

Bum's Rush

Words and Melody by Glenn Smith

Adapted by Shawn Thornburg

Chorus:

Here's the bum's rush (pause)
Mister soup and sandwich,
Move on down the line.
Here's the bum's rush, (pause)
Mister soup and sandwich,
We don't have the time.
We've got a business here;
You foul our atmosphere.
Move on down the line.

They just need a small donation?
They can go to the old bus station.
There's a bench there and a warm room.
Just beware the bus fumes.

Chorus

Just down the road, I've been told,
A preacher has food and a cot to fold.
I think they have room in there,
But the preacher might preach in your ear.

Chorus

Bridge:

Hey, you're in luck: just for a buck
We can give a shave and a...haircut.
You won't look like a great big slob,
And you might just go get a job.

Last chorus with second bridge:

Here's the bum's rush, (pause)
Mister soup and sandwich.
Move on down the line.
But there's a station here and a bench to spare;
The preacher's down the road, so pack your load;
Don't be a slob, just get a job;
You foul our atmosphere, get out of here!
Here's the bum's rush, (pause)
Mister soup and sandwich.
Move on down the road!
Move...on...down...the...road!