

## 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