Playing In Traffic

Broadside

You keep playing in traffic and you'll end up dead.

Trying hard to fit into
a mold that wasn't cast for you.
An image built with loneliness
and it's just not working.
If fitting the part is what's best for you,
you're preaching things that were never true.
Your ego shows,
your friends may grow,
but you're still a clone.

So come on,
don't miss your train.
You were always searching for the fast lane,
you sell yourself short, it's the easy way.
Ducking every mirror just to hide your shame.

You can't take this back.
No, no, you wish you could.
You chose your own path,
you keep playing in traffic and you'll end up dead.

The common hatred we once shared,
we had our lives
and they had theirs.
You bought in quick
and sold out fast,
so enjoy the crash.

I'm not bitter on the friends that I've lost,
just a little confused
by the time it cost.
For you to show your face,
what a disgusting waste.
But are you happy now?

You say that I'm too harsh on you
and how you spend your time.
That your old life's gone,
and I'm afraid to leave mine.

So come on,
don't miss your train.
You were always searching for the fast lane,
you sell yourself short, it's the easy way.
Ducking every mirror just to hide your shame.

You can't take this back.
No, no, you wish you could.
You chose your own path,
tearing at the skin that you just can't shed.
You keep playing in traffic and you'll end up dead.

Take me back to those trailer park nights,
ducking bottles most of my life.
Drug lords were neighbors,

dodging those blue lights.

I’m not asking you feel my pain.
I counted on you
to help me carry the weight.
I know your struggles,
cause I been in your brain.
We used to be one in the same.

So come on,
don’t miss your train.
You were always searching for the fast lane,
you sell yourself short, it’s the easy way.
Ducking every mirror just to hide your shame.

So come on,
don’t miss your train.
You were always searching for the fast lane,
you sell yourself short, it’s the easy way.
Swinging at mirrors to erase the pain.

You can’t take this back.
No, no, you wish you could.
You chose your own path,
tearing at the skin that you just can’t shed.
Burying the weight up inside your head,
you keep playing in traffic and you’ll end up…

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