

The Decemberists, On The Bus Mall

In matching blue raincoats
Our shoes were our show boats
We kicked around
From stairway to station
We made a sensation
With the gadabout crowd
And oh, what a bargain
We're two easy targets
For the old men at the off-tracks
Who've paid in palaver
And crumpled old dollars
Which we squirreled away
In our rat trap hotel by the freeway
And we slept-in Sundays

Your parents were anxious
Your cool was contagious
At the old school
You left without leaving
A note for your grieving
Sweet mother, while
Your brother was so cruel
And here in the alleys
Your spirits were rallied
as you learned quick to make a fast buck
In bathrooms and barrooms
On dumpsters and heirlooms
We bit our tongues.
Sucked our lips into our lungs
Till we were falling
Such was our calling

And here in our hovel
We fuse like a family
But I will not mourn for you
So take off your makeup
And pocket your pills away
We're kings among runaways
On the bus mall
We're down
On the bus mall

Among all the urchins and old Chinese merchants
Of the old town,
We reigned at the pool hall
With one iron cue ball
And we never let the bastards get us down
And we laughed off the quick tricks
The old men with limp dicks
On the colonnades of the waterfront park
As 4 in the morning came on, cold and boring,
We huddled close
In the bus stop enclosure enfolding
Our hands tightly holding

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We're down
On the bus mall
Down on the bus mall
Oh oh oh