

# Another One Rides The Bus

## Weird Al Yankovic

Riding in the bus down the boulevard  
And the place was pretty packed (yeah!)  
Couldn't find a seat so I had to stand  
With the perverts in the back  
It was smelling like a locker room  
There was junk all over the floor  
We're already packed in like sardines  
But we're stopping to pick up more, look out

Another one rides the bus  
Another one rides the bus  
Another comes on and another comes on  
Another one rides the bus  
Hey, he's gonna sit by you  
Another one rides the bus

There's a suitcase poking me in the ribs  
There's an elbow in my ear  
There's a smelly old bum standing next to me  
Hasn't showered in a year  
I think I'm missing a contact lens  
I think my wallet's gone  
And I think this bus is stopping again  
To let a couple more freaks get on look out

Another one rides the bus  
Another one rides the bus  
Another comes on and another comes on  
Another one rides the bus  
Hey, he's gonna sit by you  
Another one rides the bus

Another one rides the bus  
Another one rides the bus  
Another one rides the bus ow  
Another one rides the bus hey hey  
Another one rides the bus hey-ey-ey-ey

The window doesn't open and the fan is broke  
And my face is turning blue (yeah)

I haven't been in a crowd like this  
Since I went to see the who  
Well I should've got off a couple miles ago  
But I couldn't get to the door  
There isn't any room for me to breathe  
And now we're gonna pick up more

Another one rides the bus  
Another one rides the bus  
Another comes on and another comes on  
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Hey, he's gonna sit by you  
Another one rides the bus

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