

# Calla, Traffic Sound

Over, trip, and walk  
Crawl and call me up  
Against a simple thought I thought I had

You, inside my arms  
Inside my hands  
Paralyzing every sense I've ever had

Over silent talk  
Why'd She pick me up  
Arnold in the backseat sitting silently  
Tracing passing lights  
Tremble on with me  
Dreaming of a simple life We'll never see