

Harry Belafonte

"BACK OF THE BUS"

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If you miss me at the back of the bus
You can't find me nowhere
Oh come on over to the front of the bus
Because I'll be riding up there
I'll be riding up there, I'll be riding up there
Come on over to the front of the bus
Because I'll be riding up there

If you miss me on the picket line
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the city jail
Because I'll be rooming over there
I'll be rooming over there
I'll be rooming over there oh
Come on over to the city jail
Because I'll be rooming over there

If you miss me at the Mississippi river
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the swimming pool
Because I'll be swimming over there
I'll be swimming over there, over there
I'll be swimming right there
Come on over to the swimming pool
Because I'll be swimming over there

If you miss me in the cotton fields
You can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the boating booth
Because I'll be a boating right there
I'll be boating right there, right there
I'll be boating right there
Well come on over to the boating booth
Because I'll be boating right there

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