

## Woody Guthrie "Talking Subway"

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I struck out for old New York,  
Thought I'd find me a job of work.  
One leg up and the other leg down,  
I come in through a hole in the ground.  
Holland Tunnel. Three mile tube.  
Skippin' through the Hudson River dew.

I blew into New York town,  
And I looked up and I looked down,  
Everybody I seen on the streets  
Was all a running down in a hole in the ground.  
I follered 'em. See where they's a going.  
Newsboy said they're tryin' to smoke a rat out of a hole.

I run down thirty eight flights of stairs,  
Boy, howdy! I declare!  
I rode old elevator twenty two  
And spent my last lone nickel, too.  
Feller in a little cage got it.  
Herded me through a shoot the shoot.  
Run me through three clothes wringers.  
So many people down in there I couldn't even fall down.

I swung onto my old guitar,  
Train come a rumbling down the track,  
I got shoved into the wrong damn car  
With three grass widows on my back.  
Two of 'em looking for home relief,  
Other one just investigating.

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