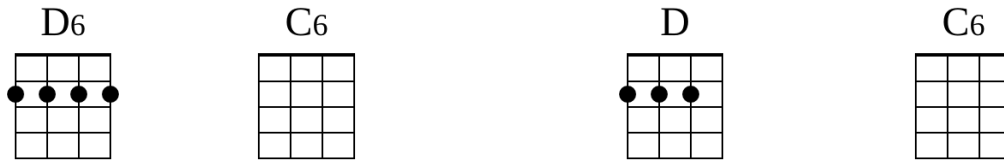
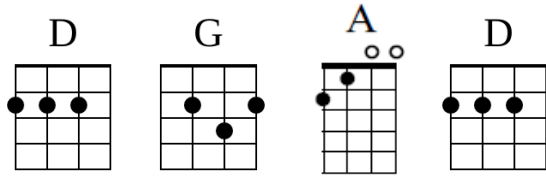


National Express



Take the National Express when your life's in a mess, It'll make you smile



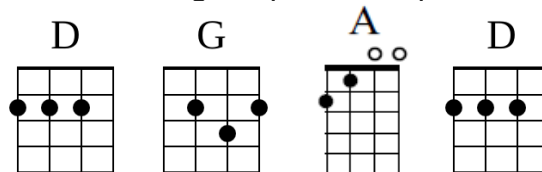
All human life is here, From the feeble old dear to the screaming child



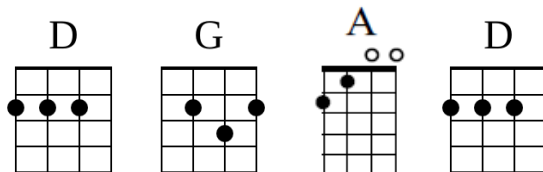
From the student who knows that to have one of those, Would be suicide



To the family man, Manhandling the pram with paternal pride



And everybody sings 'ba ba ba da'.....



We're going where the air is free



On the National Express there's a jolly hostess, Selling crisps and tea



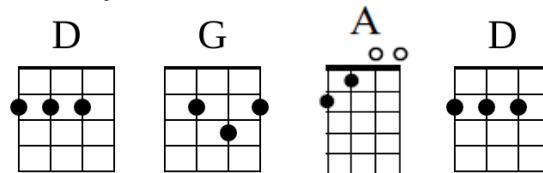
She'll provide you with drinks and theatrical winks, For a sky-high fee



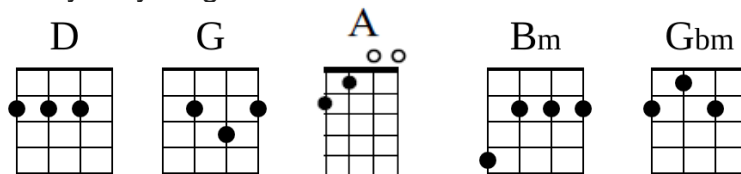
Mini-skirts were in style when she danced down the aisle, Back in '63 (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)



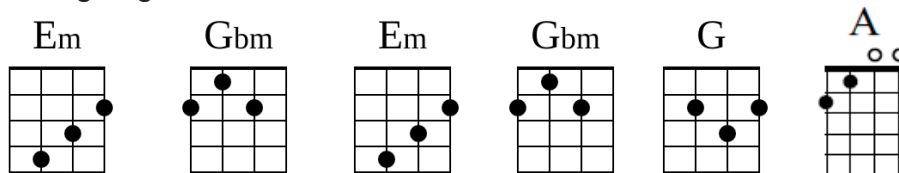
But it's hard to get by when your arse is the size of a small country



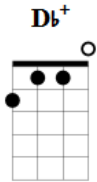
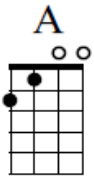
And everybody sings 'ba ba ba da'.....



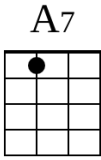
We're going where the air is free-



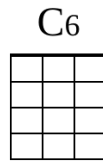
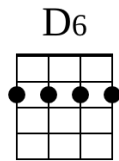
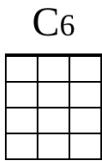
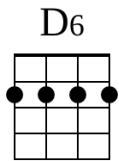
Tomorrow belongs to me



When you're sad and feeling blue, With nothing better to do



Don't just sit there feeling stressed, Take a trip on the National



Express,

the National Express, let's go