

Fire Escape

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New York now was nothing but an ice-capade
A cigarette, a fire-escape

Walked this line,
With dust in our pockets for the bedford station line to take u
s

Crazy
The drunkard playing the casio
We're quiet
Everytime we start starin up
And hear
All the loneliest crickets play their violins

Aw what a shame
A subway ride was never meant to last.