Night Bus

Jaya the Cat

Ey!
Ten thirty at the shawarma joint
Fuelin up for another night
You get your 'broodje doner' and a pack of smokes
Two white pills and youre good to go
Warm rain fallin on the cracked cement and if you close your
Eyes this city almost seems innocent
Dressed in camouflage and beat down kicks
On a midnight patrol through the kingdom of the wicked
Put on your coat, head out the door
Spend your money at the pool hall wonder what youre working for
Now youre outside smoking cigarettes just standing in the rain
Waiting for the night bus to take you home again.
Somewhere out in china town at a drum and bass party in a beat down warehouse
The generator has broken down, the music stops and the lights go out
And were all prayin for a miracle here: postpone the dawn before we make it home again
Like a vampire with a tan, when the sun comes up youre the last one standing
Feels like youre spinning while this world stays stuck in place
But there aint nothing here youre missing anyway
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