

# Thank You Lord, For Sending Me the F Train

Mike Doughty

YeahThe dark is dropping like a spot  
Of black ink squeezed into a glass of water  
And now the crowds are thinning out  
Into the light down in the subway stationHere this train speeds underground  
This train speeds under the riverAnd I will drift back to the slope  
Some face unlit there, stuck into the incline  
Where I will sleep off all the noise  
The soot accumulated all my trialsHere this train speeds underground  
This train speeds under the riverAnd I thank you Lord Almighty up above  
Just for sending out the F train to me  
So thankful for all the unspent love  
That I save up in the jar of moneyYour Polaroid is on the wall  
Stuck in the crack between the door and door-frame  
Trapped in the middle of some laugh  
Some drunken joke some friend of Yours was tellingHere this train speeds underground  
This train speeds under the riverAnd I thank you Lord Almighty up above  
Just for sending out the F train to me  
So thankful for all the unspent love  
That I save up in the jar of moneyThat I save up in the jar of money  
That I save up in the jar of money  
That I save up in the jar of money  
That I save up in the jar of money  
That I save up in the jar of money

Songwriters

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