## On the Bus Mall

## **Colin Meloy**

In matching blue raincoats
Our shoes were our show boats
We kicked around
From stairway to station
We made a sensation
With the gadabout crowd
And oh, what a bargain
We're two easy targets
For the old men at the off-tracks
Who've paid in palaver
And crumpled old dollars
Which we squirreled away
In our rat trap hotel by the freeway
And we slept-in Sundays

Your parents were anxious Your cool was contagious At the old school You left without leaving A note for your grieving Sweet mother, while Your brother was so cruel And here in the alleys Your spirits were rallied As you learned quick to make a fast buck In bathrooms and barrooms On dumpsters and heirlooms We bit our tongues. Sucked our lips into our lungs Till we were falling Such was our calling

And here in our hovel
We fuse like a family
But I will not mourn for you
So take off your makeup
And pocket your pills away
We're kings among runaways
On the bus mall

## We're down On the bus mall

Among all the urchins and old Chinese merchants
Of the old town,
We reigned at the pool hall
With one iron cue ball
And we never let the bastards get us down
And we laughed off the quick tricks
The old men with limp dicks
On the colonnades of the waterfront park
As 4 in the morning came on, cold and boring,
We huddled close
In the bus stop enclosure enfolding
Our hands tightly holding

And here in our hovel
We fuse like a family
But I will not mourn for you
So take off your makeup
And pocket your pills away
We're kings among runaways
On the bus mall
We're down
On the bus mall
We're down
On the bus mall
Down on the bus mall
Oh oh oh

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