

Traffic Jam

Sailor

From the eighteenth century's cobblestone streets
With the horse and the carriages to rest our feet
To the train and city tram
Came the birth of mechanical man
And with mechanical man came the automobile
Henry Ford's Model 'T' with an engine on wheels
And a crazy race began
With a car for every man
A limousine, hot rod, Beetle and a van
Or maybe just an old sedan

We're heading for a great big worldwide traffic jam
With only red lights, green lights, yellow lights
To be our guiding hand
We're heading for a great big worldwide traffic jam
With all the hoots and the toots
And the traffic brutes
To fill our loving land
I wonder who's gonna win this great big race
Mechanical man or the natural pace?

From the back seat Romeo in lover's lane
To the family car on a highway in Spain
There's a car for every need
With the shape, the colour and speed
It's the twentieth century's technical toy
Full of buttons and dials
Full of comfort and joy
But the number's going up
I wonder where it's gonna stop
The limousine, hot rod, Beetle and the van
It's gonna go way out of hand

We're heading for a great big worldwide traffic jam
With only red lights, green lights, yellow lights
To be our guiding hand
We're heading for a great big worldwide traffic jam
With all the hoots and the toots
And the traffic brutes
To fill our loving land
I wonder who's gonna win this great big race
Mechanical man or the natural pace
For the world's getting smaller
And the time's getting shorter every day
We're heading for a great big worldwide traffic jam