

Z-Star**"Subway Terror"**

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Subway Terror...

I got my suit on
I got my boot on
I'm goin' down that stairway
Gotta put my glove on
If I get some blood on
My sneakers I don't care
Hey man, I got my ludes
I'm in the mood
They look so lovely and pale
When they kiss the third rail
And they won't step lively anymore

Deep in the heart of you
A terror grows (know it, know it)
I see it in your eyes
It shows (know it, know it)
You watch me walk from car to car
What the hell am I looking for

I'm gonna check it out
I'm gonna shake it up
I want a transit cop
To try and break it up
You got a wimpy face
And if this train gets stuck
You better say a prayer
'Cause man you're outta luck

Oh, I take the B train
I take the D train
I take the one that's jammed up tight
I take the purses
I see some nurses
They think they're oh so prim and white
I'd like to dirty up
Their little skirties up
They look so lovely and pale
When they kiss the third rail
And they won't step lively anymore

Deep in the heart of you
A feeling grows (you've had it, had it)
I see it in your eyes
I know (you've had it, had it)
By God this blade is razor sharp
Do you know how to play a harp

I think your numbers up
I see you on the slab
You had the money jack
You shoulda took a cab
It's been a pleasure sir
And you were so polite
I'll tell your family
You won't be home tonight, ooh

I got my suit on yeah
I got my boot on yeah
I'm goin' down that stairway
Gotta put my glove on yeah
I get some blood on yeah
My sneakers I don't care
I got my ludes
I'm in the mood
They look so lovely and pale
When they kiss the third rail
And they won't step lively anymore

Aaaaarrhhhhh

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