

# Walkin' Home Alone

Stan Ridgway

Now there's last sunday's paper  
Crumpled up and rollin' down the street  
Away  
And there's a piece of gum  
Just waitin' for a ride on someone's feet  
Today

And tonight I'll be walkin' home alone

Now, there's a million things I said  
And twice as many that I didn't say  
Yay-ay  
And I remember an afternoon  
A broken coffee cup, and some Broadway tune  
And I shook her hand  
And I said okay

And now as I stroll by some skinny dog  
Left outside without a bone  
Tonight, I'll be walkin' home alone

And tonight I'll be walkin' home alone

And ain't it funny how one afternoon  
Can make two people stop and say  
That all the time they spent together  
Didn't really mean that much anyway... no, not much.  
Just a sinkful of dirty dishes  
And a picture in a drawer  
And a hairbrush on the table  
And a hole punched in a door  
And if she were here right now  
I'd tell her things I never told her before

So now I hear a clock and I get up fast  
Draw the curtain on a brand new day  
I can't wait to get this cast off  
The telephone's dead--I guess they turned it off today  
Turn the key on the mailbox slot  
Lookin' for a letter, but bills is all I've got  
And even the cat she left me with  
Is goin' out with someone else

So put another quarter in the jukebox, Pete  
But don't play that one with the sad trombone  
'Cause tonight, I'll be walkin' home alone  
And tonight, I'll be walkin' home alone  
All alone  
Walkin' home  
All alone.