

Silverchair

"Staging a Traffic Jam"

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a burning bridge
staging a traffic jam
intention stained upon expression
eyes the sky's darkest clouds
constipated mountains of condensation
*at the start there was innocence
breaks my heart doesn't make no sense just start again
thats the recompense just learning to fly
in a sense
its innosence
its my only defense
on a guilt trip
and being held hostage
I'll wrap my heart around you
I'll wrap my arms around you
falling down the stairs
*see this chair see this empty room
theres my heart theres my open wound 'cause the end
always comes too soon just try to get by!

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