

Horrorshow

"Waiting for the 5.04"

Visit "[Waiting for the 5.04](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Solo] Extreme close-up, paint-stained Nautica shorts
Three polo caps walking towards me Town hall the
backdrop, platform one Five o'clock, so the transit
madness has begun I've got Bloc Party in my
headphones Rubbing shoulders with the A-list
strangers till I get home When I spot the a-likes, so I
turn it down a bit Just to catch these kids swagger on
some "Me Against the World" shit They're mean
mugging at the guards Bragging how they smashing
back carriages and crushing in the yards And I can't
help but smile as they walk past me for all the days
when I might've known who they are See I used to fight
for that army, no longer sport the uniform But true to
form I scribble words on paper all day Old habits die
hard, same reason that I'm travelling without a valid
ticket or concession card Train enters stage Ryde, all
stations We cross the yellow line like we running out of
patience Make it inside and find that all the seats are
taken Shit, it's gonna be a long ride But I'm homeward
bound, grab a quick look at those around me Same
faces, different day in this ghost town Kings and pawns
side by side Modern day slave ship for the nine to five
nation Daily grind ritual, each rides with their own pride
like soundtrack to the same visual Heads buried in MX,
we move in silence Too afraid to win a rap with the
people beside us Passing through the next stop, see
two transit cops and they giving out fines if you get out
of line Grey dog scare tactics, man I hate that shit But I
bite me lip and ride into the evening sky When we hit
my sector you can rest assured that I'ma be the first to
make it out those sliding doors Down the stairs and exit
the station Posted up at some traffic lights patiently
waiting Looking at the local where I bought drinks for a
while Had to leave cause the booze hounds were killing
the smile But I still check the windows when I walk past
Keeping tabs on which factions on the war path Up next
on the left is the local skate park Watching the sun set
to the west as the trains past The colour of dusk burns
over the train line No matter where I roam, ain't
nowhere like main line It's just another day in paradise,
think to myself as the underages gather with the

parasites Moving on, passing new apartment blocks It's
funny how we so advanced now that we live in boxes
Take the next left, walk up the street Check the mail,
but as usual there's none for me And the first thing I
did when I made it inside Picked up my pen and pad,
started writing this rhyme

Visit [Horrorshow](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.