Traffic, When The Eagle Flies

You walk and talk and move around in circles
Your friends telling you you are doing fine
You can't see that snowball as it hurtles
Through the shattered membranes of your mind
If I could talk to you for just one minute
Then you would know what it is I am getting at
But there again your head's got nothing in it
By the way you left without your hat
I'm walking in the wind looking at the sky
Hanging on a breeze and wondering why, why
Your old man's headed for the final pay-off
The joker that you got is fading too
And all the sharks that come around for the rip-off
Are gonna tear the flesh right off you
The plastic princess hangs her head in wonder at the silver glittered boys
Trying, trying to compete
And all at once the room begins to thunder
And all that's left is the stain on the sheet
The prostitute is standing on the corner
Suffering so much pain to stay alive
She's so real, that life itself bows down before her
She couldn't make that nine to five
While the president is crying, crying in the White House
The prime minister's really got the blues
All the heads of state are busy playing cat & mouse
'Cause you can see none of them have ever paid their dues
God knows why, why, why