

Traffic

"Memories of a Rock 'n Rolla"

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When I was a young boy
I lived for rock 'n' roll
Spent our time playing gigs
And traveling on the road

And we didn't have much money
And the gigs were sometimes rough
Playing music for the people
Seemed to be enough

And the music is so sweet
That it makes me tap my feet
And my mind is very high
I can almost touch the sky

Now I am a young man
Dressed in sparkling colored clothes
A country house and sixty acres
Are a heavy load

And we still have no money
But we have some nice things
Possession is, possessions are
The trait that money brings

And the snowflakes are so sweet
As they fall around our feet
And my mind is very high
I can almost feel the sky

Now I am an old man
Know exactly what to do
Never ask a question
Or ever give an answer to you

And when you pass me by
And you drop a penny in my hat
Don't feel sorry on my account
'Cause life can be like that

And the music is so sweet
That it makes me tap my feet

And my mind is very high
I can almost feel the sky

And the river rolls along
Like a never ever ending song
And the river rolls along
Like a never ever ending song

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