

This Is My First Day and I'm Indian and I Work at a Gas Station

Sun Kil Moon

Fell asleep last night listening to a train whistle blowing across the Carquinez Strait

And to the wind blowing through the eucalyptus trees

Watching Paolo Sorrentino's "The Great Beauty"

Fell asleep last night listening to a train

I want to visit my friend because she's in a lot of pain

It was the shingles, then C. diff, now they're saying lupus

She's a single mom with two kids and she don't deserve any of it

I'd like to go out there when I can

But I'm just back from Finland and soon I'm off to Switzerland

For a part in a film, but when I get home

Gonna go see my friend and keep her company for a week or so

I feel bad for not going there now

But I got a life out here, I need to hold the fort down

Got hardwood floors buckling up and an old leaky pipe

I got thirty yards of fallen fence that I need to put back upright

And I broke a tooth on a bone in some beef stew

I was eating in Belgium and it cracked right down to the root

My gums are bleeding and they're turning blue

And I've got a dentist appointment on Tuesday

Went to a 7/11 and the clerk, his hands were shaking

I said, "Are you all right?" and he said, "It's my first day and I'm Indian and I work at a gas station"

I said, "you'll be fine," got my change and as I turned

He said nervously, "Yes, sir, thank you, have a good day, sir"

It's a nice spring day, April 19th

And the flowers are in bloom and I did yard work until my arms turned pink

And my girl broke my laptop while making the bed

She went right to Best Buy and bought another because she felt so bad

Then we went and bought an old Victrola I liked

Then we went to an open house, built in 1902, had been kept up real nice

It had a nice back porch and the walls were original old brick

And it was a great old house, but I didn't like the way the cars blew past it

Fell asleep last night here in Flims, Switzerland

Reading the John Connolly book "The Wanderer in Unknown Realms"

Book dealer goes missing, a detective sets out to find him

And he ends up on a murder spree, or was it a hallucination?

Fell asleep last night here again in Flims, Switzerland

Said goodnight on a hotel phone to my girlfriend, Caroline

This movie set's doing weird things to my head

I'm not Italian, I'm not Swiss, and I can't act, and I don't exactly fit in

Went to sleep last night again, yeah, again, here in Flims, Switzerland

And woke up to the sound of Michael Caine's voice, echoing

Down the hall and just like Martin Sheen in Apocalypse Now

I was doing push ups and sit ups and I was going fucking crazy and crawling the walls

Walked down the street and I pet a little kitty cat

She was sweet for a second, but then she turned into a little fucking brat

And I came back and Jane Fonda was in the lobby

And we talked about her father, and she was lost and couldn't find anybody

And we talked about the movie with her and Jon Voight, "Coming Home"

She said she produced it, and that was a fact that I didn't know

And I asked her to dinner and she said, "I'll take a rain check"

If only I had class like Ted Turner or Gregory Peck

Here I'm falling asleep again in goddamn Flims, Switzerland
In a closed down ski town with one coffee shop and a field of dandelions
And I look at the snow covered Alps and I'm here until June 9th
Got some scenes this week, which is great, because at this point I'm losing
my fucking mind

Never mind all the other verses I've written about Switzerland
There's new things going on in my life, like my girlfriend got a new kitten
And a friend of mine gave out my number to some crazy motherfucker
And I got all pissed off and she said, "who do you think you are, Mick fucki
ng Jagger?"

I fell asleep last night in New Orleans
Just back from Switzerland, where like I said, I was going insane
And I went and got oysters on the half shell and some blackened alligator
Then I called my friend in Ohio and I flew up there and I stayed with her
Went back to Europe for a tour and I was watching TV
There were missiles flying back and forth from Gaza to Tel-Aviv
And it concerned me cause I've got friends over there
When I talk to them on the phone I can hear it in their voice that they're s
cared

Some shit went down on tour and I had to let go one of my band guys
And it hurt me so much that for a solid forty-five minutes I cried
Came to my room and he said, "Mark, I really needed this job"
I said, "it's tough love my friend, take some time off and we'll make music
again one day I promise"
Got back from Europe and it was Labor Day and I went walking
And I laid in the sun all day and I called my friend Jude and we got to talk
ing
Jude's the widow of my old friend, Tim
I said, "whatever you do, please, don't ask me about Switzerland"

Then my dad called about someone we love
I put a check in the mail, gotta do what I gotta do when push comes to shove
I hear her voice sometimes and it's an octave higher
Cause she gets weak from the drugs that dehydrate her
It's hard to handle but I just keep keeping busy
Traveling and playing and writing 'til I'm fucking dizzy
Some people love what I do and some get fucking pissy
But I don't give a fuck, one day they're all gonna miss me

One year ago I was in a car with a handicapped kid
I said, "so what are you gonna do with your life?" and he sat there blank
And I said, "okay you think about it a minute"
And a few minutes passed and I said, "so what are you gonna do with your lif
e, it's been a minute"
And he said, "I'm just gonna, I'm just gonna, I'm just gonna, I'm just gonna
live it"

I'm going to sleep tonight and I can't fall asleep
Listening to the high pitched foghorns of the Carquinez Strait
They sound like a cacophony of piccolos and flutes, they echo all night
And I just turned forty-eight and I spent seventeen grand on the Mayweather-
Pacquiao fight
Going to sleep tonight with a goddamn ear infection
I broke another tooth on a piece of hard bread, and my gums are fucking hurt
ing
And my friend Ben went on a 50k race and he broke his wrist
And he called me up the other day and he asked me to join him as his guitari
st
To play with him in San Francisco, February 23rd
And I said, "yes, sir, thank you, have a good day, sir"

So, I played last night with Ben at the Swedish American Hall, and, man, I w
as so nervous that I was gonna hit the wrong guitar chords, but Ben sang bea

utifully and everything fell together pretty well. What a nice combination that was; Ben singing, me on guitar, and a great pianist named Zac Rae. Caroline was there, and so was Ben's girlfriend Rachel. They both loved the show.

I talked to Bob Mould afterwards, and I told him about how me listening to Candy Apple Grey on a sunny day at an old girlfriend's house made it into some lyrics, and I hoped that someday they'd make it into a song. It was a pretty funny night

Earlier at dinner, I got picked on a little for still having a flip phone, but after the show some guy walked into the backstage area and was introduced to me as the smartest guy in the world. They said he was a physicist or something like that, and I pulled out my phone to check the time. He pulled his phone out and pointed out that he had the exact same phone that I did. Everyone was laughing, and there were some girls looking at us like our phones were really gross or something

We were all getting pretty tired. Ben and his friends took off. Caroline came back to my apartment. We watched part three of the HBO series The Jinx: The Life and Deaths of Robert Durst

It's February 24th, and I still feel a little high from how good everything felt last night