

## Waiting For The Bus

Eraserheads

I've standing here waiting for the bus  
On a Saturday laundry on my back  
Ultraviolet rays like I'm posing for a shot  
In a magazine what the hell does it mean?

I'm a travelling man straight from the car  
I'm a thousand miles away from my number one fan  
My folks are getting tight won't let me out at night  
You can't avoid the complications  
When there's no reason at all  
When the right hand strikes we fly  
I'll drink my beer I'll wipe my tears  
Southbound in the sky

Another crime another reason gets you everyday  
The only time that you can talk  
You ain't nothing to say  
Well I'm caught up in a stupid game  
That I can't play  
It's just a waste of time but I'm in anyway  
I've been sitting here watching the signs  
Too many cars at night belching in the moonlight  
We're doing ninety as the sky turns to grey  
The people look like bees buzzing by the highway  
The wheels are rolling like a rolling stone  
Alone I choose the road less traveled on  
Now I'm lying here waiting for the day  
On the second deck  
Dreaming of a girl from a fairytale  
Chain around my neck  
A ride is all it takes but pains get in the way

I'm in it anyway hey  
I'm in it anyway