

Well don't move too fast, you might end up in the gutter,
When your feet are steel, but your footprints are butter,
Yeah I swore from the day that I was twenty two,
That I'd never touch another can of special brew

Yeah, yeah!
There's really no need, for you to make a fuss,
No there's really no need, 'cos they're all bozos on this bus

Well my best friend lent me his brand new car,
So I drove it through the window of a burger bar,
It's well heavy on the ketchup with your foot down to the floor
,
Yeah, the devil's got the mayo and he's heading for the door

Yeah, yeah!
There's really no need, for you to make a fuss,
No there's really no need, 'cos they're all bozos on this bus

Don't rush, don't rush,
Shut down...

Yeah,
Well my heart starts thumping and my blood pressure's high,
I'm sleeping in the garage, 'cos my bedroom's a pig sty,
Its well heavy on the metal with your foot down to the floor,
Yeah your mother's got your breakfast and she's waiting at the
garage door

Yeah, yeah!
There's really no need, for you to make a fuss,
No there's really no need, 'cos they're all bozos on this bus
Yeah