

# 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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