

Greyhound

Harry Chapin

It's midnight at the depot
And I drag my bags in line
Travellin' light, I got to go
But the bus won't be on time
Everybody's looking half alive
Later on the bus arrives

They punch my ticket, I find a seat
And we move out past the lights
Come on driver, where's the heat?
It's cold out in the night
I keep telling to myself that I don't care
Come tomorrow, I'll be there

Take the Greyhound
It's a dog of a way to get around
Take the Greyhound
It's a dog gone easy way to get you down

Tired of watching this night go by
So I look across the aisle
The window's frosted, I can't sleep
But the girl returns my smile
She reminds me of someone I knew back home
So I doze, so it goes

I'm wrinkled on my stool at the rest stop
The waitress being cozy with the highway cop
My coffee's tasting tired, my eyes roll over dead
Got to go outside and get the gas out of my head
Oh, to be in bed, you got me driving
I'm on your Greyhound bus and you're driving

But there's nothing new about Greyhounds
Nothing new about feeling down
Nothing new about putting off
Or putting myself on

Looking to tomorrow is the way the loser hides
I should have realized by now that all my life's a ride
It's time to find some happy times and make myself some friends
I know there ain't no rainbows waiting when this journey ends

Stepping off this dirty bus first time I understood
It's got to be the going not the getting there that's good
That's a thought for keeping if I could
It's got to be the going not the getting there that's good