

Two Hours Traffic, Whenever we finish

Tangled in feathers
Tired and hoarse
Caught up in tethers
You are the source
We start every morning
With two little jabs
Wont it be strange when
We stop splitting cabs?
Whenever youre drifting
From pillow to pillow
You always expect me
To lift up my window
Whenever you finish
Taking on trouble
You always expect me
To start seeing double
Carry the weekend
Fist in the air
Tonight youll be back with
Hands in my hair
Whenever youre drifting
From pillow to pillow
You always expect me
To lift up my window
Whenever you finish
Taking on trouble
You always expect me
To start seeing double
Id rather see you in colour
Id rather see you in colour
Id rather see you in colour