

Waiting For The

Horrorshow

And finally, last but not least, my man, Jono Graham on the guitar. Oh, and I'm Solo. 'Bout to tell you a little story about where I come from in the Inner West of Sydney. Some of the characters you might see around the way. See if you can find something to relate to. Check it out. Yo.

Extreme close-up, paint-stained Nautica shorts
Three polo caps walking towards me
Town hall the backdrop, platform one
Five o'clock, so the transit madness has begun
I got Bloc Party in my headphones
Rubbing shoulders with the A-list strangers till I get home
When I spot the a-likes, so I turn it down a bit
To catch these kids swagger on some "Me Against the World" shit
They're mean mugging at the guards
Bragging how they smashing back carriages and crushing in the yards
And I can't help but smile as they walk right past me
For all the days when I mighta known who they are
See I used to fight for that army, no longer sport the uniform
But true to form I scribble words on paper all day
Old habits die hard
Same reason that I'm travelling without a valid ticket or concession card
Train enters stage right, all stations
Cross the yellow line like we running out of patience
Make it inside and find that all the seats are taken
Like "Shit man, gonna be a long ride"
But I'm homeward bound, take a quick look at those around me
Same faces, different day in this ghost town
Kings and pawns side by side
The modern day slave ship for the nine-to-five
Nation, daily grind ritual
Each rides with their own private soundtrack to the same visual
Disconnected, we move in silence
Too afraid to interact with the people beside us
Passing through the next stop, two transit cops
And they giving out fines if you get outta line
Grey dog scare tactics, man, I hate that shit
Bite my lip and ride into the evening sky
When we hit my sector you can rest assured
I'ma be the first to make it out those sliding doors
Down the stairs and exit the station
Posted up at some traffic lights patiently waiting
Looking at the local where I poured drinks for a while
Had to leave 'cause the booze hounds were killing the smile
But I still check the windows when I walk past
Keeping tabs which faction's on the war path
Up next on the left is the local skate park
Watching the sun set to the west as the trains past
The colour of dusk burns over the train line
No matter where I roam ain't nowhere like Mainline
It's just another day in paradise, think to myself
As the underages gather with the parasites
Moving on, passing new apartment blocks
It's funny how we so advanced now that we live in boxes
Take the next left then walk up the street
Check the mail, but as usual there's none for me
And the first thing I did when I made it inside
Picked up my pen and pad, started writing this rhyme

Said the first thing I did when I made it inside
Picked up my pen and pad, started writing this rhyme
The first thing I did when I made it inside

Take it away, Jono.

Said the first thing I did when I made it inside
Picked up my pen and pad, started writing this rhyme
It went-