

Title Track

The Subways

Left uninspired by the crust of railroad earth
It touched the lead to the pages of your manuscript
I took my thumb off the concrete and saved up all my strength
To hammer pillars for a picket fence
It wasn't quite what it seemed, a lack of pleasantries
My able body isn't what it used to be
I must admit, I was charmed by your advances
Your advantage left me helplessly into you

Talking how the group had begun to splinter
And I can taste your lipstick on the filter

I tried my best to keep my distance from your dress
But call-response overturns convictions every time
My memory cannot recall a wave of alcohol
We shared a cigarette and shaved the hours off

Talking how the group had begun to splinter
And I can taste your lipstick on the filter
Lushing with the hallway congregation
My best judgment signed its resignation

I rushed this, we moved too fast
Tripped into the guest room
I rushed this, we moved too fast
Tripped into the guest room