

# Tom Waits, Poncho's Lament

Well the stairs sound so lonely without you  
And I ain't made my bed in a week  
Coffee stains on the paper I'm writing  
And I'm too choked up inside to speak

And yes, I know that our differences pulled us apart  
We never spoke a word heart to heart  
And I'm glad that you're gone  
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

And I'm glad that you're gone  
Got the feeling so strong  
And I'm glad that you're gone  
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

Well my guitar still plays your favorite song  
Though the strings have been outta tune for some time  
Every time I strum a chord, I pray out to the lord  
That you'll quit your honkey-tonkin' sing my song

And I'm glad that you're gone  
Got the feeling so strong  
Yes I'm glad that you're gone  
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

So I'll throw another log onto the fire  
And I admit I'm a lousy liar  
As the coals die down and flicker  
I hear that guitar picker  
Play the song we used to sing so long ago

And I'm glad that you're gone  
Got the feeling so strong  
Yes I'm glad that you're gone  
But I wish to the lord that you'd come home

And I'm glad, damn glad you're gone  
I've got the feeling so strong  
Yes I'm glad that you're gone  
But I wish to the lord you'd come home