

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.