

Under the Bus

Screeching Weasel

Under the bus again And it's funny that all I can't say that I'm really surprised

I have to try again But like always, I'm in it to land on my feet one more time

And I don't know whether to cry or to laugh 'Cause it separates all of the weak from the champs And the boys from the men, if you just do the math I'm left under the bus

And they'll try to chase after the back of my head And thanks for your love, but I won't soon forget All the weak-minded, cowardly, fair-weathered friends Who threw me under the bus

There goes my former band Slinking off, leaving four piss colored stains on the rug Label and management Bringing up the rear half, Feeling you just can't make this stuff up

When the heat is on them, they come sniffing around I'll say thanks, but no thanks, I'm gonna blow the man down 'Cause I might be a dick, but at least I'm not proud

And I'm here By myself

Under the bus (4x)