

# Greyhound

Harry Chapin

It's midnight at the depot  
And I drag my bags in line  
Travellin' light, I got to go  
But the bus won't be on time  
Everybody's looking half alive  
Later on the bus arrives They punch my ticket, I find a seat  
And we move out past the lights  
Come on driver, where's the heat?  
It's cold out in the night  
I keep telling to myself that I don't care  
Come tomorrow, I'll be there Take the Greyhound  
It's a dog of a way to get around  
Take the Greyhound  
It's a dog gone easy way to get you down Tired of watching this night go by  
So I look across the aisle  
The window's frosted, I can't sleep  
But the girl returns my smile  
She reminds me of someone I knew back home  
So I doze, so it goes I'm wrinkled on my stool at the rest stop  
The waitress being cozy with the highway cop  
My coffee's tasting tired, my eyes roll over dead  
Got to go outside and get the gas out of my head  
Oh, to be in bed, you got me driving  
I'm on your Greyhound bus and you're driving But there's nothing new about Greyhounds  
Nothing new about feeling down  
Nothing new about putting off  
Or putting myself on Looking to tomorrow is the way the loser hides  
I should have realized by now that all my life's a ride  
It's time to find some happy times and make myself some friends  
I know there ain't no rainbows waiting when this journey ends Stepping off this dirty bus first time I understood  
It's got to be the going not the getting there that's good  
That's a thought for keeping if I could  
It's got to be the going not the getting there that's good

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