

# Dudley Saunders, Down By The Bus Station I Lay

down by the bus station I lay down my sword and wept  
and though your hands were holding out  
my pocket slept  
ticket carbons fell all down around my feet and smeared  
til the floor turned black with ink  
a black ocean where you sink  
sinking down  
hold your hands up and start to count

I stared and I slept some  
through fading TV reception  
put a quarter in the next one  
down by the bus station

and how we fly across America  
we won't get caught in the highways  
that pile up and bury us  
you can sleep on my shoulder  
but you can't get older  
so I will age for your  
I will pray  
over your grave  
in the radio waves  
that go astray

I stared and I slept some  
through fading TV reception  
put a quarter in the next one  
and push the sound  
go ahead and push the sound  
push it right up through the ground  
rolling down