

Damhnait Doyle, Traffic

waiting in traffic, like the rest
I cursed the melting chocolate on my dress
thinking, I could be halfway to Montreal
insted im counting crows and trying not to stall, don't stall

Waiting in traffic like the rest
no way to know
that half a mile down the road
you lay silent, cold as stone
you were just going for the weekend to see your girl

you said you'd stop traffic in your new car
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it forever

you were going to tell her that you loved her
take her down to the river and kneel before her
ask her to be your lover
and say she would make a wonderful mother
you were just going for the weekend to see your girl

you said you'd stop traffic in your new car
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it forever

and im sorry i turned on the radio
and studied the lines on my face
makes me uneasy when the mirror talks back
kind words and good times, sharp times and bad

you said you were to old to die young
bet ya wish you didn;t prove yourself wrong with that one
you said you'd stop traffic in your new car
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it forever