

Ben Folds Five, Crosstown Traffic

You jumped in front of my car
when you, you dont wanna jive.
Ninty miles an hour, girl, is the
speed I drive.

You tell me it's alright,
you don't mind a little pain
And all you want me to do
is a take you for a drive

You're just like
Crosstown traffic, So hard to get through to you now now yeah
Crosstown traffic, always runnin over you child child hey
Crosstown traffic, What you do is slow me down
When I got better things on the other side of town

Now I'm not the only soul who's
accused of hit and run child
Tire tracks all across your back
I can , I can see that you had your fun now
darlin' can't you see my signals turn from green to red
And with you I can see a traffic jam
straight up ahead

You're just like
Crosstown traffic, So hard to get through to you now now hey
Crosstown traffic, always runnin over you child
Crosstown traffic, All you do is slow me down
When I got better things on the other side of town
Oh oh oh!

Yeah yeah
Crosstown Traffic
Oh oh oh oh oh ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh ahh
Crosstown Traffic
Oh oh oh yeah
Crosstown Traffic
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh