

Dead Milkmen, The Man Who Rides the Bus

His stop is always after yours
He never seems to leave
I heard him speak only once
You're standing on my foot (x2)

He never reads the paper
And state's lottery number is 5-8-3
I hope he doesn't look at you
Cause you'll have to pay the fare
If he looks at you

The man who rules the world
Rides the bus all day long
Staring out the window
Making things happen

All the lights turn green at once
And it begins to rain
Somewhere a TV changes channel
And angry words are spoken

The milk's gone bad
And the phone rings once and stops
A sign on the door says open
3000 miles
Time to change the oil (x2)

The man who rules the world
Rides the bus all day long
Staring out the window
Making things happen

The wind in the trees
Is the hardest part
And he loses sleep at night
He closes his eyes
And counts to ten
And hopes it turns out alright
Alright... (x7)

The man who rules the world
Rides the bus all day long
Staring out the window
Making things happen

Bullets hit their mark
And the screaming never stops
All systems go
Lights out
Everyone goes to sleep

The man who rules the world
Rides the bus all day long
Staring out the window
Making things happen
(x5)