

Eraserheads, Waiting On The Bus

I've been 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 can
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 lightning strikes we'll fry
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 got 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 it 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 gray
The people look like bees
Buzzing by the highway

The wheels are rolling
Like a rolling stone
Alone, I chose the road less traveled on

Now I'm lying here
Waiting for the day on the second deck
Dreaming of a girl from a fairy tale
Chain around my neck
A ride is all it takes
But pains get in the way