

## **Decemberists, The**

### **"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 get-about 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  
'til 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  
stood 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.

But 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 ooh oh

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