

The Three O'clock Bus

The bus it leaves at three o'clock. You catch it at your peril,
'Cos onboard you'll find it all. The gentle and the ferrel.
The bullies, squares, the wimps, the nerds
The jocks, the lads, the chicks, the birds.
Here's a seat up front for you, right here next to Cheryl.

There's shouting and there's whistling, a god almighty noise
Comes from out the youthful throats of lovely girls and boys.
There's Shayne and Dwayne and Wayne the blimp.
There's Jade and Kade and Wade the wimp.
And missiles flying round the bus to add to other joys.

The cream of nation's youth they say. To me it looks abysmal.
But when you find it all too much and you're feeling dismal
Remember friend, each girl and boy
Is some fond parent's pride and joy.
I'm not sure that I agree. I repeat, they're just abysmal.

The bus at three is not for me. It might be fine for some.
Kids are throwing school books and gobs of well chewed gum
They fill the air with smells and food
With insults, jokes and words quite rude
It's not for me. I'd rather wait. Another bus will come.

GRM's village tales