

Penn Station

The Felice Brothers

Well I died in Penn station tonight, oh lord
Well I died in Penn station tonight, oh lord
In Penn station tonight

With a toothbrush and a comb
Five dollars and dead cell phone, oh lord
No photo I.d.
No past to torture me, oh lord
No past to torture me

Well I died in Penn station tonight, oh lord
Well I died in Penn station tonight, oh lord
In Penn station tonight

Oh how sweetly I do sleep
On the bathroom tile where the porters sweep
With a nickel in my hand
Like the star of bethlehem, oh lord
Like the star of bethlehem

And I know on track number seven
There's a train to take me to heaven, lord
But a faster train's coming near
That the devil engineers, oh lord
That the devil engineers

Well I died in Penn station tonight, oh lord
Well I died in Penn station tonight, oh lord
In Penn station tonight

And I know on track number seven
There's a train to take me to heaven, lord
But a faster train's coming near
That the devil engineers, oh lord
That the devil engineers