

Simple

Capo 1st

C

I grab the number 1 bus though I'm not going very far
It's exactly seven thirty in the morning
It's exactly seven forty when we hit another car
And I take off from the back seat
Gliding past the filled seats on the wings of an accident
I pass the other people in the bus
They all lower their papers for a very short while and look up

On a right-side window seat an man is breathing on the glass
And tracing tiny figures with his finger
The image quickly fades and then he makes another pass
While traces of the last one seem to linger
Suddenly the passengers all notice what he's doing
They crowd and they shuffle and they yell
And as people wave money at him, he mumbles to himself:
"This is what I am, it isn't how I earn my pay
'Cause I don't want to kill it off by doing it every day
That's all I have to say..."

C
Simple

C G
 I keep on tumbling through the air inside the crowded rush hour bus
 F G
 It seems that no one else has noticed that we've crashed
 C G
 I turn my head, can just make out, through clouds of starry dust,
 F G
 A young man with his throat held in a cast
 F C Am
 A fine, red mist of blood sprays through his lips as he sings
 F G
 In spite of obviously false notes in his voice
 Am F G C F G
 And as people all boo and clap he mumbles: "I had no choice.
 F G Cmaj7 Dm
 I can't stop what moves right through me, I am flaring up with yearning
 G7 Cmaj7 Am G
 My hands clutch rungs of solid smoke, the ground beneath me's burning
 Dm Em G
 It stops if I start learning..."
 C
 Simple

C G
 Passing famous people's distant looks and lesser people's stares
 F G
 I'm flying, floating, heading for the wind shield
 C G
 My clenched jaws open wide and all my words are mixed with air
 F G
 Some sparkle brightly, most remain concealed
 F C Am
 Fingers pressing buttons halt the bus at the half-way stop
 F G
 Finally, face first, I hit the glass
 Am F G C F G
 And as new people shuffle in I realize we never really crashed
 F G Cmaj7 Dm
 And I continue through the wind shield in a morning cloud of shards
 G7 Cmaj7 Am G
 But, no , I don't crash hard enough to leave with any scars
 Dm Em G
 And so I don't roll very far...
 C
 Simple