St: spoken up.

L: Shoul-da followed through.

G: What the hell was I thin-king now he's gonna follow me

Sa: It's a

M: She's loo-king right at me, could that be a hint?

G: home.
Let me get through the day

Let me get through the week.

I can't

It's a bitch just to speak.

brain's fried,

I forget how to think
take I can’t take it, but I’ll make it...

at the next stop.

I will

learn to stay calm and remain non-chalance.

I can

I’ll invite her to Louie’s to share a croissant.
At the next stop.

You will finally down all the xan-xas I want.

I will finally get the affection I've missed.

find what you want, you will cross off your list.

I can
I'll be 27
I'll be home
I'll have fin-ly be gun
get through this phase and be-gin to ex-ist.
I'll be done.

there! At the next stop! (train screeching to halt sound effect)

He's a
This is good.

She should go on a diet.

Her food smells like somebody

There goes the express.

It's so hot.

died.

She's so pretty.
I'm so late.

Ahhh shit. I'm so pissed.

There goes the express!

Can I just quietly fart or should I try to hold it inside?

Just let me off now.

Watch me sue tender for causing this mess.

I have
I don't care how but I don't care how. This was not in the plan. places to be. want to move on, is there someone who can get this started?
Al

Get me

Some-body farted...

I wonder who farted?

now with pedal

Al

out. get me out! get me out! At the Next Stop!

C

Doesn’t
I'm so stupid, I could've used u-ber, no prob.

any one know how to manage their job?

When, when, when, when is the next stop?

head's going crazy it's starting to throb

This
Al

on, come on, come on, come on, come

St

Can some-body tell me why no-thing's im-pro-ving?

L

turn of e-vents is not ve-ry be-hoo-ving.

G

It's

Al

on____ It's been half a life-time and still I'm not mo-ving at

L

been twen-ty min-utes

Al

Legato, lots of pedal

all! By now I'd hoped

Legato, lots of pedal
There'd be something to
There'd be so much more.
There'd be love
There'd be joy

One day soon

I'll wake up to the life I had in mind. It's just within
suddenly stacatto, no pedal
reach. I'll get it right. May-be to-mor-row or may-be to-

suddenly stacatto, no pedal

night. Just let me off, up-to the

light and I'll fin-ly ar-rive!
Is this real?

Oh for God's sakes.

I'm going to die.

not a big deal or are all of us going to die?

And I'll

Does anyone have the time?

So much life Never lived.
never get done all the things that I wanted to do.

All the hands tick. And the goals to achieve

and the women to buy.

min-utes press on 'cause they have their own will. God, it moves quick. But it
feels like I've been here for-ev-er and still what's so strange is...

no-thing changes...

Let me now with pedal

off now!

Tell me when is the

next stop?