Ships That Don't Come In (Re-Recorded)

Joe Diffie

I could tell he'd had a tough life
By the way he sat and stared
And me, I'd come to push and shove
So I pulled up a chairWe talked of roads untraveled
We talked of love untrue
Of strings that come unraveled
We were kings and kindred fools
And just when I'd hit bottom
That old man raised his glass
And said at least we had our chances
There's those who never haveSo here's to all the soldiers
Who have ever died in vain
The insane locked up in themselves
The homeless down on Main
To those who stand on empty shores
And spit against the wind
And those who wait forever
For ships that don't come inHe said it's only life's illusions
That bring us to this bar
To pick up these old crutches
And compare each others scars
'Cause the things we're calling heartache
Hell, they're hardly worth our time
We bitch about a dollar
When there's those without a dimeAnd as he ordered one last round
He said I guess we can't complain
God made life a gamble
And we're still in the gameSo here's to all the soldiers
Who have ever died in vain
The insane locked up in themselves
The homeless down on Main
To those who stand on empty shores
And spit against the wind
And those who wait forever
For ships that don't come in

Songwriters
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