

Billys Station

It's early in the evening, the sun is sinking down
at the station near the dusty road three boys sitting on a bench
cars and trucks that passed the station have numbers from the far
California, Florida, Mexico or Canada

They're sitting at Billy's Station
Watching the cars passing by
Sipping on a cold Coke and talking 'bout the world

The boys are growing older have jobs in the town
but every evening they meet again at Billy's filling station
They were dreaming every day from travels around the world
Italy, South Africa, India or Panama

So they're sitting at Billy's Station
Watching the cars passing by
Sipping on a cold Beer and feeling satisfied

The time passed by, they're in the forties they are Daddies by themselves
the farthest country they had seen was Iraq at Dessert Storm
They are sitting in the sunrise and talking 'bout their lives
they know the best they ever had is their home and Billy's Station

So they're sitting at Billy's Station
Watching the cars passing by
Sipping on a cold Beer |: and feeling satisfied

music/lyrics by Thomas "Johnny" Walker 1998