

## Michael McGuire "Traffic"

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TRAFFIC

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Strapped in the pulpit got my foot on the trigger, it  
drains the speed  
from the street as the engines get bigger, pulled up to  
the busy stop  
light in my ego machine, blocked a guy in at the  
parking lot cause I  
felt mean, but it made me feel guilty all day long, it's  
just traffic  
etiquette it wasn't all that wrong, I'm rushing to get  
somewhere that I  
don't wana go, and the slogan before me says just  
say no.  
Caught in the pursuit of some shifting destination,  
radio waves babble  
the code of some lost tongues communication, I turn it  
up but it's all  
just blues in code, I wonder if god's good ear can  
hear it and thinks it's  
some kind of curious ode, I stop and look and make a  
wrong turn on  
red, I'm a little out of pace with the traffic in my head,  
the horn only  
knows one thing your in my way, move or I'll run over  
you have a nice  
day.  
I move on never hear an end to the engine's woe,  
street sign wisdom  
tells me all I really need to know, the hissing of the  
serpent vehicle of  
means, I am motive and driven across the façade of  
shapeless scenes,  
fueled by the I will get there first ethics of Cain, and of  
the blood that's  
spilled the pavement will soak up the stain, rush hour  
ad infinitum  
time is a traffic jam, tires and thoughts and glimpses  
of the half priced  
wholesale scam.  
Sirens sing down alleys and bind this odyssey to its  
fate, doesn't matter

if we never get there as long as were not late, wrapped  
in the freshest  
roadkill a hypothesis is curled, down serpentine  
sidestreets that slither  
off the end of the world, my conscience a traffic cop  
my appetite  
illegally parked, Iâ'm on the side of town where the  
lanes are not clearly  
marked, and I don't remember how I got this far down  
the road,  
slipping thur the maze in a daze humming blues in  
code.  
Now the vultures are circling Â'cause the traffic is  
stopped, and upon the  
windshield of my faith the answer to a prayer is  
dropped, I feel the  
mystic engine the traffic and I are one, and now  
another petty miracle  
is forgotten another useless job is done, and Iâ'm back  
in the prophecy  
of the machine I recalibrate the faults,  
I head toward some fantasy of home traveling tires  
and thoughts,  
someone else tied to the circuit offers to let me out just  
a headlight  
not a face, I wave Â'cause I thought they were being  
nice but they just  
wanted my place.

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