

# Silverchair, Staging A Traffic Jam

a burning bridge  
staging a traffic jam  
intention stained upon expression  
eyes the sky's darkest clouds  
constipated mountains of condensation

\*at the start there was innocence  
breaks my heart doesn't make no sense just start again that's the recompense just learning to fly

in a sense  
its innocence  
its my only defense  
on a guilt trip  
and being held hostage  
I'll wrap my heart around you  
I'll wrap my arms around you  
falling down the stairs

\*see this chair see this empty room  
there's my heart there's my open wound 'cause the end always comes too soon just try to get by!