

Lucy In The Subway

Phish

Lucy sells her flowers for a quarter apiece
She wound up on the streets
She could not pay her lease
She used to want to save the world
But nothing to her matters now
She lays bout the subway station
Clad in dirty tatters now

Lucy's in the subway with daffodils
She lost all her diamonds
And she sold all her pills
She's been around the block
But she's had too many thrills
Lucy's in the subway with daffodils

Lucy holds a dixie cup
Of sixty cents in change
And if she looks you in the eye
You see that she's deranged
She flew too near the sun
And fried her fragile wings
But to her faithful whisky bottle she clings

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