

Subway Funeral

Thursday

Surprise, surprise
Everything you know will flash before your eyes
You're frozen with your hands against the glass I'm seeing bright lights
I'm hearing sharpened knives
I'm praying to a neon sign
As I wait for this severed line to take me
Nobody called Surprise, surprise
When a sparrow falls, we go about our lives
We're busy counting grains of sand I follow red birds
I follow lost words
I'll follow you into the dark
We're running for the dead All the time I wait to see your face
(That's what it all comes down to at forty second and fifth)
All the time I wait to hear your voice
(That's what it all comes down to at Grand Central Station) All the time I wait to see your face
(That's what it all comes down to at forty sixth and Flint)
All the time I wait to hear your voice
(That's what it all comes down to at Willis Point and Shea) Every passing second, I feel it slip away
All of this we used to watch and play
(All of these things we've been)
All around it's clear that I've been changed
(All these things won't change)
This will never end But every time I think I see a train
It just closed a door
And the subway funeral is underway
Movie starts to play Watch the thunder of his scream
For a single frame where I know we're still alive
But it fades to the grave
The subway funeral is everywhere Every night I see your face on a passing train
Every inch of track is a sacred path that I follow, I follow
It's a silver thread hanging from the hem of heaven
And you're tied to other end
A needle that's been buried in the hay
But I'll find you, I'll find you Every night I take a ride
On a subway funeral that never ends
Never gone to say goodbye
And that's the subway funeral that's in my heart

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