

# Beck, Sucker Without A Brain

sucker without a brain  
nothin to do again  
step into the street  
like the man on a flying trapeze

here comes that bus  
right into your face  
now you're flying  
now you're flying home

isn't it just like a dream  
sirens and people and everything  
the driver tried to swerve  
but he just didn't see ya  
now you're buried 'neath the wheel  
just like a tortilla

here comes that bus  
right into your face  
now you're flying  
now you're flying home

when we're dead we can all climb aboard  
the fare is easy to afford  
sometimes you meet a fireman  
sometimes you meet a dancer  
this is one ride where you won't need no transfer

here comes that bus  
right into your face