

Mike Doughty, Thank You, Lord, For Sending Me

The dark is droppping like a spot
Of black ink squeezed into a glass of water
And now the crowds are thinning out
Into the light down in the subway stations

Here this train speeds underground
This train speeds under the river

And I will drift back to the slope
Some face unlit, there, stuck into the incline
Where I will sleep off all the noise
The soot accumulated, all my trials

Here this train speeds underground
This train speeds under the river
And I thank you
Lord almighty up above
Just for sending out the F train to me

So thankful
For all the unspent love
That I save up in the jar of money

Your polaroid is on the wall
Stuck in the crack between the door and door-frame
Trapped in the middle of some laugh
Some drunken joke some friend of yours was telling

Here this train speeds underground
This train speeds under the river
And I thank you
Lord almighty up above
Just for sending out the F train to me

So thankful
For all the unspent love
That I save up in the jar of money
That I save up in the jar of money
That I save up in the jar of money