

Jack Johnson, Traffic in the Sky

There's traffic in the sky
And it doesn't seem to be getting much better
There's kids playing games on the pavement
Drawing waves on the pavement, mhm
Shadows of the planes on the pavement, mhm
It's enough to make me cry
But that don't seem like it would make it feel better
Maybe it's a dream, and if I scream
It will burst at the seams
Whole place will fall into pieces
And then they'd say

Well how could we have known
I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell, no, no, no
If you keep adding stones
Soon the water will be lost in the well, mhm

Puzzle pieces in the ground
But no one ever seems to be digging
Instead, they're looking up towards the heavens
With their eyes on the heavens, mhm
Shadows on the way to the heavens, mhm
It's enough to make me cry
But that don't seem like it would make it feel better
The answers could be found
We could learn from digging down
But no one ever seems to be digging
Instead they'll say

Well how could we have known
I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell, no, no, no
If you keep adding stones
Soon the water will be lost in the well, mhm

Words of wisdom all around
But no one ever seems to listen
They're talking about their plans on paper
Building up from the pavement, mhm
The shadows from the scrapers on the pavement, mhm
It's enough to make me sigh
But that don't seem to make it feel better
The words are all around
But the words are only sounds
And no one ever seems to listen
Instead they'll say

Well how could we have known
I'll tell them it's really not so hard to tell, no, no, no
If you keep adding stones
Soon the water will be lost in the well
Lost in the well, mhmhm