

## Reality Is Waiting for a Bus

Subhumans

Reality isn't easy to define  
Like turning water into wine  
It's a dream of fact based on fiction  
Everything you do has it's restrictions  
Everyone has their own definition  
The record shops got plastic nutrition  
Cos music is the food of love  
But reality is waiting for a bus

And there's an anarchy sign on the bus stop wall  
But it's very hard to relate  
The bus work to keep in line  
So who's gonna smash the state?

It's too easy to get cynical  
And make the problem clinical  
But in which direction do you turn?  
Do you preach or do you burn?  
Pamphlets blowing out in the breeze  
A mother on her weeping knees  
"Reality" is on the news at ten  
But the bus to work is late again

So your reality is getting pissed  
Avoiding a world that shouldn't exist  
A world within your own sour mind  
Where everything can be re-defined  
"This is wrong"  
"I don't agree"  
"I can't accept the reality"  
So why base your life on simple trust?  
Is reality waiting for a bus?