

Tom Waits, Semi Suite

Well you hate those diesels rollin'
And those Friday nights out bowlin'
When he's off for a twelve hour lay over night

You wish you had a dollar
For every time he hollered
That he's leavin'
And he's never comin' back

But the curtain-laced billow
And his hands on your pillow
And his trousers are hangin' on the chair

You're lyin' through your pain, babe
But you're gonna tell him he's your man
And you ain't got the courage to leave

He tells you that you're on his mind
You're the only one he's ever gonna find
It's kind-a special, understands his complicated soul...

But the only place a man can breathe
And collect his thoughts is
Midnight and flyin' away on the road.

But you've packed and unpacked
So many times you've lost track
And the steam heat is drippin' off the walls

But when you hear his engines
You're lookin' through the window in the kitchen and you know
You're always gonna be there when he calls

'Cause he's a truck drivin' man
Stoppin' when he can
He's a truck drivin' man
Stoppin' when he can