

Gloria Record, The "A Lull In Traffic"

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Just lonely, baby--doesn't mean I'm looking for a friend.
I've got plenty, I'm still learning how to lay down my life
for them.

Don't want to find yourself alone at thirty-five,
spending half what you make on your car (and hating
that drive).

Just crazy, maybe--doesn't mean I'm looking for a cure.
I've got stability that scares you,

'cause it's hard to believe when you're so sure.

No matter how different you are, you're just like
everybody else.

No matter how hard you try and fit in, there is no one
like you.

You will find you spend a good deal of your life, sitting
at red lights

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