

Traffic, Nowhere Is Their Freedom

(Winwood/Capaldi)

Locked out of Eden for failing the test
They just can't live like all of the rest
Speaking in tongues without any rhyme
Ragged outcasts on the wastelands of time
Easy rider coming down the road, easy rider overload

Looking for sometime, somewhere, some place
Sometime, somewhere, some space
Sometime, somewhere, some grace,
But nowhere is their freedom

Red flames of fire reflect in her eye
Masked by the smoke that's floating on high
Seizing the road, reaches the sky,
Like a falcon she just wants to fly
Dark clouds gather on the edge of the mist
Hear her laughter and she's gone

There's always one more mountain to climb
But we are all lost, travelers in time, a long way from home

You always fear what you don't understand
Choosing to live in Disneyland
They polish the children, they polish the grass
Definitely in a different class
All is magic on a mushroom ride
It's so tragic when you realize

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