

Traffic, Coloured Rain

Forty thousand headmen couldn't make me change my mind
If I had to take the choice between the deafman and the blind
I know just where my feet should go and that's enough for me
I turned around and knocked them down and walked across the sea
Hadn't traveled very far when suddenly I saw
Three small ships a-sailing out towards a distant shore
So lighting up a cigarette I followed in pursuit
And found a secret cave where they obviously stashed their loot
Filling up my pockets, even stuffed it up my nose
I must have weighed a hundred tons between my head and toes
I ventured forth before the dawn had time to change its mind
And soaring high above the clouds I found a golden shrine
Laying down my treasure before the iron gate
Quickly rang the bell hoping I hadn't come too late
But someone came along and told me not to waste my time
And when I asked him who he was he said, 'Just look behind'
So I turned around and forty thousand headmen bit the dirt
Firing twenty shotguns each and man, it really hurt
But luckily for me they had to stop and then reload
And by the time they'd done that I was heading down the road