

## Night Bus

Jaya the Cat

Ten thirty at the shoarma joint  
Fueling up for another night  
You get your broodje doner and a pack of smokes  
Two white pills and you're good to go  
Warm rain falling on the cracked cement  
And if you close your eyes this city almost seems innocent  
Dressed in camo and beat down kicks  
On a midnight patrol thru the kingdom of the wicked

Put on your coat head out the door  
Spend your money at the poolhall  
Wonder what you're working for  
Now you're outside smoking cigarettes standing in the rain  
Waiting for the nightbus  
To take you home again

Somewhere out in chinatown  
At a drum n bass party in a beat down warehouse  
The generator has broken down  
The music stops the lights go out  
And we're all praying for a miracle here  
Postpone the dawn before we make it home again  
Like a vampire with a tan  
And when the sun comes up you're the last one standing  
Feels like you're spinning while this world stays stuck in place  
But there ain't nothing here you're missing anyway