

Kris Kristofferson, Breakdown

The clubs are all closed and the ladies are leaving,
Theres nobody nobody knows on the street;
A few stranded souls standing cold at the station,
An nowhere to go but to bed and to sleep.

Chorus:

Lord, would you look at you
Now that youre here, aint you
Proud of your peers
And the long way youve come?

All alone, all the way
On your own, whos to say
That youve thrown it away for a song?
Boy, youve sure come a long way from home.

So its so long to so many so far behind you,
Fair-weather friends that you no longer know;
Youve still got the same lonely songs to remind you
Of someone you seemed to be so long ago.

Lord, would you look at you
Now that youre here, aint you
Proud of your peers
And the long way youve come?

All alone, all the way
On you own, whos to say
That youve thrown it away for a song?
Boy, youve sure come a long way from home.