

# **Ships That Don't Come In**

**Joe Diffie**

I could tell he'd had a tough life  
By the way he sat and stared  
And me, I'd come to push and shove  
So I pulled up a chair. We talked of roads untraveled  
We talked of love untrue  
Of strings that come unraveled  
We were kings and kindred fools  
And just when I'd hit bottom  
That old man raised his glass  
And said at least we had our chances  
There's those who never have.  
So here's to all the soldiers  
Who have ever died in vain  
The insane locked up in themselves  
The homeless down on Main  
To those who stand on empty shores  
And spit against the wind  
And those who wait forever  
For ships that don't come in. He said it's only life's illusions  
That bring us to this bar  
To pick up these old crutches  
And compare each other's scars  
'Cuz the things we're calling heartache  
Hell, they're hardly worth our time  
We bitch about a dollar  
When there's those without a dime.  
And as he ordered one last round  
He said I guess we can't complain  
God made life a gamble  
And we're still in the game. So here's to all the soldiers  
Who have ever died in vain  
The insane locked up in themselves  
The homeless down on Main  
To those who stand on empty shores  
And spit against the wind  
And those who wait forever  
For ships that don't come in.

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