

# Jackson Park Express

"Weird Al" Yankovic

[Verse 1:]

Tuesday morning, 8: 15  
I was riding to work on the  
Jackson Park Express  
Seemed like any other day  
Then my whole world changed  
In a way I never could have guessed  
Cause she walked in  
Took the seat right across the aisle  
I knew we had a special connection  
The second I saw her smile

She smiled as if to say  
"Hello, Haven't seen you on this bus before"  
I gave her a look that said  
"Huh, Life is funny, you never know what's in store  
By the way, your hair is beautiful  
I bet it smells like raisins"

She looked at me in a way that asked  
"Did you have a nose job or something?  
I'm only asking, cause your nose looks slightly better  
Than the rest of your face"  
I arched my eyebrow, ever so slightly  
Which was my way of asking  
"Do you want my old Hewlett-Packard printer?  
It still works, Kinda  
And I got a bunch of ink cartridges left"

Then, she let out a long sigh  
Which, I took to mean, "Uh"  
"Mama, What is that deodorant you're wearing?  
It's intoxicating  
Why don't we drive out to the country sometime?  
And collect deer ticks in a zip-lock baggie", Oh yeah

I gave her a penetrating stare  
Which could only mean  
"You are my answer, my answer to everything  
Which is why, I'll probably do very poorly  
On the written part of my driver's test"

[Chorus:]

Yes, It all happened  
On the Jackson Park Express  
On the Jackson Park Express  
On the Jackson Park Express  
On the Jackson Park Express

[Verse 2:]

I knew she was starting to fall for me  
Cause she crinkled her nose, which unmistakably meant  
"Baby, let's wear each other's clothes  
And speak in a thick German accent  
And, maybe someday we can own and operate  
Our own mobile pet-grooming service"  
I couldn't hold back my feelings

I gave her a look, that said  
"I would make any sacrifice for your love  
Goat, chicken, whatever  
I could never hold you close enough  
Let's have our bodies surgically grafted together  
Oh, surgically grafted together"

She picked up her newspaper, and started reading to herself  
Which I'm sure, was a way of telling me  
"When you're cold, I will warm you  
When you're shivering, I will hold you  
When your nauseous, I will give you Pepto-Bismol every hour  
For as long as the symptoms persist"  
Oh, I, I never, ever want to see you cry  
So, please let me cauterize your tear ducts with an arc welder  
Then, I glanced down, at her shirt, for a second  
In a way that clearly implied  
"I like your boobs"

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I cleared my throat quietly, and then, I looked away  
And I'm sure it was obvious to her, just what I was trying to say  
I was trying to say, "Hey  
I'd like to make a wall-sized mural out of all the dead skin cells  
That you slough off while you sleep at night"  
Whoa-o-Oh, "I'd like to rip you wide open  
And french-kiss every single one of your internal organs  
Oh, I'd like to remove all your skin, and wear your skin, over my own skin  
But not in a creepy way"

Then, I'm pretty sure, she looked at me, out of the corner of her good eye  
And, though, she never spoke a word, this is exactly what I heard  
She was saying, "Oh!  
I wanna make out with you, in an abandoned toll-  
booth, in the middle of a monsoon  
I wanna ride dolphins with you, in the moonlight  
Until the staff at Sea World kicks us out  
I want you inside me, oh, like a tapeworm"

I pointed to the side of my mouth, as a way of indicating  
"Hey, I think you got something on the side of your mouth"  
She licked the corner of her lips, as if to say  
"Here? ", I nodded, implying, "Yeah, you got it"

And, then the bus stopped, at 53rd Street, and she got up suddenly  
"Where are you going? ", pleaded my eyes, "Baby, don't you do this to me  
Think of the beautiful children we could have someday  
We could school them at home, Raise them up the right way  
And protect them from the evils of the world  
Like Trigonometry and Prime Numbers, oh no  
Baby, please don't go"

She brushed my leg, as she left the bus  
I'm sure that was her way of saying  
"I'm sorry this just isn't working out  
You're suffocating me  
I need some space to find out what life's all about  
So, goodbye forever, my love"

And deep inside, I knew she was right  
It was time for us both to move on

And though, I never got her number, oh no no  
She never bothered to leave her address, oh  
But, as long as I live, I'll never forget  
Those precious moments we shared together

[Outro:]

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