

## 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

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