

# Buck 65, Sounds From The Back Of The Bus

I hide behind the curtain listening to whispers with my fingers cross  
I got 2 little sisters to think about  
In the event that ghosts appears  
I'm told I'm supposed to hear a signal when the coast is clear  
But I'm alone in this room and it scares me  
To start, I'm having second thoughts and it tears me apart  
Hold on to my breath for dear life, feeling confused yet  
Still enthusiastic about the sound of music  
Join me please