

# Depot, Depot

Tom Waits

Depot, depot, what am I doing here?  
Depot, depot, what am I doing here?  
I ain't coming, I ain't going  
My confusion is showing  
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue  
I'm gonna paint myself blue  
At the depot

I watch the taxis pull up and idle  
I can't claim title to a single memory  
He offered me a key  
'Cause opportunity don't knock  
He has no tongue and she cannot talk  
You're gonna shuffle when you walk  
At the depot

This peeping-Tom needs a peephole  
And an uptempo song  
To move me along  
When I find this depot baby  
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby  
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe  
At the depot

Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue  
Oh, tell me what a poor boy to do  
At the depot  
I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby  
I'm gonna be there at the roll call maybe  
At the depot  
The depot