

Tom Waits, Poncho's Lament

Well the stairs sound so lonely without you
And I ain't made my bed in a week
Coffee stains on the paper I'm writing
And I'm too choked up inside to speak

And yes, I know that our differences pulled us apart
We never spoke a word heart to heart
And I'm glad that you're gone
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

And I'm glad that you're gone
Got the feeling so strong
And I'm glad that you're gone
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

Well my guitar still plays your favorite song
Though the strings have been outta tune for some time
Every time I strum a chord, I pray out to the lord
That you'll quit your honkey-tonkin' sing my song

And I'm glad that you're gone
Got the feeling so strong
Yes I'm glad that you're gone
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

So I'll throw another log onto the fire
And I admit I'm a lousy liar
As the coals die down and flicker
I hear that guitar picker
Play the song we used to sing so long ago

And I'm glad that you're gone
Got the feeling so strong
Yes I'm glad that you're gone
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

And I'm glad, damn glad you're gone
I've got the feeling so strong
Yes I'm glad that you're gone
But I wish to the lord you'd come home