

# Jacks Of All Trades, Traffic Jam

I spend my mornings in my car on the freeway  
Driving down like a bullet on that highway  
Making tricks with the freaks on my backseat  
And the streets full of fire and gasoline  
Don't you know how it goes for a man like me  
I'm feeling free like a bird without a nest in a tree  
So you know that life starts at hundred miles  
And I won't stop rocking till my tank's ran dry

I found that sin that makes me spin  
Around my selfishness  
My body swings out of control  
In this beautiful mess  
The whirlwind blows from side to side  
Makes me settle for less  
This is the sin that makes me spin  
Away from righteousness

I won't get stuck in a traffic jam  
Oh man, don't you love the way she bangs  
Hear the roar in my ear when I switch a bigger gear  
No fear ' fire shooting out the rear  
454, all American iron  
go kitty go or don't you know which side on  
nothing beats the feeling when I'm out with my friends  
I got power underneath and I know it won't end