

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