

Subway Car

Marc E. Bassy

Sweet, that's all you are
Light a blunt up, in a subway car
Now the sun's up
Cash, yeah that's all you pay
Got a resume, in a ashtray
You ain't working for nobody but you Ah yeah, the city moves through you, babe
Ah yeah, the way it comes to you, baby
You don't need to try it all
The way it comes to you, baby
Scripture, what your daddy reads
You a bad girl, he must be a priest
You ain't praying for nobody but you
Liquor in your family tree
And your momma she went with the breeze
Told you to stay on your knees, pray
With the wind in your hair
Nothing could take you back there now Ah, yeah, the city moves through you, babe
Ah, yeah, the way it comes to you, baby
You don't need to try at all
The way it comes to you, baby
Ah, yeah, the city moves through you, babe
Ah, yeah, the way it comes to you, baby
You don't need to try at all
The way it comes to you, baby
You don't need to change
You were made that way
Like your mama, her mama, before her, the drama
It drip from the boot to the soil
I swear we just loyal to things
That shake us and break us and make us feel like
We could never ever ever ever get back there again
Yeah, so we keep drowning Ah, yeah, the city moves through you, babe
Ah, yeah, the way it comes to you, baby
You don't need to try at all
The way it comes to you, baby
Ah, yeah, the city moves through you, babe
Ah, yeah, the way it comes to you, baby
You don't need to try at all
The way it comes to you

