

Debris

Faces

I left you on the Debris
At the Sunday morning market
You were sorting through the odds and ends.
You was looking for a bargain

I heard your footsteps at the front door,
And that old familiar love song,
Cause you knew you'd find me waiting there
At the top of the stairs.

I went there and back
Just to see how far it was
And you, you tried to tell me
But I had to learn for myself.

There's more trouble at the depot,
With the general workers union
And you said, "They'll never change a thing.
Well, they won't fight and their not working."

Oh you was my hero
How you are my good friend
I've been there and back
And I know how far it is

But I left you on the Debris
Now we both know you got no money.
And I wonder what you would have done
Without me hanging around.