

## The Psychedelic Ensemble

### "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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