

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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