

Another One Rides the Bus

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Ridin' in a bus down the boulevard,
And the place was pretty packed.
Couldn't find a seat, so I had to stand,
With the perverts in the back.
It was smellin' like a locker room.
There was junk all over the floor.
We're already packed in like sardines,
But we're stoppin' to pick up more.
Look out!
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
And another comes on,
And another comes on.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Hey!
He's gonna sit by you.
Another one rides the bus.
There's a suitcase pokin' me in the ribs.
There's an elbow in my ear.
There's a smelly old bum standin' next to me.
Hasn't showered in a year.
Well, I think I'm missin' a contact lens.
I think my wallet's gone.
And I think this bus is stoppin' again,
To let a couple more freaks get on.
Look out!
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
And another comes on,
And another comes on.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Hey!
He's gonna sit by you.
Another one rides the bus.
Another one rides the bus.
Another one rides the bus--ow!
Another one rides the bus--hey, hey!
Another one rides the bus--hey-y-y-y!
The window doesn't open, and the fan is broke,
And my face is turnin' blue.
I haven't been in a crowd like this
Since I went to see The Who.
Well, I should'a got off a couple miles ago,
But I couldn't get to the door.
There isn't any room for me to breathe.
Now we're gonna pick up more, yeah!
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
And another comes on,
And another comes on.
Another one rides the bus-ah.
Hey!
He's gonna sit by you.
Another one rides the bus.