

Traffic, Shanghai Noodle Factory

Sitting in a transit all night long
Playing clubs and rocking right on
The road's much too long since I've been wasting my time
Wish I was home again sipping my wine
And I'm gone, gone, gone, I don't care
'Cause I'm gone, gone, gone, I don't care
It's where I'm from, I'm on the road again
LA to London is a mighty long time
Eight hours flying can bring you down
Sitting near a suit who's a red-neck going,
Eyes are moving but there's no life showing
Now that I'm home again
Things are much better, biding my time with my little go-getter
No matter what they say, no matter what they do,
Gonna end up in the middle of that rock & roll stew
Gone, gone, gone ...