

Moist, F - Train

Travelled on the f train down the
People press and crowd
They start to fade like footprints worn away
Only stop and still I'm waiting
Thousand faces look the same everyone
A thousand different names
They come on two by two
People fade as people do
Came here of my own volition
Could be my decision
Could be
We may still get by
We may still get by
Wandered down on avenue a
The coffee shops the sweet cache

Of thoughts and words and laughter gone
Never ending stream of what youve
Known so long long and long ignored
Dont think so hard just smoke your cigarette
And fade off into blue
Cause people fade as people always do
Consequence comes crashing in
The scars and scrapes and scratches
All the memories died so long ago
Time is up but still I'm waiting
Came here of my own volition
Could be indecision
Could be
We may still get by
We may still get by