

## Traffic

### "Rollright Stones"

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(Winwood/Capaldi)

'Till I find out, where will I go, where will I go  
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know where  
The space is between my eyes  
Open up the heavenly sky  
Death awaits with pearly gates  
Those who've been mesmerized  
Many years has come and gone  
Went to see a standing stone  
Some in circles, some alone  
Ancient, worn and weather torn  
They chill me to my very bone  
Many of these can be seen  
In quiet places, fields of green  
Of hedgerow lanes with countless names  
But the only thing that remains are the roll right stones  
Space age before my eyes  
Opening up the skies  
Marches slowly on to the pearly gate  
For those who've been mesmerized  
Many years has come and gone  
But progress marches slowly on  
In nature's paint, she hides the stain  
'Cos everybody is going insane  
The only, the only thing that will sustain are the roll  
right stones  
Went to see an ancient mound  
People buried underground  
Long ago, will never know  
What it was like to hear their sounds  
Black crow, I know you've been here  
You've see the sights of yesteryear  
You steal the grain of the conquered plain  
But the only thing that remains are the roll right stones

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