

One Man Army, Stuck In The Avenues

Standing On The Corner Stuck In The Avenues
Waiting For A Ride As The Fog Rolls In
He's Got His Leather Jacket Zipped Up Tight
(It's Friday Night And The Bus Is Running Late)
It's Been Three Months And He's Finally Lost All Hope
When He Looks To His Left And There She Is
Calling Him Back For More
(It's Friday Night And The Bus Is Running Late)

It's The Same Old Thing In The Morning And Everyday
Trying To Get Out Of The Avenues
If He Can Only Find His Way
(It's Friday Night And The Bus Is Running Late)
The Road To His Home Has Never Looked So Far Away
He'll Never Make It Past The Bus Stop Where
He's Destined To Always Be
(It's Friday Night And The Bus Is Running Late)

Well He Dreams Of A Life Of Comfort
And For The Friends Of Yesterday
For The Tide To Take The Accidents And Make Them Distant Memories
All He Wants Is The Life
That Until Now He's Been Denied
So He Waits For Another Time.