

J'aime beaucoup ce type. Il ne se prend pas trop la tête (ancien surfer professionnel le jeune-homme ...). Guitares très fines. Une voix claire. Sympa quoi. Très difficile à chanter car on ne sait jamais où il découpe les phrases. Essayer vous verrez. Très casse-gueule. J'ai rajouté pas mal de choses. Pour le fun !

Jack Johnson

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
 It's 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...

R { Well how could we have known ?
 I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell
 If you keep on adding stones
 Soon the water will be lost in the well

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