

Gridlock

Warren Zevon

It's 5:00 P.M. on a weekday, friend
There's one of me and two million of them
The whistle blows and the factories close
There's a million more commuters on the access roads
The brake lights flash--there's an RV crashed
I'm in the passing lane going nowhere fast
The traffic crawls and the engine stalls
I'm stuck on the edge of the urban sprawl

Gridlock
Up ahead
There's a line of cars as far as I can see
Gridlock
Goin' nowhere
Roll down the window, let me scream

Oh yeah, ain't it a shame
We're all jammed up at the interchange
The paramedics and the CHP
Wait impatiently for catastrophes
I'm spending half my days like this
I might as well be working on the midnight shift
The radio's tuned to the traffic news
And everybody's choking on monoxide fumes

Gridlock
Up ahead
There's a line of cars as far as I can see
Gridlock
Goin' nowhere
Roll down the window, let me scream
I can close my eyes and dream
I can close my eyes and dream
I can close my eyes and dream

It's 5:00 PM on a weekday, friend
I'm going home but I don't know when
I hate this traffic and I hate this town
Gotta honk my horn, try to get around
I feel like going on a killing spree
Tomorrow I'm going on the RTD
The traffic crawls and the engine stalls
I'm stuck on the edge of the urban sprawl

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