**“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