

Pinhead Gunpowder, Train Station

Pacing, thinking, pacing, thinking, waiting, waiting
Waiting by the phone that never rings
Waiting for the letter that the postman never brings
Telling me that you're sorry, that you miss me
That I was right, that I was wrong
That we could work it out and get along
But I'm waiting for the words that never come

Sitting smoking in the doorway in dinky town
Waiting patiently for you to come around
Thinking if I look hard enough into each passing face
Maybe they'll turn into you
Or someone to take your place
But the people and days pass

And I'm still sitting, thinking, drinking on the platform at the station
Drowning my sorrows, waiting for the trains to come
Having so much fun,
Wish you were here
Cuz it's been years since the trains have run
And I'm still waiting, waiting, waiting
Waiting for the words that never come