

# Waiting for the Bus

Chumbawamba

My name is Gary Tyler, Louisiana-born  
Shadow of the poplar tree on fields all ripe with corn  
Sixteen years I counted on the rising of the sun  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home  
Of all the Disunited States divided black and white  
Louisiana taught me how to think and how to fight  
Sixty of us kids aboard the number 91  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home

Bus was barely moving we were set upon and stopped  
Watched 200 white boys throwing bottles, cans and rocks  
Trapped and scared together there was nowhere we could run  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home  
Boy outside the bus, an automatic in his hand  
We heard a single shot and then we all just hit the ground  
I never pulled a trigger and I never held a gun  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home

White boy lay there bleeding cops they searched the bus  
Never found a thing to say that it was one of us  
Took us down the station they were beating us for fun  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home  
Gun produced from nowhere pinned the crime on me  
A lynchmob for a jury meant they'd never set me free  
Thirty years in prison for a crime I haven't done  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home

Waiting here the world has turned a thousand times or more  
Stranded like the man who never knew they'd stopped the war  
Waiting for the pardon but the pardon never comes  
I'm just waiting for the bus to take me home.