

Boy on the Bus

[Nerina Pallot](#)

oy on the bus with the startled face,
Delicate hands at that difficult age.
Clutching so hard at a plastic bag
A masterpiece in bone and rag. Inanimate ghosts on the 46,
The wizened trees look like pick-up sticks.
Everybody said "she's a generous girl"
Now they're pulling up her body from the black canal. Sweet defeat, I wanna leave the city so bad!
Dog tired on my feet, I wanna leave the city so bad.
Take everything that we own, turn the lights off and go
And never look back.
You just say the word, the word
I won't say no.
I dunno, but I've noticed you
Ain't been walking that way with our boy, it's true
Everywhere you look it's burial ground
Every swirling eddy where your dreams get drowned
They get drowned. Sweet defeat, I wanna leave the city so bad!
Dog tired on my feet, I wanna leave the city so bad.
Take everything that we own, turn the lights off and go
And never look back.
You just say the word, the word, the word
The word.
Sweet defeat, I wanna leave the city so bad!
Dog tired on my feet, I wanna leave the city so bad.
All the lonely streets, I wanna leave the city so bad.
Dog tired on my feet, on my feet,
I wanna leave, I wanna leave, I wanna leave, yeah
Take everything that we own, turn the lights off and go
And never look back, never look back.
Everything that we own, turn the lights off and go
And never look back.
You just say the word, the word
You just say the word, the word
I won't say no. Boy on the bus, boy on the bus, boy on the bus
I won't say no

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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