

At the Depot

Rory Gallagher

Well, I'm hanging around the depot
Boys, trying to get a job
I'm so sick and tired of being laid off
No silver lining, no rainbow's end
Bills in my mailbox, that's all they ever send
All they ever send

Well, I'm hanging around the corner
Boys, holding up the wall
Feeling kinda sloppy, waiting for a call
Running out of patience, running out of cool
Don't turn on the radio, I don't want to hear the news
Don't want to hear the news

Well, you sure look good, baby, sure look neat
Sure make sense from your head to your feet
You don't want to know me now
But you're gonna change your mind
I'm going to Fat City, gonna do things in style

Well, you sure look good, baby, sure look neat
Sure make sense from your head to your feet
Making all the ice melt when you walk down the street
Making all the ice melt when you walk down the street
You don't want to know me now
But you're gonna change your mind
I'm going to Fat City, gonna do things in style

Well, my motor won't run
Man, I'm sure it's on the blink
Ain't had no gasoline since God knows when
I'm waiting for that woman, ain't she ever gonna show?
Don't keep me waiting, I got some place else to go
Some place else to go

Well, I'm hanging 'round the depot
Boys, can't get a job
I'm so sick and tired of being laid off
No silver lining, no rainbow's end
Blues in my mailbox, that's all they ever send
All they ever send, all they ever send