

Weird Al Yankovic, Another One Rides A Bus

Ridin' in a bus down the boulevard,
And the place was pretty packed.
Couldn't find a seat, so I had to stand,
With the perverts in the back.
It was smellin' like a locker room.
There was junk all over the floor.
We're already packed in like sardines,
But we're stoppin' to pick up more.
Look out!
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
And another comes on,
And another comes on.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Hey!
He's gonna sit by you.
Another one rides the bus.
There's a suitcase pokin' me in the ribs.
There's an elbow in my ear.
There's a smelly old bum standin' next to me.
Hasn't showered in a year.
Well, I think I'm missin' a contact lens.
I think my wallet's gone.
And I think this bus is stoppin' again,
To let a couple more freaks get on.
Look out!
Another one rides the bus
Another one rides the bus
Another one rides the bus
Another one rides the bus
The window doesn't open, and the fan is broke,
And my face is turnin' blue.
I haven't been in a crowd like this
Since I went to see The Who.
Well, I should'a got off a couple miles ago,
But I couldn't get to the door.
There isn't any room for me to breathe.
Now we're gonna pick up more, yeah!
Another one rides the bus
Another one rides the bus
Another one rides the bus
Another one rides the bus