

C.c.r. "Commotion"

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Traffic in the city turns my head around.
No, no, no, no, no.
Backed up on the freeway, backed up in the church,
Ev'rywhere you look there's a frown, frown.

CHORUS:

Com, commotion,
Git, git, git, gone.
Com, commotion,
Git, git, git, gone.

People keep atalkin', they don't say a word.
Jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw, jaw.
Talk up in the White House, talk up to your door,
So much goin' on I just can't hear.

CHORUS

Hurryin' to get there so you save some time.
Run, run, run, run, run.
Rushin' to the treadmill, rushin' to get home,
Worry 'bout the time you save, save.

CHORUS

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