

Traffic, Every Mothers Son

(Winwood/Capaldi)

Once again I'm northward bound, on the edge of sea and sky
Tomorrow is my friend, my one and only friend
We travel on together searching for the end

(Chorus:)

I'm a traveling soul and every mother's son
Although I'm getting tired I've got to travel on
Can you please help, my god? Can you please help, my god?
Can you please help, my god? I think it's only fair

Once again I'm northward bound, on the edge of sea and sky
Together we will go and see what waits for us
A backdoor to the universe, that old moondust.

(Chorus)

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