

## Carly Simon "Waiting At The Gate"

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(Carly Simon/Jacob Brackman)

An occasional joint, a glass or two of beer  
Still I would never have guessed that you'd wind up  
here  
In a half-way house, on a dead-end street  
In a run-down part of a one-horse town  
But just do what they say, don't worry 'bout your girl  
'Cause I won't run away, and I won't run around  
And I won't let you down, and without a doubt  
I'll be waiting, waiting  
Waiting at the gate when they let you out  
You set the world on fire, dancing after dark  
Now you're playing solitaire in a fenced-in park  
I'm not the one to judge you, so baby don't be  
scared  
No one gets a free ride, none of us is spared  
I'll be back on the ninth, I've circled the date  
Three o'clock sharp, and I won't be late

You've been through hell I know what that's all about  
And I'll be waiting, waiting  
Waiting at the gate when they let you out

The doctors have so little faith  
They say you were a classic case  
They said the chance is eight in ten  
They'd see you back in here again

But I'm counting on you to prove the doctors wrong  
I'm imagining you, healthy and strong  
Your papers all stamped, your eyes so bright and blue  
Looking like a baby picture of you  
Walking down the path, your suitcase in your hand  
The howling at your back, a brand new man  
Be a perfect little camper, be a brave little scout  
And I'll be waiting waiting  
Waiting at the gate when they let you out...

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