

On a Foggy Night

Tom Waits

On a foggy night, an abandoned road
In a twilight mirror mirage
With no indication of a service station
Or an all night garage, I was misinformed
I was misdirected cause the interchange
Never intersected leaving me marooned
Beneath a bloodshot moon
All upon a foggy night, on a foggy night
An abandoned road, in a blurred brocade
Collage, is that a road motel?
I can't really tell, is that what you
Might call some kind of a vacancy lodge
Cause there's no consolation, what
Kind of situation to be aimlessly skewed
Amidst a powder blue?
No tell tail light clue
Spun like the spell you spin
This precarious pandemonium
I'm stranded, all upon a foggy night
All upon a foggy night
On a foggy night