

## Ellis Paul "Trolley Car"

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It's a snowy night, the cops shut down the freeway  
Big men in plows are out carving up the streets  
Below them, jammed on a subway,  
I'm with two hundred over-dressed strangers  
Brushing snow off coats and shoulders  
Kicking snow off dress shoe feet

Chorus:

You live six miles down this trolley car's trail  
Up above the red line, where the street musicians wail  
Where baby, we used to chase down coffee  
On the sidewalk take in tunes  
We'd drink in the waning hours  
Till we polished off the moon  
Who knew the moon would fail  
Above the trolley car trail

"park street, next station"

Says a voice with an accent I've heard  
And I see shoppers on the platform  
Where green and red lines diverge  
I fight my way through the packages and the bows  
To a pay phone, the operator knows

She says to me, "your nervousness shows"  
I say, "'nervous' is too kind a word"

Bridge:

I think snowfall should be measured  
By how much it takes a city by surprise  
By how far back old timers go to remember  
The last time a blizzard stung their eyes  
Last time I rode a subway  
You had summer in your eyes  
You did

Your phone rings, but it only brings your voice  
On a message machine, "i'm not here, the tape is clear"  
Me, I'm off the hook it seems  
"i called," I say, "to say 'hello'  
To coax you out where the snowmen grow

But you're not home, and hey, I gotta go,  
It was good to hear your voice."

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