

Tom Waits, On A Foggy Night

on a foggy night, an abandoned road
in a twilight mirror mirage
with no indication of a service station
or an all night garage, I was misinformed
I was misdirected cause the interchange
never intersected leaving me marooned
beneath a bloodshot moon
all upon a foggy night, on a foggy night
an abandoned road, in a blurred brocade
collage, is that a road motel?
I can't really tell, is that what you
might call some kind of a vacancy lodge
cause there's no consolation, what
kind of situation to be aimlessly skewed
amidst a powder blue?
no tell tail light clue
spun like the spell you spin
this precarious pandemonium
I'm stranded, all upon a foggy night
all upon a foggy night
on a foggy night