

Stereophonics

"Traffic"

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We all face the same way, Still it takes all day
I take a look to my left, Pick out the worst and the best
She paints her lip, greasy and thick
Another mirror stare
And she's going where?

Another office affair, to kill an unborn scare
You talk dirty to a priest, it makes you human at least
Is she running away, to start a brand new day?
Or she's going home, why's she driving alone?

Is anyone going anywhere?
Everyone's got to be, somewhere

She's got a body in the boot, just bags of food
Those are models legs, but are they women's, are they
men's?

She shouts down the phone, she missed a payment on
the loan
She's go to be above the rest, keeping up with the best

Is anyone going anywhere?
Everyone's got to be, somewhere

She waits tables for a crook, you wrote a hardback
book
You teach kids how to read, sell your body on the street
And that's without a job, another up town snob
But have I got you all wrong, one look and you were
gone

Is anyone going anywhere?
Is anyone going anywhere?
Is anyone going anywhere?
Everyone's got to be, somewhere

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