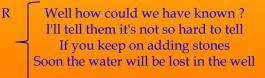


Traffic in the sky

There's traffic in the sky And it doesn't seem to be getting much better There's kids playing games on the pavement Drawing waves on the pavement Shadows of the planes on the pavement Its enough to make me cry But that don't seem like it would make it feel better Maybe it's a dream and if I scream It will burst at the seams This whole place will fall to pieces And then they'd say...



Puzzle pieces in the ground But no one ever seems to be digging Instead they're looking up towards the heavens With their eyes on the heavens There are shadows on the way to the heavens It's enough to make me cry But that don't seem like it would make it feel better The answers could be found We could learn from digging down But no one ever seems to be digging Instead they'll say...

Refrain

Words of wisdom all around But no one ever seems to listen They're talking about their plans on paper Building up from the pavement

There are shadows from the scrapers on the pavement It's enough to make me sigh But that don't seem like it would make it feel better The words are still around / But the words are only sounds And no one ever seems to listen / Instead they'll say

Refrain

