

Riding On The Subway

Jesse Malin

The Harlem mammas they are laughing
They call me punk rock think they're cute
The pizza boys they keep on starin'
I guess they finally made it off their stoop

I don't even know and I don't even care
Oh yeah
Since I've been hanging round
Machines go up and down
Spray paint gospel on the beat
Another billboard reads
Come to Miami Beach
A man sells pretzels in the heat
Riding on the subway

Saints and sinners sweepstakes winners
Nine to five their smoking gun
Jazzman Jimmy's busked a million
Sometimes plays Duke Ellington for fun

I don't even know and I don't even care
Oh yeah

I've been hanging round
In the underground
One day I saw you in your seat
Past the transit cops
A three-card monty box
If I only had the guts to speak
Riding on the subway

Mother told me yesterday
The things that God would never say before
We'll hang around the radio and listen to the status
quo go on
I'm all right until Sunday night when

I keep going down
Took the local round
A soul confession in my sleep
Ain't no wishing well
Underneath the El
I still hope someday we might meet
Riding on the subway