

# James Taylor, Traffic Jam

Damn this traffic jam, how I hate to be late, it hurts my motor to go so slow.  
Damn this traffic jam, time I get home my supper'll be cold, damn this traffic jam.

Well I left my job about 5 o'clock, it took fifteen minutes go three blocks,  
Just in time to stand in line with a freeway looking like a parking lot.  
Damn this traffic jam, how I hate to be late, it hurts my motor to go so slow.  
Damn this traffic jam, time I get home my supper'll be cold, damn this traffic jam.

Now I almost had a heart attack, looking in my rear view mirror,  
I saw myself the next car back, looking in the rear view mirror,  
about to have a heart attack, I said,  
damn this traffic jam, how I hate to be late, it hurts my motor to go so slow.  
Damn this traffic jam, time I get home my supper'll be cold, damn this traffic jam.

Now when I die I don't want no coffin, I thought about it all too often.  
Just strap me in behind the wheel and bury me with my automobile.  
Damn this traffic jam, how I hate to be late, it hurts my motor to go so slow.  
Damn this traffic jam, time I get home my supper'll be cold, damn this traffic jam. Damn.

Now I used to think that I was cool running around on fossil fuel,  
Until I saw what I was doing was driving down the road to ruin.