

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.