

Bus Floor Bottles

The Rumjacks

There's a touch o' rain to greet the train
Where it coughs up all its contents on the town
From near and far, they'll hug the bar
And the talk gets cheap and nasty by the hour
The only kiss they'd ever cared for was the bottle
And they'll fall into a methylated love until whenever
To run from your shadows half the battle
And they'll sit & mutter bitter little words about the weather
Or whatever

And the bus floor bottles ring
While the drunks are tryin' to sing
And I can't feel a thing beneath me

Though he combs the bins for empty tins
They say that he's got a fortune stashed away
And when they toss him out that means the boss is in
Or else they'd let him stay
The rain rolls down the window
Falls like shells on the horizon
Giving rise to all his memories of home
Where sirens aren't such pretty things and the fear so paralyzin'
It could turn the air you breathe into stone

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While the drunks are tryin' to sing
And I can't feel a thing beneath me
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The kids run feral up and down the street
And meet their friends for life, or so they swear
And the bright young man sings 'Kick the can'
Walking hand in hand with his love to god knows where
She says 'this is killin' me, it's been for a year or three,
I've gotta get away, good luck, take care'
'Cos the wind'll rattle and the wind'll roar
But the shit'll only settle at the poor folks' door 'round here
I swear

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