Second time around doing this....I think it'll be better....here we go

It was 5:45 on a friday I was waitin' for a train goin' my way I stood packed on a platform in Brooklyn Where everybody's pushin', but nobody's lookin' So I got crushed in the rush for the subway By the little old man tryin to shove me Well I noticed her when I glanced sideways And felt continents shifting inside me I was dressed in my best polyester And I could tell that the plastic impressed her Cuz she smiled as she eased up beside me And then she said she had things to confide, see She said her dad ran away with Samantha The middle-aged exotic dancer So her mom had to turn to her savior And here's the advice that he gave her

He said reese's pieces, sweedish fish Oodles of skittles and red liccorice Marshmallow mints and a chocolate kiss And it melts in your mouth like this

(Chorus)

Take out your contacts and look at the screen
Take off your make-up and look at the scene
If you break your restrictions, then you'll understand me
Take your persciption of sugar and candy, oh yeah

We arrived there by way of the highway After night drives with trinklets and tirades To a town bound with old guards and dry docks Bored I drug my ass of the bus and hit the sidewalks I stumbled by the lane name of My Way And got caught in the street by treading lightly The fish passed me by led by fish hooks I hit pop flies and caught their strange looks But one figure struggled just to stand there He was a one-legged man in his wheel chair I struck out a course for his lantern I put out a hand and then he grabbed me He told a lifetime of boxcars and bi-ways Of the times of stock yards and chain gangs and two legs He offered his advice for a penny And for that small price here's what he gave me

(Chorus)

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