

# Busking

## Neil Cribbs

Sitting on the corner staring down the street whoa  
Making funny faces at the people we don'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

Chorus:

It's funny how they always seem to wanna get away from you  
Just throw a little money and say, "Hey man now do just what you do."  
You sing a little anthem and answer, "Man I am.  
Just a little more dough and I'll show you where I stand, that's the plan, ain't life Grand?"

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 we're living now, our worries in the wind whoa whoa

Chorus:

It's funny how she always seems to want to get away from you  
She calls you "Honey" in the jar but when she's out you're "Glue," Lord it'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

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Lyrics submitted by Foo.

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