

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!