

Traffic (7am)

Cautious Clay

Every morning felt like traffic
Brain full of static, words automatic
Is there a thing you were searching for
Or so you like dramatics?
The last conviction that I had was a fuck
And I need it

So we should take a ride
In a disguise
That makes you feel like a home
Away from home
A seasonal depression song
To sing alone
Till everybody remembers
How things could be better

So where do we begin
When a change in the wind
Could change your mind?
It's like poetry
I felt the hair on my skin
Raising when you crashed into me
Where do we begin
When a change in the wind
Could change your mind?
Like it was meant to be
The way you crash into me

Your collar been switching between blue and white
Working on time, working offline at the grocery
You've been wandering isles and settling for smiles
Just so you don't have to be outside

We took a ride in a disguise, needed a home
Away from home
The seasonal depression song
'Cause were at the hour where you had the power to leave me alone

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So ain't no going back
We got collateral feelings for things we ain't never been through
Keep the traffic in mind
Oh, remember that feeling