

**by Tom Waits**  
**"Coney Island Baby"**

Visit "[Coney Island Baby](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Depot, depot, what am I doing here? Depot, depot,  
what am I doing here? I ain't coming, I ain't going My  
confusion is showing Outside the midnight wind is  
blowing Sixth Avenue I'm gonna paint myself blue At  
the depot I watch the taxis pull up and idle I can't claim  
title to a single memory He offered me a key Cause  
opportunity don't knock He has no tongue and she  
cannot talk You're gonna shuffle when you walk At the  
depot This peeping-Tom needs a peephole And an  
uptempo song To move me along When I find this  
depot baby I'm on a roll just like a pool ball baby I'm  
gonna be there at the roll call maybe At the depot  
Outside the midnight wind is blowing Sixth Avenue Oh,  
tell me what a poor boy to do At the depot I'm on a roll  
just like a pool ball baby I'm gonna be there at the roll  
call maybe At the depot The depot

Visit [by Tom Waits](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.