

I Got off the Bus

Richmond Fontaine

I got off the bus.
A friend of mine said he'd pick me up.
But he never showed up,
So I made my own way.
Little Mexico came into sight.
What once were just dying streets,
what once were just small town streets,
now the sprawl scene never ended.
I called a girl I used to know,
A nurse from St. Mary's.
Had a place on 7th street,
but I left her in a rough way.
Her dad said she got married,
was living in Stockton with a baby.
He said he couldn't remember me,
but I knew he was lying.
And the night scene
was never-ending.
I woke up to see
a policeman standing over me.
I told him, "I grew up down the street,
that had to mean something,"
He said he didn't care as long as I
didn't block the stairs.
I sat in the movies.
Drank off a pint until I fell asleep,
Until a nervous 16-year-old kid was
telling me I had to leave.
I know what you abandon dies,
and what you leave
leaves you too.
I know you can't go back
if there's nothing to go back to.
I sat by the river,
the sky was full of stars
and the water was rustling.
There were men camped across from me,
and the night scene never ended.
Oh, the night was

never-ending.
I woke up to see
a policeman standing over me.
I told him I didn't mean
to run out on everything.
He said he didn't care
as long as I
got out of there.

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

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