone
'Cause tonight I'll be walkin' home alone

DON'T BLAME ME...

Eric Wincentsen "Greetings from the Humungous-

267@ef.gc.maricopa.edu The Lord Humungous!"
Glendale Community College, -The Road Warrior
Glendale, Arizona

I DIDN'T VOTE FOR SLICK WILLY!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/