

Rocco Deluca **"Bus Ride"**

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Bus ride
Then I'm cross-town
I take my seat
And watch the streets go by
Traffic lights
Then a left hand turn
I'm almost to the street where you live on

Can I take you home... to my house
Can I take you home... to my house

Next block
That is my stop
I close my eyes visualize the day
Three steps
Two knocks on your door
The doorknob turns
My stomach burns to say

Can I take you home... to my house
Can I take you home... to my house

There's no wall
There's no ceiling shadow
I can finally show you
Without a chair without a door or window
To climb through

Can I take you home... to my house
Can I take you home... to my house
Can I take you home... to my house
Can I take you home
Can I take you home
Can I take you home... to my house

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