

Moustache

Radical Something

Sittin on a corner chillin' with my bus pass
I ain't got a razor so I'm growing a moustache
Looking for a job, waiting on a call back
Ain't got nothing but a dollar so I'm all like
Got a seat in the back and I'm trying to find my groove
Just looking out the window figuring out my mood
I got a seat in the back and I'm trying to find my groove
Looking out the window, looking out the window, yeah

Cuz I hopped off the curb and lifted my feet
To greet the only person that's been drivin this week, and that
's me
I used to drop the top in the 5-0, ditch the 405 and hit the ba
ck road
Oh no oh no, saw my tire just blow
And I spent all of my money from the bank loan
So now I'm on my own, no juice in the phone
And had to take a bus ride home

[Chorus]

Yo sweet little lady, I'm glad you came
Cuz the bus driver told me that our routes the same
So I take a peek through that windowpane
And everyone's the same till the seasons change
And it feels so real so real so real
But suddenly it ain't so bad
And then you start to feel so real so real so real
And nothing ever makes you sad

[Chorus]

Lemme tell you that I wouldn't have it any other way
Lemme tell you that I wouldn't have it any other way
Lemme tell you that I wouldn't have it any other way
Lemme tell you that I wouldn't have it any other way