

Beck "Sucker Without A Brain"

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Sucker without a brain
Nothin to do again
Step into the street
Like the man on a flying trapeze

Here comes that bus
Right into your face
Now you're flying
Now you're flying home

Isn't it just like a dream
Sirens and people and everything
The driver tried to swerve
But he just didn't see ya
Now you're buried 'neath the wheel

Just like a tortilla

Here comes that bus
Right into your face
Now you're flying
Now you're flying home

When we're dead we can all climb aboard
The fare is easy to afford
Sometimes you meet a fireman
Sometimes you meet a dancer
This is one ride where you won't need no transfer

Here comes that bus
Right into your face

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