

Waiting for the Bus

Chumbawamba

My name is Gary Tyler, Louisiana-born
Shadow of the poplar tree on fields all ripe with corn
Sixteen years I counted on the rising of the sun
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home
Of all the Disunited States divided black and white
Louisiana taught me how to think and how to fight
Sixty of us kids aboard the number 91
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home

Bus was barely moving we were set upon and stopped
Watched 200 white boys throwing bottles, cans and rocks
Trapped and scared together there was nowhere we could run
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home
Boy outside the bus, an automatic in his hand
We heard a single shot and then we all just hit the ground
I never pulled a trigger and I never held a gun
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home

White boy lay there bleeding cops they searched the bus
Never found a thing to say that it was one of us
Took us down the station they were beating us for fun
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home
Gun produced from nowhere pinned the crime on me
A lynchmob for a jury meant they'd never set me free
Thirty years in prison for a crime I haven't done
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home

Waiting here the world has turned a thousand times or more
Stranded like the man who never knew they'd stopped the war
Waiting for the pardon but the pardon never comes
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home.