

The Psychedelic Furs

"Boston Subway"

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On St. Patrick's day
I've gone and lost my way
Drunk on a Boston subway

With whiskey and wine
And friends of old time
Lost somewhere on the green line

The five of us stumbling
Oh how we're wondering
Where we put our beer

Once you've drunk too much whiskey
And your vision's getting misty
Trying not to puke on the floor

Chorus:
When the band stops
And out come the cops
You know it's the end of good times
So we say we shall
Damn them to hell
And stumble on back to the green line

There were four of us inside
Ready for a good time
Sweet Jesus, where's number five?

We searched high and low
Where in Hell did he go?
He's certainly missing the show

With a shout and a hoot
They gave him the boot
And tossed our asses outside

'Tis a sign of the times
Is it really a crime
To be drunk as hell on St Paddy's Day?

Chorus

And my sweetheart did cry
As I kissed her good bye
And went back out onto the street

Some words were exchanged
But nothing did change
Those bastards didn't budge

So what could be done?
Those cops were no fun
So we walked our asses on home

I tell you my friend
I'd do it all again
If only the cops weren't so lame

Chorus

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