Woody Guthrie, Talking Subway

I struck out for old New York,
Thought I'd find me a job of work.
One leg up and the other leg down,
I come in through a hole in the ground.
Holland Tunnel. Three mile tube.
Skippin' through the Hudson River dew.

I blowed into New York town,
And I looked up and I looked down,
Everybody I seen on the streets
Was all a running down in a hole in the ground.
I follered 'em. See where they's a going.
Newsboy said they're tryin' to smoke a rat out of a hole.

I run down thirty eight flights of stairs,
Boy, howdy! I declare!
I rode old elevator twenty two
And spent my last lone nickel, too.
Feller in a little cage got it.
Herded me through a shoot the shoot.
Run me through three clothes wringers.
So many people down in there I couldn't even fall down.

I swung onto my old guitar,
Train come a rumbling down the track,
I got shoved into the wrong damn car
With three grass widows on my back.
Two of 'em looking for home relief,
Other one just investigating.