

Teahouse On The Tracks

Donald Fagen

Out on the fringe
Where the shallows meet the scratchlands
Out where hope and the highway ends
You can park or cruise
Both ways you lose
This is Flytown now my friend

You take a walk on Bleak Street
Tonight could be the night you crash
Then you turn and stop
Start to fingerpop
You think you hear a wailin' combo
You climb a flight of twisted stairs
Some cat says buddy

If you've got eyes
To rhythmize
Bring your flat hat and your ax
'Cause tonight at ten
We'll be workin' again
At the Teahouse on the Tracks

The Siegel Bros. were slammin' out a baion
So slick it should have been a crime
Irene and Flocko and little Amy Khan
Lead off the big front line
The crowd was bouncin' in sync with the pulse

You get a case of party feet
(Then the room turns bright
And fills up with light)
And then from somewhere deep inside you

Some frozen stuff begins to crack
Better hurry

Take the T-Line to Bleak and Divine
Just above the Good Time Flats
It's your last chance
To learn how to dance
At the Teahouse on the Tracks

On Sunday morning
You're back at the wheel
You're feelng calm and crisp and strong

If it feels right
Just drive for the light
That's the groovessential facts
Someday we'll all meet at the end of the street
At the Tea house on the Tracks