National Express

The Divine Comedy

Take the National Express when your life's in a mess
It'll make you smile
All human life is here
From the feeble old dear to the screaming child
From the student who knows that to have one of those
Would be suicide
To the family man
Manhandling the pram with paternal pride
And everybody sings 'ba ba ba da'
We're going where the air is free

On the National Express there's a jolly hostess
Selling crisps and tea
She'll provide you with drinks and theatrical winks
For a sky-high fee
Mini-skirts were in style when she danced down the aisle
Back in '63 (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
But it's hard to get by when your arse is the size
Of a small country
And everybody sings 'ba ba ba da'
We're going where the air is free
Tomorrow belongs to me

When you're sad and feeling blue
With nothing better to do
Don't just sit there feeling stressed
Take a trip on the National Express, the National Express, let's go
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