

Nanci Griffith

"Drops From The Faucet"

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(Frank Christian)

The drops from the faucet like a nervous heart
Beat on my porcelain sink a rhythm avant-garde
I page through the phone book, reach for my fountain
pen
Is he comin' in for the holidays to haunt me again?
I call up Grand Central, "information please.
Is that nickel line on time? Oh fine!"
It's a hair-do with a wave
We both forgot and forgave last time

A peddler of pots and pans down on Union Square
Said City Hall wants us off the street
There's no Christmas in the air
Some high-brows were waiting
Carnation bright lapels
Their big cars lined the curbs outside those grand
hotels
I passed a marquee, Third Avenue
"Ramona" with Loretta Young and I swung myself
around
And (headed) uptown to the train

So this is New year's eve another year has passed
We wait so patiently, (but) still they come and go so
fast
I stand on this platform, wait for that basket of light
And the sound of the whistle screamin' out
Like some hot trumpet in the night
And ... as I'm waitin' I wonder why and where ...
And what went wrong
But this song don't tell no lies
It was just a quick good-bye, yeah

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