John Prine
"Rocky Mountain Time"

Station was empty
Trains were all gone
I reached in my pocket
Waited for dawn

The clock played drums
And I hummed the sax
And the wind whistled down
The railroad tracks

Hey three for a quarter
One for a dime
I'll bet it's tomorrow
By Rocky Mountain Time

I walked in the restaurant
For something to do
The waitress yelled at me
So did the food

And the water taste funny
When you're far from your home
But it's only the thirsty
That hunger to roam

And the clock played drums
And I hummed the sax
And the wind whistled down
The railroad tracks

Hey three for a quarter
One for a dime
I'll bet it's tomorrow
By Rocky Mountain Time

We'll build us a castle on Main Street
And pretend that we're down on the farm
Hell, we'll hold out as long as we have to
Then we'll twist off each other's arm

Christ, I'm so mixed up and lonely
I can't even make friends with my brain

Yeah, I'm too young to be where I'm goin'
But I'm too old to go back again

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