

# 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 pass  
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-