

Eraserheads, Waiting For The Bus

I've standing here waiting for the bus
On a Saturday laundry on my back
Ultraviolet rays like I'm posing for a shot
In a magazine what the hell does it mean?

I'm a travelling man straight from the car
I'm a thousand miles away from my number one fan
My folks are getting tight won't let me out at night
You can't avoid the complications
When there's no reason at all
When the right hand stikes we fly
I'll drink my beer I'll wipe my tears
Southbound in the sky

Another crime another reason gets you everyday
The only time that you can talk
You ain't nothing to say
Well I'm caught up in a stupid game
That I can't play
It's just a waste of time but I'm in anyway
I've been sitting here watching the signs
Too many cars at night belching in the moonlight
We're doing ninety as the sky turns to grey
The people look like bees buzzing by the highway
The wheels are rolling like a rolling stone
Alone I choose the road less traveled on
Now I'm lying here waiting for the day
On the second deck
Dreaming of a girl from a fairytale
Chain around my neck
A ride is all it takes but pains get in the way

I'm in it anyway hey
I'm in it anyway