

# Every Subway Car (with Erin McCarley)

## Barenaked Ladies

My backpack was faded black  
But now it's all blue  
It looks whack, but it's compact  
And works like brand new I had found an old Greyhound  
But it wasn't my scene  
I'm underground at the turnaround Warehouses above  
All I'm thinking of  
You gave your heart to me  
Soon the world will see  
Our graffiti love  
Spray paint on my glove  
They'll wonder who you are  
On every subway car I'm on my own, I'm Sly Stallone  
I did it for you  
I've outgrown my wings, and flown  
Into something brand new  
I show restraint, I'm the Patron Saint  
Of urban gardens in bloom  
If I don't faint ingesting paint  
Breathing all of these fumes Warehouses above  
All I'm thinking of  
You gave your heart to me  
Soon the world will see  
Our graffiti love  
Spray paint on my glove  
They'll wonder who you are  
On every subway car On every subway car you look amazing  
While streaming out of bars their glasses raising  
Systematically refused  
Then chemically removed Our graffiti love  
On every subway car

Songwriters

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