

Mari, Traffic

This is the third time this week
that i find myself wandering down your street
and i can't seem to give it up
i've even stopped making these excuses
for why you're stuck here in my thoughts
when it's been long enough
and i try to keep myself moving
but i'm not getting anywhere
i wait in the same spot
brain like a parking lot
you're the traffic in my head
you're the reason that i'm wrecked
i pray for it to stop
like rain on the sidewalk
the traffic in my head, you're the traffic in my head
there's just too much to forget
guess i should be happy now
everything is back to how it was
before you came around
i'm already changing
and i've even tried
to find a new distraction
but still you surround
as if it's not hard enough
and i try to keep myself moving
but i'm not getting anywhere
i wait in the same spot
brain like a parking lot
you're the traffic in my head
you're the reason that i'm wrecked
i pray for it to stop
like rain on the sidewalk
the traffic in my head, you're the traffic in my head
a part of me thinks that i'm going crazy
the world's spinning, my vision is hazy
and none of this makes any sense
i never meant for this to end
i can do what i have to do
if i could only get around you...