

# **I Can't Believe It's Not Rock "Staging A Traffic Jam"**

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On the burning bridge  
Staging a traffic jam  
Intention stained  
Upon expression

Eyes the sky's darkest clouds  
Constipated mountains of condensation

Eyes the sky's darkest clouds  
Constipated mountains  
Eyes the sky's darkest clouds  
Constipated mountains of condensation

In a sense, it's innocence  
(At the start there was innocence)  
(Break my heart, doesn't make no sense)  
It's my only defense  
(Just start again, that's the recompense)

(Just learning to fly)  
On a guilt trip and  
(See this chair, see this empty room)  
(There's my heart, there's my open wound)  
Being held hostage  
(Cause the end always comes too soon)  
(Just try to get by)

Eyes the sky's darkest clouds  
Constipated mountains of condensation

I'll wrap my heart around you  
I'll wrap my arms around you  
Falling down the stairs

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