

# Traffic, Berkshire Poppies

(Winwood/Capaldi)

So many people with nothing to do  
Hundreds of buildings that block out my view  
Watched by a tramp with a hole in his shoe  
Standing alone on the corner

He's thinking that work is all a big joke  
While he looks in the gutter for something to smoke  
Two hundred kids in one red minimoke  
Scream down the street fully loaded

Day in the city  
Oh what a pity  
I could be in Berkshire where the poppies are so pretty  
I could be in Berkshire where the poppies are so pretty  
I wish that I was there  
I wanna make it out of there

People like sardines  
Packed in a can  
Waiting for Christmas that's made in Japan  
And I'm having trouble with my apple flan  
Sat in the cafe on the corner

I walk through the green gates and into the park  
Where murderers crawl after girls in the dark  
Down by the shed I head a remark  
I turned on but no one could hear me

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