

# Harry Chapin, Greyhound

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.