

# Teahouse On The Tracks

Donald Fagen

Out on the fringe  
Where the shallows meet the scratchlands  
Out where hope and the highway ends  
You can park or cruise  
Both ways you lose  
This is Flytown now my friend

You take a walk on Bleak Street  
Tonight could be the night you crash  
Then you turn and stop  
Start to fingerpop  
You think you hear a wailin' combo  
You climb a flight of twisted stairs  
Some cat says buddy

If you've got eyes  
To rhythmize  
Bring your flat hat and your ax  
'Cause tonight at ten  
We'll be workin' again  
At the Teahouse on the Tracks

The Siegel Bros. were slammin' out a baion  
So slick it should have been a crime  
Irene and Flocko and little Amy Khan  
Lead off the big front line  
The crowd was bouncin' in sync with the pulse

You get a case of party feet  
(Then the room turns bright  
And fills up with light)  
And then from somewhere deep inside you

Some frozen stuff begins to crack  
Better hurry

Take the T-Line to Bleak and Divine  
Just above the Good Time Flats  
It's your last chance  
To learn how to dance  
At the Teahouse on the Tracks

On Sunday morning  
You're back at the wheel  
You're feelng calm and crisp and strong

If it feels right  
Just drive for the light  
That's the groovessential facts  
Someday we'll all meet at the end of the street  
At the Tea house on the Tracks