

## **Colin Meloy "On The Bus Mall"**

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In matching blue raincoats  
Our shoes were our show boats  
We kicked around  
From stairway to station  
We made a sensation  
With the gadabout crowd  
And oh, what a bargain  
We're two easy targets  
For the old men at the off-tracks  
Who've paid in palaver  
And crumpled old dollars  
Which we squirreled away  
In our rat trap hotel by the freeway  
And we slept-in Sundays

Your parents were anxious  
Your cool was contagious  
At the old school  
You left without leaving  
A note for your grieving  
Sweet mother, while  
Your brother was so cruel  
And here in the alleys  
Your spirits were rallied  
As you learned quick to make a fast buck  
In bathrooms and barrooms  
On dumpsters and heirlooms  
We bit our tongues.  
Sucked our lips into our lungs  
Till we were falling  
Such was our calling

And here in our hovel  
We fuse like a family  
But I will not mourn for you  
So take off your makeup  
And pocket your pills away  
We're kings among runaways  
On the bus mall  
We're down  
On the bus mall

Among all the urchins and old Chinese merchants  
Of the old town,  
We reigned at the pool hall  
With one iron cue ball  
And we never let the bastards get us down  
And we laughed off the quick tricks  
The old men with limp dicks  
On the colonnades of the waterfront park  
As 4 in the morning came on, cold and boring,  
We huddled close  
In the bus stop enclosure enfolding  
Our hands tightly holding

And here in our hovel  
We fuse like a family  
But I will not mourn for you  
So take off your makeup  
And pocket your pills away  
We're kings among runaways  
On the bus mall  
We're down  
On the bus mall  
We're down  
On the bus mall  
Down on the bus mall  
Oh oh oh

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