

Traffic, Means To An End

(Winwood/Capaldi)

Well, you told me you were sorry, when I needed your advice
And I was too confused to see the meaning
Like Peter, you disowned me with a voice as cold as ice
And before the fire died and they were leaving

I'm a means to an end and everybody's friend
To a richman, poorman, beggar man or thief
From my heart I send a messenger to bend
And take your mind from agony and grief

Oh, sweet silence without kings and queens
No one here has ever reached your centre
Better to be quiet than to speak without a thought
Or you may lose the meaning of your venture

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