Train Station

Pinhead Gunpowder

Pacing, Thinking, Pacing, Thinking
waiting, waiting
Waiting by the phone that never rings
Waiting for the letter
That the postman never brings
Telling me that you're sorry, that you miss me
That I was right that I was wrong
That we could work it out and get along
But I'm waiting for the words that never comeSitting smoking in the doorway in Dinkytown
Waiting patiently for you to come around
Thinking if I look hard enough
Into each passing face
Maybe they'll turn into you
Or someone to take your place
But the people and days passAnd I'm still sitting, thinking
Drinking on the platform at the station
Drowning my sorrows
Waiting for the train to come
Having so much fun, wish you were here
'cause it's been years since the trains have run
And I'm still waiting, waiting, waiting
Waiting for the words that never come

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