

Holloways, The

"On the Bus"

Visit "[On the Bus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Why do all the rude boys on the bus,
Find it fun to make a fuss of anyone,
A little bit dissimilar

Why can't they just leave us all alone,
And allow each to their own devices,
Even if they're unfamiliar to you

And they say, why'd you wanna dress like that, son,
I say, I just wanna have some fun if that's alright with
you,
I really rather not have to talk to you (x2)

You sit there with your music blaring out,
So you have to scream and shout so loud,
Why're you so busy hating

A little old lady sits in front of you,
Why're you busy screaming black and blue,
It's really intimidating for her

And they say, why'd you wanna dress like that, son,
I say, I just wanna have some fun if that's alright with
you,
I really rather not have to talk to you (x2)

There's a fire inside you kindly put it out,
Kindly put it out (x2)

You always claim we're disrespecting you,
As if you're generous with you're RESP-ECT for us,
It's something you neglect

Why can't all the good folk make a stand,
And bring an end to all their happy slaps,
They can be the treason, we'll be the love attract

And they say, why'd you wanna dress like that, son,
I say, I just wanna have some fun if that's alright with
you,
I really rather not have to talk to you (x2)

(And they say, why do you wanna dress like that, son,
And I say leave me alone, why can't you leave me
alone) (x2)

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

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