

No Sure Way

Loudon Wainwright III

So I started out on High Street had to travel into town

like some Orpheus descending through a turnstile
underground

From Brooklyn Heights into Manhattan which was where I
had to be

Now you have to take the A train there's no more
service on the C

And when you are underwater sometimes the mind plays
tricks

And there beneath the East river it felt like the river
Styx

The first stop was Broadway Nassau a few more
passengers got in

We all sat no one was standing there somewhere we'd
never been

They say heaven's high above us hell's not far below

In that subway tunnel there was no sure way to know

Chambers Street a closed ghost station passing through
we seemed to glide

Like prisoners inside compartments on some house of
horrors ride

The walls were tiled I hadn't noticed they seemed so
antiseptically clean

But we knew what we were under the lights were on that
seemed obscene

And there I saw the three initials W, T, and then the C

I'd survived somehow was living but somewhere I
shouldn't be

At the next stop the doors opened and I emerged up
above ground

I was in another country Elysian Fields no, Chinatown

They say heaven's high above us hell's not far below

Standing on Canal Street there was no sure way to know

They say heaven's high above us hell's not far below

Standing on Canal Street there was no sure way to go