

Frisco Depot (San Francisco Depot)

Waylon Jennings

Frisco's a mile long away
You can afford to fly
But it might as well be the moon,
Lord, when you're as broke as I. Here I sit with my head in my hands
Watching the trains roll by
Lord, the Helping Hand Mission man warned me
That the nights here got cold. When you're cold there's nothing as welcome as sunshine
When you're dry there's nothing as welcome as rain
When you're alone there's nothing as slow as passin' time
When you're afoot Lord there's nothing as fast as a train. Old Frisco's a mighty rich city
Now that ain't no lie
Well, they have some buildings
That reach nearly a mile in the sky. Everyone's so busy they can't tell me the reason why
Here's a world full of people so damn many people alone
When you're alone life just don't seem worth living
While you're alive gotta learn to live with the pain. You've been grown for so long
There's no one left who'll forgive
You find yourself searching your mind
For the links to the chain. When you're cold there's nothing as welcome as sunshine
When you're dry there's nothing as welcome as rain
When you're alone there's nothing as slow as passin' time
When you're afoot Lord there's nothing as fast as a train

Songwriters

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