Stereophonics, Traffic

We all face the same way
Still it takes all day
I take a look to my left, pick out the worst and the best
She paints her lip, greasy and thick
Another mirror stare, and she's going where?

Another office affair, to kill an unborn scare?
You talk dirty to a priest?It makes them human at least
But is she running away, to start a brand new day?
Or is she going home? Why's she driving alone?

Is anyone going anywhere?
Everyone's gotta be somewhere

She got a body in the boot, or just bags full of food?
Those are model's legs, but are they women's are they men's?
She shouts down the phone, missed a payment on the loan
She gotta be above the rest, keeping up with the best

Is anyone going anywhere?
Everyone's gotta be somewhere

Waits tables for a crook?
Wrote a hardback book?
You teach kids how to read?
Or sell your body on the street?
A nurse without a job?
Another uptown snob?
But have I got you all wrong?
One look and you were gone

Is anyone going anywhere? X 3
Everyone's gotta be somewhere