

Traffic Accident

Sleeper

Our hero's fallen down again, it's not a big surprise
Two weeks wages on a suit, a crappy pair of shoes
He's only handsome in the right light
Now what are we going to do?
You never really knew

No one knows where Connie goes
She's wearing shiny clothes
Paper wraps and skinny guys and all her neighbors
Eyes say running riot, our hero knows the papers
Just need their news they never really knew

But they decided where you're going to
We're ready for you

Don't write, don't call me
Unless you're lying in a traffic accident
Don't write, don't call me
Unless you're dying in a traffic accident
Traffic accident, traffic accident

And somewhere in a Whitehall room
Who's popping prostitutes, full of scotch and falling off
And that persistent cough a cozy number
But all those goons, they're only afraid of truth
They never really knew that in the end

It would desert them too
We're ready for you

Don't write, don't call me
Unless you're lying in a traffic accident
Don't write, don't call me
Unless you're dying in a traffic accident
Traffic accident

Are we violent?
Are we stupid?
Are we vacant?
Are we useless?
Hello work life
Farewell park life
Have you come for me?

Don't write, don't call me
Or are we givin' ourselves away?
Woke up this morning
And am I givin' myself away?
They owe you something
Unless they're lying
In a traffic accident
Traffic accident, a traffic accident