

## Sleeper "Traffic Accident"

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Our hero's fallen down again, it's not a big surprise  
Two weeks wages on a suit, a crappy pair of shoes  
He's only handsome in the right light  
Now what are we going to do?  
You never really knew

No one knows where Connie goes  
She's wearing shiny clothes  
Paper wraps and skinny guys and all her neighbors  
Eyes say running riot, our hero knows the papers  
Just need their news they never really knew

But they decided where you're going to  
We're ready for you

Don't write, don't call me  
Unless you're lying in a traffic accident  
Don't write, don't call me  
Unless you're dying in a traffic accident  
Traffic accident, traffic accident

And somewhere in a Whitehall room  
Who's popping prostitutes, full of scotch and falling off  
And that persistent cough a cozy number  
But all those goons, they're only afraid of truth  
They never really knew that in the end

It would desert them too  
We're ready for you

Don't write, don't call me  
Unless you're lying in a traffic accident  
Don't write, don't call me  
Unless you're dying in a traffic accident  
Traffic accident

Are we violent?  
Are we stupid?  
Are we vacant?  
Are we useless?  
Hello work life  
Farewell park life

Have you come for me?

Don't write, don't call me  
Or are we givin' ourselves away?  
Woke up this morning  
And am I givin' myself away?  
They owe you something  
Unless they're lying  
In a traffic accident  
Traffic accident, a traffic accident

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