

## Riding On The Subway

Jesse Malin

The Harlem mammas they are laughing  
They call me punk rock think they're cute  
The pizza boys they keep on starin'  
I guess they finally made it off their stoop

I don't even know and I don't even care  
Oh yeah  
Since I've been hanging round  
Machines go up and down  
Spray paint gospel on the beat  
Another billboard reads  
Come to Miami Beach  
A man sells pretzels in the heat  
Riding on the subway

Saints and sinners sweepstakes winners  
Nine to five their smoking gun  
Jazzman Jimmy's busked a million  
Sometimes plays Duke Ellington for fun

I don't even know and I don't even care  
Oh yeah

I've been hanging round  
In the underground  
One day I saw you in your seat  
Past the transit cops  
A three-card monty box  
If I only had the guts to speak  
Riding on the subway

Mother told me yesterday  
The things that God would never say before  
We'll hang around the radio and listen to the status  
quo go on  
I'm all right until Sunday night when

I keep going down  
Took the local round  
A soul confession in my sleep  
Ain't no wishing well  
Underneath the El  
I still hope someday we might meet  
Riding on the subway