

Traffic "Berkshire Poppies"

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So many people
With nothing to do
Hundreds of buildings
That block out my view

Watched by a tramp
With a hole in his shoe
Standing alone
On the corner

He's thinking that work
Is all a big joke
While he looks in the gutter
For something to smoke

And two hundred kids
In one red minimoke
Scream down the street
Fully loaded

Day in the city
Oh, what a pity

I could be in Berkshire
Where the poppies are so pretty
I could be in Berkshire
Where the poppies are so pretty

I wish that
I was there
I wanna make
It out of there

People like sardines
Packed in a can
Waiting for Christmas
That's made in Japan

And I'm having trouble
With my apple flan
Sat in the cafe
On the corner

I walk through the green gates
And into the park
Where murderers crawl
After girls in the dark

Down by the shed
I heard a remark
I turned on but no one
Could hear me, no one

Day in the city
Oh, what a pity

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Where the poppies are so pretty
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