

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