

Mary Lou Lord, Subway

There's no sun and no starlight to shine on the rails
The spray painted words of the prophets have failed
Down in this tunnel there's no day or night
Up above is it darkness or light
It's all just a dream I wake up and I'm back
Where the wheels of reality screech down the track
The ride is the moment they're all waiting for
Can't afford to believe that there's more
I can't kid myself into thinking there's more

And he lives in the suburbs and he carries a phone
I watch him arrive and I'll watch him go home
He'll pitch me a quarter as he stops to change lines
He'd stay but he never has time
Would he stay if he ever had time

So hold my eye
While the rest of the city flies by
The tips and the tokens you left me today
Are the price of my ride on the subway

And I've seen drowning hobos and rich men who pass
Reflected in fragments of Boston bound glass
And I'll be Jimmie Rodgers, The Cure or The Who
If it makes any difference to you
Does it make any difference to you

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They're the price of my ride on the subway
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