

Waylon Jennings, Frisco Depot (San Francisco D

(Mickey Newbury)

Frisco's a mile long away

You can afford to fly

But it might as well be the moon,

Lord, when you're as broke as I.

Here I sit with my head in my hands

Watching the trains roll by

Lord, the Helping Hand Mission man warned me

That the nights here got cold.

When you're cold there's nothing as welcome as sunshine

When you're dry there's nothing as welcome as rain

When you're alone there's nothing as slow as passin' time

When you're afoot Lord there's nothing as fast as a train.

--- Instrumental ---

Old Frisco's a mighty rich city

Now that ain't no lie

Well, they have some buildings

That reach nearly a mile in the sky.

Everyone's so busy they can't tell me the reason why

Here's a world full of people so damn many people alone

When you're alone life just don't seem worth living

While you're alive gotta learn to live with the pain.

You've been grown for so long

There's no one left who'll forgive

You find yourself searching your mind

For the links to the chain.

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