

# Traffic, Paper Sun

I'm looking for a girl who has no face  
She has no name, or number  
And so I search within his lonely place  
Knowing that I won't find her  
Well, I can't stop this feeling deep in inside me  
Ruling my mind  
I feel no sound  
Don't know where I'm bound  
The scenery is all the same to me  
Nothing has changed or faded  
I'm a part of it, some part of me  
Painted cool green, and shaded  
So, try to find myself must be the only way  
To feel free