

## As You Start Leaving

Swingin' Utters

A train sounds off with whistle blowing  
Lighthouse horn sounds early warning  
Clean cool air with stars out shining  
Overcoat and whiskey drinking  
Hands locked tight and close together  
These nights are bliss in drunken leisure  
Spitting air in gusts as it gets cooler  
Spase clouds try to come together

You can feel the chill and bid farewell  
As you start leaving  
Sounds like an evening

The cars thin out on empty streets  
no traffic jams to make you weak  
Shopkeepers leave, at home they speak  
Of good patrons and of cash and thieves  
The wind is gaining ground on you  
The air turns damp with seaside dew  
But it don't lie, it tells the truth  
And all is well and all is new

Your west side is a teenage waiting  
Los Angeles a childhood haze  
Like steps to nowhere you sit there gazing  
At friends you've lost through years of forgetting  
time sells you short of all you're wanting  
Though you don't know just what you're seeking  
Except winter nights and cigarettes  
And boozing with the best of them