

Bus Station

People Blues

I sat on a bench, in a station
Of buses or ~~trains or boats~~ and cleared my throat
Debating my destination
And hummin' out ~~my notes~~ notes,
There's no more low down feeling
When you got nowhere to go
Then passin' the time in a station
At buses or trains or boats, pullin' at least

Bummed a smoke from a soldier
Who was sitting to my right
Had a scar on his jawbone
He'd picked up in a fight.
He told me of his service
As he fumbled with a green beret
And in an hour he told me stories
That will follow me to my grave.

Saw a young thing by the pinball machine
Looked as if she wanted a date

I tried my good vibrations
But the real ones couldn't wait.
I felt so raw just standin' there
As she looked into my eyes
Like I was some white slaver
That decent folk dispise.

Walkin' through the mission
Where decaying people lie
I wanted to go to an airport
The upper class to find.
I knew that there they pay you a good price
To do there dirty work.