

Bus Station

Cold Chisel

Hey you with the head on
Yeah, I mean you
When the owner bombs this place
Watcha gonna do
I got one eye on the minute hand
One eye on a girl
One eye is a rubberband
Gonna flick away this world

Bus station
Lotta time to kill
Lotta miles
Lotta pills
Lotta time to kill

Hey you in the uniform
Yeah, I mean you
When the revolution comes
Watcha gonna do
Fat girl with a travel rug
She's got a chiko roll
Fat girl with a travel rug
I'm gonna lose control

Bus station
Lotta time to kill
Lotta miles
Lotta pills
Lotta time to kill

Like a big cat in a little cage
A king in a cell
Its too bad, a man my age
To know this place too well

Like a dead man on the underground
On a long weekend
Things keep goin' round and round
And I'll be back again
Bus station