

## Fire Escape

Gregory Alan Isakov

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.