

Rocco DeLuca And The Burden, Bus Ride

Bus ride
Then i'm cross-town
I take my seat
And watch the streets go by
Traffic lights
Then a left hand turn
I'm almost to the street where you live on

Can i take you home...to my house
Can i take you home...to my house

Next block
That is my stop
I close my eyes visualize the day
Three steps
Two knocks on your door
The doorknob turns
My stomach burns to say

Can i take you home...to my house
Can i take you home...to my house

There's no wall
There's no ceiling shadow
I can finally show you
Without a chair without a door or window
To climb through

Can i take you home...to my house
Can i take you home...to my house
Can i take you home...to my house
Can i take you home
Can i take you home
Can i take you home...to my house