

# Traffic, Forty Thousand Headmen

(Winwood/Capaldi)

Forty thousand headmen couldn't make me change my mind  
If I had to take the choice between the deafman and the blind  
I know just where my feet should go and that's enough for me  
I turned around and knocked them down and walked across the sea

Hadn't traveled very far when suddenly I saw  
Three small ships a-sailing out towards a distant shore  
So lighting up a cigarette I followed in pursuit  
And found a secret cave where they obviously stashed their loot

Filling up my pockets, even stuffed it up my nose  
I must have weighed a hundred tons between my head and toes  
I ventured forth before the dawn had time to change its mind  
And soaring high above the clouds I found a golden shrine

Laying down my treasure before the iron gate  
Quickly rang the bell hoping I hadn't come too late  
But someone came along and told me not to waste my time  
And when I asked him who he was he said, 'Just look behind'

So I turned around and forty thousand headmen bit the dirt  
Firing twenty shotguns each and man, it really hurt  
But luckily for me they had to stop and then reload  
And by the time they'd done that I was heading down the road

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