

Archers Of Loaf, Telepathic Traffic

On a short part,
Of the long march home
With the trail that swells (?)
In a small space.

There's no breath,
There's no ventilation.
Cause there's too much traffic,
Telepathic traffic.

Traffic.

Get depressed with the best
It's lost, after the disaster
Cause you're sure,
But it doesn't strike a cord.

If I can't see it,
And if we don't need it,
Cause there's too much traffic.
Telepathic traffic.

Traffic.

There's no breath,
There's no ventilation.
No breath,
There's no ventilation.
No breath,
There's no ventilation.

On the television,
Stereo vision,
When everything slips
You're the only one who sticks.

On the _____,
There's a short wave.
Just so you can take a short trip
On a short wave.

Television,
Stereo vision,
When everything slips
You're the only one who sticks.

On the _____,
There's another wave
Just so you can take a short trip
On a short wave.