

THE BUS

From the album *Life So Far*

© 2000 by Billy Jonas (Bang-A-Bucket Music/BMI)

Met a man on the bus

He'd come 2000 miles across the country just to get his daughter out of a jam

She had to go to court, she charged her boyfriend with date rape

It gets more complicated:

They already had a child after living together a year

But the state took it away for child neglect – that's when the trouble started

They said she couldn't have it back until she went through drug rehab

Had an apartment and a cash flow

"That's a heck of a lot to ask of a woman who just turned 19,"

Said her father, then he looked out the window

Do you wonder at such intimate information

Shared by strangers on a medium of mass transportation?

I swear these were the details we discussed

Rolling through the smoky blue ridged Appalachian dusk

On the bus – riding on the bus

Met a boy on the bus

He'd come 2000 miles across the country just to join the military

'Cause in his neighborhood in Florida folks would shoot at him for his gym shoes

It gets more complicated:

17 years old and 5 foot 2, with an earring in his nose

On his ebony skin was a blue homemade gang tattoo

His mama said, "The safest place for you is boot camp in Seattle"

We took turns waking each other in the middle of the night

For transfers in Knoxville and St. Louis

Everywhere he went he carried a blanket under his arm

Until a man from Lexington called him 'Linus'

Somewhere in Kansas I got in the wrong line and on the wrong bus

He got me on the right one just in time

Do you wonder at a bond so instantaneous

Shared by strangers on a transitory circumstance so miscellaneous?

I swear this was the nature of our trust

Blowing through the wheat fields, golden great plains dust
On the bus - riding on the bus

Met a woman on the bus
She'd come 2000 miles across the country just to get her husband out of a jam
Had to sell her paintings and possessions to pay the bills 'til he got sober

It gets more complicated:
On the reservation she would hunt with her hat
She'd throw it in the air and rabbits thought it was a hawk
They'd run for cover inside of hollow logs
She'd get them out using a pointy stick
She said it's "messy but effective"
She taught me a secret Indian recipe for getting rid of the gamey flavor:
"Boil 3 times, throw away the water."
Most importantly when you put it in the oven
Add a package of 'Lipton's Instant Onion Soup Mix'

Do you wonder at such tangential esoterica
Shared by strangers on the asphalt of America
I swear these were the details we discussed
Winding through cathedral pines, north woods frost
On the bus - riding on the bus

We're riding on the bus
Come along with us
It's a great big bus
There's a lot to discuss
Riding on the bus