

Take the National Express when your life's in a mess  
It'll make you smile  
All human life is here  
From the feeble old dear to the screaming child  
From the student who knows that to have one of those  
Would be suicide  
To the family man  
Manhandling the pram with paternal pride  
And everybody sings 'ba ba ba da'  
We're going where the air is free

On the National Express there's a jolly hostess  
Selling crisps and tea  
She'll provide you with drinks and theatrical winks  
For a sky-high fee  
Mini-skirts were in style when she danced down the aisle  
Back in '63 (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
But it's hard to get by when your arse is the size  
Of a small country  
And everybody sings 'ba ba ba da'  
We're going where the air is free  
Tomorrow belongs to me

When you're sad and feeling blue  
With nothing better to do  
Don't just sit there feeling stressed  
Take a trip on the National Express, the National Express, let's go