

## Bus Stop

Tin Machine

There's a cry that is heard in the city  
From Vivian at Pentecost Lane  
A shriekin' and dancing till 4 a.m.  
Another night of muscles and pain  
I love you despite your convictions  
That God never laughs at my jokes

I'm a young man at oods with the Bible  
But I don't pretend faith never works  
When we're down on our knees  
Prayin' at the bus stop

Now Jesus he came in a vision  
And offered you redemption from sin  
I'm not sayin' that I don't believe you  
But are you sure that it really was him  
I've been told that it couldn've been blue cheese  
Or the meal that we ate down the road

I'm a young man at oods with the Bible  
But I don't pretend faith never works  
When we're down on our knees  
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Hallelujah