

Planet P Project

"The 80 Bus"

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On my way from work, I'm on the 80 bus,
It's crowded as hell, someone's raising up a fuss,
Shove past an old man and take the last free spot,
I lean back in my bucket seat and check out what I've
got,
Sparkle in my eye, smile on my face,
Slicked back hair, gotta keep up with the pace,
Cheap smelling perfume is drifting here and there,
I open up a window 'cause it's really hard to bear
All I need is a look in my direction,
Take another peek at a wonderful complexion,
All this stress makes me suffer indigestion
Hey, won't you notice, spend a moment in reflection
You'll always find me hanging around,
Playing pool at Gert's and drinking 'till I drown,
A leisure suit, I can't get dusty,
Karaoke mic, you know my singing's rusty,
Friday night is here, and I'm on the move,
Fall down some stairs, and roll me up a dube,
Rev up the engine of my shiny Trans-am,
I guess I never realized that I'm my only fan
You'll always find me hanging around,
Playing pool at Gert's and drinking 'till I drown,
A leisure suit, I can't get dusty,
Karaoke mic, you know my singing's rusty

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