**“Another One Bites the Dust**

**by John Deacon**

Oh! let's go!  
Steve walks warily down the street  
With his brim pulled way down low  
Ain't no sound but the sound of his feet  
Machine guns ready to go

Are you ready hey are you ready for this?  
Are you hanging on the edge of your seat?  
Out of the doorway the bullets rip  
To the sound of the beat yeah

Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust  
And another one gone and another one gone  
Another one bites the dust hey  
Hey I'm gonna get you too  
Another one bites the dust

How do you think I'm going to get along  
Without you when you're gone  
You took me for everything that I had  
And kicked me out on my own

Are you happy are you satisfied?  
How long can you stand the heat  
Out of the doorway the bullets rip  
To the sound of the beat look out

Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust  
And another one gone and another one gone  
Another one bites the dust hey  
Hey I'm gonna get you too  
Another one bites the dust

Hey  
Oh take it  
Bite the dust  
Bite the dust hey  
Hey another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust ow  
Another one bites the dust he he  
Another one bites the dust hay yay ya ya ya  
Ooh shout

There are plenty of ways that you can hurt a man  
And bring him to the ground  
You can beat him  
You can cheat him  
You can treat him bad and leave him  
When he's down yeah  
But I'm ready yes I'm ready for you  
I'm standing on my own two feet  
Out of the doorway the bullets rip  
Repeating to the sound of the beat

**“Another One Rides the Bus”**

**by Weird Al Yankovic**

Riding in the bus down the boulevard

And the place was pretty packed (Yeah!)

Couldn't find a seat so I had to stand

With the perverts in the back

It was smelling like a locker room

There was junk all over the floor

We're already packed in like sardines

But we're stopping to pick up more, look out

[Chorus]

Another one rides the bus

Another one rides the bus

Another comes on and another comes on

Another one rides the bus

Hey, who's gonna sit by you

Another one rides the bus

There's a suitcase poking me in the ribs

There's an elbow in my ear

There's a smelly old bum standing next to me

Hasn't showered in a year

I think I'm missing a contact lens

I think my wallet's gone

And I think this bus is stopping again

To let a couple more freaks get on look out

Another one rides the bus

Another one rides the bus

Another comes on and another comes on

Another one rides the bus

Hey, who's gonna sit by you

Another one rides the bus

Another one rides the bus

Another one rides the bus ow

Another one rides the bus hey hey

Another one rides the bus hey-ey-ey-ey ey ey eyyyyyy

The window doesn't open and the fan is broke

And my face is turning blue (Yeah)

I haven't been in a crowd like this

Since I went to see the Who

Well I should've got off a couple miles ago

But I couldn't get to the door

There isn't any room for me to breathe

And now we're gonna pick up more yeaaah