

Traffic, Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory

In a Shanghai Noodle Factory
Place where I once used to be
No where doing nothing
People there were made of steel
Tiny cogs in one big wheel
Turning never learning
Had to make a break
And soon I had to wake up feeling stronger, feeling stronger
In my island of dreams, with impossible schemes
In a Shanghai Noodle Factory
Place where I once used to be
No where doing nothing
People there were made of cans
Packed like roosters in a pen
Crowing, never knowing
Had to make a break
I knew I couldn't fake it any longer
Everything just aches
Soon I'd have to wake up feeling stronger, feeling stronger
In my island of dreams, with impossible schemes