

# Traffic, Nowhere Is Their Freedom

(Winwood/Capaldi)

Locked out of Eden for failing the test  
They just can't live like all of the rest  
Speaking in tongues without any rhyme  
Ragged outcasts on the wastelands of time  
Easy rider coming down the road, easy rider overload

Looking for sometime, somewhere, some place  
Sometime, somewhere, some space  
Sometime, somewhere, some grace,  
But nowhere is their freedom

Red flames of fire reflect in her eye  
Masked by the smoke that's floating on high  
Seizing the road, reaches the sky,  
Like a falcon she just wants to fly  
Dark clouds gather on the edge of the mist  
Hear her laughter and she's gone

There's always one more mountain to climb  
But we are all lost, travelers in time, a long way from home

You always fear what you don't understand  
Choosing to live in Disneyland  
They polish the children, they polish the grass  
Definitely in a different class  
All is magic on a mushroom ride  
It's so tragic when you realize

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