

# Frisco Depot

Darrell Scott

Frisco's a mighty long way if you can afford to fly But it might as well be the moon, Lord, when you're as broke as I Here I sit with my head in my hands watchin' the trains roll by Lord, the Helpin' Hand Mission man warned me that the nights here got cold

When you're cold there's nothin' as welcome as sunshine When you're dry there's nothin' as welcome as rain When you're alone there's nothin' as slow as passin' time When you're afoot, Lord, there's nothin' as fast as a train

(Instrumental Break)

Ol' Frisco's a mighty rich city, now that ain't no lie They have some buildings that reach nearly a mile in the sky Everyone's so busy they can't tell me the reason why Here's a world full of people, so damn many people alone

When you're alone life just don't seem worth livin' While you're alive, ya gotta learn to live with the pain You've been gone for so long there's no one left for forgivin' You find yourself searchin' your mind for the links to the chain

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