

# 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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