

Brett Perkins

"Last Bus Home"

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There's a quarter moon breaking on the water tonight
I'm waiting here in second hand light
With no particular place to go
On the last bus home

There's a girl in the seat right across from me
She's about as done as she could be
Asleep on his shoulder, but still she's alone
On the last bus home

People like me don't heed no direction
There's no real place we call home
You might catch our eye at a crossroads sometime
Then we're gone

There's a quarter moon breaking on the water tonight
I'm waiting here in second hand light
And truth is I've really got nowhere to go
On the last bus home

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