

## On the Bus

Illy

Man, I was on the bus with a Discman in my hand, banging biggie with a bottle of

Passion pop in the backpack, ciggies in the pocket

Penning raps thinking damn when I'm big enough to rock it

I'ma rock it till wheels fall of it, yup

High school finished, every night, we were getting blazed

One by one rocking p-plates, cruising to the j's

At the time never crossed our mind that those were the days

Weekday benders man, weekends were the same

Found freedom on the road, found money in the sofa

Wasn't much, so a 6-pack would wanna tide me over

Probably get a slab sorted if we pooled it all together

Still be on the beach at midnight depending on the weather

As much time as forever, the shared times brought us together

The same times make the ties hard to sever

And I honestly couldn't ask for better

Memories except for parts that I can't remember but fuck it

20 going on 20, forever young at heart

Didn't matter, whether parks, or the studio or bars

Man I was right there, look again here we are

Seems like I blink once and a lifetime past, and now

Old mates are turning new leaves

And killing it from worksites to corporate life, I'm living a movie

Like 8 mile, nah Billy Madison of Uni

With exams in a few weeks, I'd settle with a few c's

But that's the life I chose

I opted for the scenic road and left the highway alone

I guess I'm learning as I go, these the ropes

Feeling right at home with being the oldest kid I know

I'm tripping like that was just the other day

It couldn't be that long ago shit there's no way

I wonder what my younger self would look at me and say

Yea you doing alright, but I'm happy on the bus

I never really noticed till the whole scene changed

Everybody's tied down, I wanna fly away

There's no need to wonder what the younger me would say

You can keep your obligations, I'm happy on the bus

And pretty girls, god bless 'em, no question

I kept 'em close, letter passing in class, if I slept through lessons

Shared notes, never good with the parents

The bloodshot eyes didn't make for good first impressions

Don't wanna think of the prepaid credit I spent

On text messages I'm amazed by the lengths that I went to impress 'em

Rarely committed, never fully in 'em when I was

Barely listened when they'd call to call it off

Was already onto the next, broke a couple hearts

And regret to this day, but I guess that's the way

That it goes, and go it did man, round and back

Till that one came along that made my heart collapse

It's bittersweet when you catch it, like sunshine in winter, shit

I thought I was (?) with a futon and dimmer switch

But that's how it was, no one knew different

Fun loving sinners just young dumb and innocent, now

My mates putting wedding rings on their girls fingers

Down for the count, babies in the world with 'em

And I'm still up at 8 pushing through a whirlwind of  
Strong mixes, scar tissue, cheap rack, and fast women  
And it's a ride that I don't want to get off  
But I don't wanna be the last to leave when it all stops  
Shit, I guess change is the fact of life  
Have a tough time trying to balance my age and what I'm acting like

And everybody's getting serious, and I don't think I'm ready yet  
Not sure if I'll ever be, wouldn't put a heavy bet  
On it, wouldn't promise anybody that I care about  
That I'm prepared to cut my hair or wash my mouth out  
Shit I don't use alarm clocks  
Can't cook, can't clean, can't read stocks, can't keep watch  
Of my health, and my finances are a mess  
But I still feel happy as it gets, and if I'm honest  
It's all good, shit I got high hopes for the future  
I'd be long gone if I hit it like we used to  
Been over clubbing, not really missing much  
In that regard, I guess it's just getting older sucks  
It's a tough pill to swallow but no kicking up a fuss  
But I guess its kinda dope how full circle shit comes  
Cause, these new adventures keep me interested as fuck  
And it's some other kids turn to bang biggie on the bus  
So thanks for the memories, I hate to say goodbye  
But all good things come to an end, we'll meet again  
Somewhere in the next life, fingers crossed next ride  
I'll be able to savour it before it's in hindsight  
And that's word to the kids, in a sprint to be grownups  
My only advice would be live for the moment  
You got a whole life to get it right  
For now it's life after death or ready to die, you decide