

# **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 farrest 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