

Riding the Bus      c1986 Linda Allen

Bill Shay rolled away the days of his youth

By ship and by rail he would ride

From the Seattle rail yards to the Ivory Coast

Drifting in and out with the tide

But he's now 87 and living alone

In a small, damp apartment in town

He's just getting by and he's waiting to die

But he still loves to travel around

Ruth Jones is alone at 84 years

Her husband died nine years ago

And she broke down and cried, the first time she tried

To ride on the busses alone

But soon it got better, now she has friends

And the drivers all call her by name

It helps the time pass to hear people laugh

And to talk of her aches and her pains

So they ride on the bus to the edge of the town

They stare out the window for three more times round

They mark the days passing by the faces they see

And the months slowly pass like an old memory

With a fistful of flowers and one for his hat

Vic Radny holds court on his route

He teases the drivers and jokes with the men

And he wears his best tie and suit

"I was never a home boy, I never missed work.

Stayin' at home is a week in one day"

Then he bows to the ladies and hands them a rose

And rides number 4 to the Bay