

Ani DiFranco, Subway

The subway car smells like an animal's cage
And don't you feel like the captain riding in a rage
Oh the city's sweet as cider... sours with age
The toss between fear and freedom
Looking for a familiar sign
And the man sitting next to you says "hey baby, can you spare a dime?
Oh the city's sweet as cider... sours in time
You turn to see his pants from 1965 with the holes in the pockets
And the fly open wide
And just when he starts to make you nervous, suddenly he starts to cry
Oh the city's sweet as cider... passes some people by
And on the other side of the darkness
Where the tunnel closes inside
You can only come out even in this town
But girl, you have come out alright
Oh the city's sweet as cider... isn't sweet at night
No the city's sweet as cider... isn't sweet at night