

Evan Westerlund

"Waitin' On A Bus"

Visit "[Waitin' On A Bus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sittin' on the roadside
My life inside a suitcase
Got my old black hat
And I'm waitin' on a bus
She threw me out the front door
Said "you gotta find yourself"
Guess there's no sense
Outtin' up a fuss
I'm on my way to New Orleans
Gonna take a little time
And find some new direction
Gonna sit my ass on Bourbon Street
And soak myself in personal reflection

Maybe I'll head to Memphis
Let it move me, let it shake me
And quench my thirst
With a good shot of the blues
Fill my cup like Tom & Huck
Foat on down the Mississippi...
I won't dock my raft
'Till I'm way past Baton Rouge
There's no sense in turnin' back
You know I got my plans
And I got my destination
Gonna buy me an old guitar
And play out on the street
For a little remuneration

[Bridge]

The driver opens up the door, says...
"Hey son, where you headed for?"
I said "I'm goin' south
And I'm lookin' for somebody...
But on second thought, well, maybe not
You see I'm tied up in this little love knot
Can't stand to be away
From my sweet honey..."

Now I'm standin' in this cloud of dust
My hound dog's starin' at me

I've never seen him look so serious
Could it be he's wonderin'
Why I'm headed back to the front door
Why I never did get on that big old bus
I ain't never been so good with words
But I hope she understands my explanation
Yeah, but the fact that she done locked me out
Presents me some minor complications

Now I'm back out here on the roadside
My life inside a suitcase
I got my old black hat
And I'm waitin' on a bus

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

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