

Busking

Neil Cribbs

Sitting on the corner staring down the street whoa
Making funny faces at the people we donâ€™t meet whoa, whoa
Holding out our pockets for all the world to see whoa
Singing our old songs just busking you and me whoa whoa whoa

Chorus:

Itâ€™s funny how they always seem to wanna get away from you
Just throw a little money and say, â€œHey man now do just what you do.â€•
You sing a little anthem and answer, â€œMan I am.
Just a little more dough and Iâ€™ll show you where I stand, thatâ€™s the plan, ainâ€™t life Grand?â€•

Raking in the quarters the nickels and the dimes whoa
Just breathing and dreaming passing by the time whoa, whoa
Thinking of the past and what we lived for then whoa
And how weâ€™re living now, our worries in the wind whoa whoa whoa

Chorus:

Itâ€™s funny how she always seems to want to get away from you
She calls you â€œHoneyâ€• in the jar but when sheâ€™s out youâ€™re â€œGlue,â€• Lord itâ€™s
You put your axe up in the case, easy making haste for the door
And you bust it to the corner, get your busking all in order for your show, on the road, here we go!

Stealing time from boredom busk away the day whoa
Dream of records of gold every time we play whoa whoa
Days turn into weeks and weeks are into years whoa
I live for the fans and makin music in their ears whoa, whoa, whoa

Lyrics submitted by Foo.

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