

# 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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