

Doyle Damhnait**"Traffic"**

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waiting in traffic, like the rest

I cursed the melting chocolate on my dress

thinking, I could be halfway to Montreal

insted im counting crows and trying not to stall, don't
stall

Waiting in traffic like the rest

no way to know

that half a mile down the road

you lay silent, cold as stone

you were just going for the weekend to see your girl

you said you'd stop traffic in your new car

boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it
forever

you were going to tell her that you loved her

take her down to the river and kneel before her

ask her to be your lover

and say she would make a wonderful mother

you were just going for the weekend to see your girl

you said you'd stop traffic in your new car

boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it
forever

and im sorry i turned on the radio

and studied the lines on my face
makes me uneasy when the mirror talks back
kind words and good times, sharp times and bad
you said you were too old to die young
bet ya wish you didn't prove yourself wrong with that
one
you said you'd stop traffic in your new car
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it
forever

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