

Amphetamineanies

"Ghost Bus"

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Yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh
(One more night on the Ghost Bus)
Yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh
(One more night on the Ghost Bus)

John D's in tears his bottles cracked
He's making puddles up the back
Of a bus where the air would gag a crow
As it flew along Dumbarton Road
They get on young and get off old
Along the way they pay the fare
And the piss on the seats and the smell up the back
Is the only sign that they were there

Yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh
(One more night on the Ghost Bus)
Yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh
(One more night on the Ghost Bus)

Well the driver died back in '85
His radio's always tuned to Clyde
On a bus where the air is filled with the noise
Of hairy girls and scarier boys
They get on young and get off old
On the way they pay the fare
And the rips on the seats and the steam up the back
Are the only signs that they were there

Hello, goodbye, get on, get off
Hello, goodbye, get on, get off

Now Andi C loves Aggie B, I.D.T I.N.D.T
And there's F.T.Q and F.T.P
K.I.S.S.I.N.G
They get on young and get off old
On the way they pay the fare
And the rips on the seats and the steam up the back
Is the only sign that they were there

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