

# Tom Waits, Semi Suite

Well you hate those diesels rollin'  
And those Friday nights out bowlin'  
When he's off for a twelve hour lay over night

You wish you had a dollar  
For every time he hollered  
That he's leavin'  
And he's never comin' back

But the curtain-laced billow  
And his hands on your pillow  
And his trousers are hangin' on the chair

You're lyin' through your pain, babe  
But you're gonna tell him he's your man  
And you ain't got the courage to leave

He tells you that you're on his mind  
You're the only one he's ever gonna find  
It's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul...

But the only place a man can breathe  
And collect his thoughts is  
Midnight and flyin' away on the road.

But you've packed and unpacked  
So many times you've lost track  
And the steam heat is drippin' off the walls

But when you hear his engines  
You're lookin' through the window in the kitchen and you know  
You're always gonna be there when he calls

'Cause he's a truck drivin' man  
Stoppin' when he can  
He's a truck drivin' man  
Stoppin' when he can