

Silver Jews

"The Country Diary Of A Subway Conductor"

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"O get him out of there!" What if it cost 25c
to wake up in the morning? A dollar, ten dollars?
I'd pay it all the way to the poor house. It's not made
if it's made in Roanoke. Night pulling up in front of
the house like a bus. It came at me with shears. Her
sweater had faces, famouse faces knitted all over it.
The porch swing ticked off Central Daylight time.
"How many hours do you think it'll take me to smoke
this
cigarette?" she said with a smile. The smell of fried
food came drifting out one of the castle windows.
"Lets go around back" I said "my brother burried some
stuff back there." We ducked down and walked
through
the black bushes. My shoe made a sucking sound in
the turf. "He can afford anything" I said "he's got
dogs that blow on trumpets." "Priests!" she cussed.
Thunder cracks over Ben Franklin's shop. Who wrapped
my dreams in a blanket and led them outside to the
black
book in the yard? "Hey what indian tribe occupied
southern califonia? They were a lucky bunch of
fellers!"
Sting Bible, More Sea Bible, Knur & Spell. In moments
downhill, towards sleep in the still water shop.
Imagining
places I was almost sure I'd never been & had taken to
assuming were the memories of my grandfather
somehow
deposited in my mind. They were there and gone, just
before
I could get my bearings, catch any names or find out
where the hotel was. Just a pile of glass shavings that
could never be reassembled into the gone order
of buildings & the shade puring off of them. "WATER!"
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