

Every Subway Car

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

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