

*Number 17 Bus*

*New words by Al Bradbury, to the tune of "City of New Orleans" by Steve Goodman*

Riding on the number 17 bus  
Holgate-Downton, Monday morning route  
44 seats and 50 restless riders  
24 cell phones, 13 pairs of boots  
All along the route the huge brakes squeal, the driver tells the bus to kneel  
And springs the doors to pick more people up  
Students on their way to school, a builder with a box of tools  
And office workers nursing coffee cups

C G C -  
am F C G  
C G C -  
am G C - (walk)  
am - em -  
G - D -  
am - em -  
G - C -

Good morning America, how are you?  
Don't you know me, I'm your heart and guts  
I'm the bus they call the number 17 bus  
I'll be down to once an hour with the budget cuts

F G C -  
am F C -G  
C G am D  
Bb F G C -

A father with a toddler's playing I Spy  
And counting trucks to make the minutes pass  
A woman in the far back seat is dozing  
Her cheek pressed up against the window glass  
And in her dreams the buses go like thundering herds of buffalo  
The seats are soft and tickets all are free  
As swift and sure as any trains, they speed along in their own lanes  
And a busdriver is what kids want to be

Good morning... once a day...

Nighttime on the number 17 bus  
Here's our stop, we'll transfer to the 10  
Halfway home and we'll be there by dinner  
Unless the next bus is delayed again  
And as the driver stops the bus she nods a brief good night to us  
And the radio is playing more bad news  
The sun has dipped out of the sky, the brakes wheeze one more weary sigh  
This bus has the disappearing transit blues

Good night... once a week... once a year...

--

If you miss the bus I'm on, you will know that I am gone,  
You can hear the brakes compress a hundred blocks  
100 blocks, 100 blocks, 100 blocks, 100 blocks  
You can hear the brakes compress 100 blocks

D bm em G  
em - A -  
D bm em G  
em AG D -

I'm sitting in a Metro station  
Got a transfer for my destination, ooo

G - bm -  
dm - E -