

Reality Is Waiting for a Bus

Subhumans

Reality isn't easy to define
Like turning water into wine
It's a dream of fact based on fiction
Everything you do has it's restrictions
Everyone has their own definition
The record shops got plastic nutrition
Cos music is the food of love
But reality is waiting for a bus

And there's an anarchy sign on the bus stop wall
But it's very hard to relate
The bus work to keep in line
So who's gonna smash the state?

It's too easy to get cynical
And make the problem clinical
But in which direction do you turn?
Do you preach or do you burn?
Pamphlets blowing out in the breeze
A mother on her weeping knees
"Reality" is on the news at ten
But the bus to work is late again

So your reality is getting pissed
Avoiding a world that shouldn't exist
A world within your own sour mind
Where everything can be re-defined
"This is wrong"
"I don't agree"
"I can't accept the reality"
So why base your life on simple trust?
Is reality waiting for a bus?