

Thank You Lord, For Sending Me The F Train

Mike Doughty

Yeah

The dark is dropping 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 station

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

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