

## F - Train

Moist

Travelled on the f train down the  
People press and crowd  
They start to fade like footprints worn away  
Only stop and still I'm waiting  
Thousand faces look the same everyone  
A thousand different names  
They come on two by two  
People fade as people do  
Came here of my own volition  
Could be my decision  
Could be  
We may still get by  
We may still get by  
Wandered down on avenue a  
The coffee shops the sweet cache  
Of thoughts and words and laughter gone  
Never ending stream of what youve  
Known so long long and long ignored  
Dont think so hard just smoke your cigarette  
And fade off into blue  
Cause people fade as people always do  
Consequence comes crashing in  
The scars and scrapes and scratches  
All the memories died so long ago  
Time is up but still I'm waiting  
Came here of my own volition  
Could be indecision  
Could be  
We may still get by  
We may still get by