

# The Herd, States Of Transit

You smile to yourself as you ride past the panel beaters  
new piece since last night, early morning on the bike  
8 hours in the shop most days of the week  
maintaining food on your plate  
and your place in the street  
keep one eye on the clock until you're ready to bail  
learned long ago never to rely on City Rail  
When you ride the Sydney system, you're up there with the best  
laughing out loud at that ridiculousness

Past the park with the Tai Chi stretchers and yoga heads  
and the people with the bottles and the benches for beds  
Hell for leather down Crown, hold your breath at the lights  
Keepin oxide from your your lungs and keep it fresh for the mike  
Band practice tonight to try and keep the set tight  
But before then spend time with the love of your life  
Got priorities right, maintaining love with respect  
There's a thousand roads to travel but you know your direction

Same line, same day, all on the same track  
We cross paths but barely interact  
You've got no time to chit chat, got a schedule to keep  
Shooting straight across the city and you're dodging the sheep  
Its the same line, same day, all on the same track  
We cross paths but barely interact  
One more 24 hour stretch, from daylight to dusk and dusk down to desk

Waiting for the 428, ragged old suit, briefcase looks much older than his age  
Like to catch the bus home, not concerned by the traffic and the lights and the ticket price hikes,  
Kinda, like the bus, no one talks that much  
Keep the conversations hushed, the citys pretty at dusk  
Most faces are expressionless, pressing the bell  
while peek hour breathes perfume that you just can't sell  
From Central, up to King St  
Window washers hustle all the cars,  
the bus driver just looks and laughs  
I pass pools and parks and pass people by  
He's content, never meeting with no reason why  
He has a cold yet comfortable welcome at home  
A little bachelor pad, a goldfish and a phone  
Where he'll go back to sleep and dream and wake up at 8  
get prepared, catch the bus back to work again

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Its all I ask of this complex town,  
share a tale or two and watch the sun go down

The sun set so fast I didn't see it happen  
Like I look back on days just to see the patterns  
See the way the last rays of the day are scattered  
in such a different way to when I first sat here  
Another beer?  
You know the more some things change  
the more some things are bound to stay the same  
Its a shame about those units across the street though  
We used to get that much more light in the arvo  
Still its still a good place to sit for a while  
Even if these days I don't quite fit the style  
Its the people I come here for though, not the decor  
And they don't seem to think of me as too much of an old bore

I used to live round the corner  
but then the rent got too dear, so I moved from here  
Still its not so far to come for a beer  
I'm not a local, but I'm still a local here

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