

# Scott Walker, Frisco Depot

Frisco's a full day from home, when you can afford to fly  
But it might as well be to the moon, when you'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'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 much slower than passing  
time  
When you're afoot, there's nothing as fast as a train

Yes, Frisco's a mighty rich town and that ain't a lie  
Why, they'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're alone, you ain't got much reason for livin';  
But while you're alive, you just got to live with your pain  
Unless you've been alone for so long, there's no-one left for  
giving  
And you find yourself searching your past, for the links to the  
chain