

Tom Waits, Depot, Depot

Depot, depot, what am I doing here?
Depot, depot, what am I doing here?
I ain't coming, I ain't going
My confusion is showing
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue
I'm gonna paint myself blue
At the depot

I watch the taxis pull up and idle
I can't claim title to a single memory
Offered me a key
'Cause opportunity don't knock
He has no tongue and she cannot talk
You're gonna shuffle when you walk
At the depot

This peeping-Tom needs a peephole
An uptempo song
Move me along
When I find this depot baby
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe
At the depot

Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue
Ah, tell me what a poor boy to do?
At the depot
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe
At the depot, depot