

I'm going to the station Mama

I'm going to the station, mama,
won't hear no blues from me
one way exit, papa
one-way out revolving door

I've left my life in boxes
I've left shadows here & there
A few half-won battles
A few friends but nothing more

I'm not angry, I'm not bitter
But there's nothing much to say
The comprises killed me
Though each and every one was right

I'll take the blame out with me
It's too big to leave or store
I'll toss it in the gutter
It wouldn't bother me no more

Lovers here are not so special
You can write to me in Denver

Visit if you like

There's more to life than wasting

Time in this remorse.

I'll be dancin' maybe singin'

Wagin' wars unknown to you

The point's to cut the anchor

And strike out for other shores

It was worth it, I took chances

Gambled high and fast and lost

But I'll live to throw another

And another after that

Don't come with me to the station

I want the whistle, not the tears

It's a brighter day that I'm facing

After all, it's only years,

And years and years

NYC – OCTOBER 1978