

Central Station

Travis

The lady with the faint moustache
She's out of face from smoking hash
She says she's on the game for cash
She tells it to lads yesterday

Both liked it the normal way
And tells me of a usual pay
Down in central station
Waiting on my friend

The girl who works at Casey Jones
She's making meat from broken bones
And answers all the telephones
The old boy who's been on the wine

He reads aloud his broken lines
And tells me that his sun don't shine
Down in central station
Waiting on my friend

Down in central station
This day will never end
The lady's off to pay her rent
And bitch about the government

With every hour that heaven sent
Casey Jones has closed its doors
They've cleaned the tables
Bleached the floors
And the old boy's off to drink some more

Down in central station
Waiting on my friend
Down in central station
This day will never end
This day will never end