

He=s bus station crazy
He=s dressed like a lady
He=s bus station crazy
And God is a definite maybe

He talks to people no one else can see
Tells them all about his fantasy
He can't remember what it was he said
So many things inside of hi head
He sure gets a lot of fresh air.

He=s bus station crazy
He=s dressed like a lady
He=s bus station crazy
And God is a definite maybe

There was a time when he thought he might be
A sailor sailing on the open sea
Never know when your ship will come in
Never know if it=s sink or swim
He sure gets a lot of fresh air

Bridge

He watches people as they stand and stare
Waiting for a bus to who knows where
His mind is racing til it disappears
But he know that he ain't going nowhere
Just outside for a little fresh air

He=s bus station crazy, he=s dressed like a lady
He=s bus station crazy, and God is a definite maybe