

# Scott Walker, Frisco Depot

Frisco&#039;s a full day from home, when you can afford to fly  
But it might as well be to the moon, when you&#039;re as broke as I  
Here I sit, with my head in my hands, and watch the trains roll  
by  
Lord, the helping-hand mission man warned me the nights here got  
cold

When you&#039;re cold, there&#039;s nothing as welcome as sunshine  
When you&#039;re dry, there&#039;s nothing as welcome as rain  
When you&#039;re alone, there&#039;s nothing much slower than passing  
time  
When you&#039;re afoot, there&#039;s nothing as fast as a train

Yes, Frisco&#039;s a mighty rich town and that ain&#039;t a lie  
Why, they&#039;ve got some buildings that reach a mile into the sky  
Yet no-one can even afford the time just to tell me - why  
Is this world full of people, and so many people alone?

When you&#039;re alone, you ain&#039;t got much reason for livin&#039;  
But while you&#039;re alive, you just got to live with your pain  
Unless you&#039;ve been alone for so long, there&#039;s no-one left for  
giving  
And you find yourself searching your past, for the links to the  
chain