

The last car on the line
I guess you're back doing time
The ghost of Christmas past
Left Walt Whitman in the trash

You started out with nothing but lonely days
You used to like the sad songs of doom and gloom
You started with nothing but throwaways
You couldn't live with me so you moved to
Brooklyn

Artificial desserts
Some have cars some have kids
Hit the pathmark after work
Some never been past the bridge

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You couldn't live with me so you moved to
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I sometimes lie awake until sunrise
Wondering how we become what we despise

No more couches to surf
Only beaches in your dreams
No more trannies near work
It's still a drag walking in Queens

It's all blood money in the bank
Somehow some people find the nerve
Like the soldiers they thank down in DC
If I could only find the words