

## Traffic

Damhnait Doyle

waiting in traffic, like the rest  
I cursed the melting chocolate on my dress  
thinking, I could be halfway to Montreal  
insted im counting crows and trying not to stall, don't stall

Waiting in traffic like the rest  
no way to know  
that half a mile down the road  
you lay silent, cold as stone  
you were just going for the weekend to see your girl

you said you'd stop traffic in your new car  
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it foreve  
r

you were going to tell her that you loved her  
take her down to the river and kneel before her  
ask her to be your lover  
and say she would make a wonderful mother  
you were just going for the weekend to see your girl

you said you'd stop traffic in your new car  
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it foreve  
r

and im sorry i turned on the radio  
and studied the lines on my face  
makes me uneasy when the mirror talks back  
kind words and good times, sharp times and bad

you said you were to old to die young  
bet ya wish you didn;t prove yourself wrong with that one  
you said you'd stop traffic in your new car  
boy did you ever, no i bet ya didn't think you'd stop it foreve  
r