

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 choose
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 batcha 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