

## Rhatigan "Traffic"

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Scarlet for the girl  
Staving off the tummy wolf  
Rumage through the rubbish for a scrummy little tit-bit  
Can't afford to nit pick  
Punkapocalyptic  
Pouting for the punters putting on some lipstick  
Wise cracking assholes  
Widen cracks in your soul  
Wide enough to drive a whole lorry load of turkeys  
home  
To roost, before the roasting traffic jams  
And tarmacadam pirates  
Soak up all the slack  
I can do without that  
I can do without it  
I can do without all this shit  
It really is a pain in the ass  
I can do without that  
I can do without  
I can do without all this  
It really is  
Sickened for the man  
Minced up in the gristle grinder  
Splinters in your pasty and an advert for a panty-liner  
Segue to the sarcy DJ chat  
Riding on the fortunes of another bodies back  
Sorry for myself  
Mining for some inspiration  
Sucked into the engine purring plunging  
Carbon poisons puking carconogenic crap  
I can do without that  
Depth charge, heart attack,  
Jack knife, head on crash,  
Pop star, lipstick, metal, feathers  
Turkey gibblets  
Blocking every pass  
Our trusty DJ laughs  
'This is for you if you're fowled up in the tail-back'  
I can do without that  
Macho muck savages exposing their back passages  
I can do without  
Free-basing Freemasons flexing moral muscle

I can do without

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