

Transit Blues

The Devil Wears Prada

Every morning, wake to the itch
The alarm clock ticks
Make some coffee, check the weather
Do my best to keep it together

You can't feel the transit blues
(You can't feel the transit blues without losing something you
thought was true)

Soon it will begin
Soon it will begin
I can't expect the world to comprehend
The fits that I myself can't defend

Every afternoon
Avoid traffic, but feel frantic
My composure: a lost love letter
Do my best to keep it together

You can't feel the transit blues
(You can't feel the transit blues without losing something you
thought was true)
You can't feel the transit blues
(You can't feel the transit blues without losing something you
thought was true)

I can hear the questions now
Since journalism died somehow
The shout proclaimed: "The poison praised!"
They make my words an unmarked grave

You can't feel the transit blues
You can't feel the transit blues
(You can't feel the transit blues without losing something you
thought was true)

Every evening I'll have a drink, start to feel better
Do my best to keep it together