

## Idle Chatter

Busdriver

Every minute people die and  
Every other minute people are born  
How did you spend that minute and  
What was your involvement in either or?  
There's secret wars  
Radioactive fallout  
Poison seeps in your pores  
So keep indoors  
I would give you more details  
But I really have to be on my way

Go ahead and run  
With your CD player as your escape pod  
Your unfaithful God is your paycheck from your day job  
But life spits on your eyes  
Of you fleeing TV-land's compost heap  
Be the apex of chaos  
Have safe sex with stray dogs

Until you age fully any skin cream  
Will turn a Cindi Lauper into a Cindy Crawford  
But won't tell you could be eaten alive  
At any city block or dive by Mosberg  
Isn't self-pity awkward when your inner voice is a songbird  
Muffled in your beliefs are incomplete crossword puzzles  
And your self-conscious aquifer's been drained to a water puddle

I would love to sit and chat, but I got to be on my way  
Sorry I don't have the time to shoot the breeze or chew the fat or choose the  
fruits up in the trees and I lose track  
You want a bright future to be pitch black, so I got to be on my way

I'm sorry there's no time allotted for your hijinks  
So you should be fly-swatted at least that's what I think  
Go ahead and spend but the dollar bill is nature's suicide note  
Seek refuge at late hours in the Mayflowers  
Like goin' from bottled cans and holograms to cities full of Robocops who bleed  
soda pop  
The good beauty and is why (?) love is a photo op and LA's patron saint is a  
coke rock

Even the stars in the penthouse become sparse when I do another head count  
But it's a good day to die and I've been diggin' a ditch  
So I wave goodbye to what didn't exist  
With demoralizing the democratic demi-gods I get a pedagogue  
And dog fights all in my steady job its to break your fault line  
When its all dark and call a ball or strike in the ball park  
You forgot a small part, the reverend signed with the swine therapists in the  
asylum  
You would be embarrassed if I died young  
Maybe because you felt that Meredith was a shy nun  
And you just took credit for which when she was high strung  
But you didn't know from terrorists she'd buy guns

When you knew too much she threw you off the terrace when you tried to run  
Luckily a cypher full of whack MCs broke your fall  
Now you cherish the rise of the sun after that close call

And cherish what I said most of all

I would love to sit and chat but I've got to be on my way  
I'm sorry I don't have the time to shoot your breeze or chew the fat or choo  
se the fruits up in the trees and I lose track  
I want a bright future to be pitch black so I've got to be on my way

I'm sorry sir there's no time allotted, therefore I had to fly swat it  
I've got it, Driver's fiber optic is really a fine tuned instrument  
Implement several intimate moments tween you and your loved one  
Thugs come from far or near, all with their scars, then leave tears  
Comin' down their cheekbone, you seek the clones  
What about speak in the zone, that is unbelievable  
And California needa get a beach comb  
To find the edible tidbits and little bytes and gigabytes of information  
A megabyte a betcha byte a bigga bite when you come here  
But I'll stretch your life out in a long time sequence, long term  
Strong germ, that's what I am  
Analyzing every petri dish  
You know that I'm so secretive  
So just... shh shh... keep in on the hush hush