

# Sleeping In Traffic

Beardfish

Waking up in panic  
A room not hot or cold  
Afraid to fall asleep again  
My other side will unfold

I am on the edge of sanity  
Far out in a hazy, troubled dream

I've scored the morning  
A crimson red thought  
Someone is struggling  
With the battles I've fought

Sleeping in the traffic  
Red lights turn to green  
Blinding painted white lines  
Moving in between

I am on the edge of sanity  
Far out in a hazy, troubled dream

Time and time over  
It's always the same  
Reckon you know me?  
Are you playing my game?

Me is my own worst enemy

In a room of frantic fools  
Waiting for a juicy blues  
I present my guitar song  
Scratching strings with tones too long  
They see of with tired eyes  
Hidden coughs, 'he's full of lies!'  
Cigarette smoke and black tar stains  
Darkness feasts on my remains

Please save me

Out of darkness into light  
Still there's no salvation in sight  
Seven wishes, what's the first?  
Seven wishes, quench your blood-thirst  
Killing has no consequence  
In a world that makes no sense  
Blow the brain that brought this up  
Blow the brain that thought this up

Please save me

Lady in the doorway  
With a face that's so kind  
Caressing smells  
Twisting my mind  
Magical evening, and  
She's got the glow  
And though she's got it all

She's giving it away...

Her eyes begin to glow  
In the semi dark room  
I move close and close my eyes  
And welcome her lips to mine  
She takes off her clothes  
Let's them slide down her hips  
Her body is glowing  
And she's giving it away

In the bed I lie awake  
There's one road for me to take  
I must leave while there's still time  
To find out this truth of mine

Sleep... I'm only sleeping  
Notice that my eyes are open  
Run... What am I running from?  
The demons they can't catch me while I'm travelling  
Dark... Dark, dark darkness  
Fill me up and set me free  
Sea... I smell ocean air  
Sleeping in the presence of seagulls

In the misty morning fog the dock lies clear  
Salty smell of coral reefs appears this time of year  
From the depths of mother earth he comes again  
It's captain Flurry and his henchmen

In spite of his old crooked back and generous age  
The beard, the pipe, his rusty sword, he's a kleptomaniac sage man  
He knows the difference to what we call right or wrong

And the hench-men sing in their old song  
'Har har, we have sailed far  
From Norway to Peru  
Whatever captain Flurry says  
You must believe it is true'

He says that 'well you know, snow covers the igloos'  
He tells me 'it's hot and dry in the Sahara desert'  
The kings and queens has got it in for us  
And I just missed the bus

I'm running away now, away from pirates and seagulls and the dock of the bay  
Reaching sweet perfumed city streets,  
scented by gasoline and neon lights in sweet cooperation  
A guy yells: 'Hey!' but I can't stop, 'cause the rhythm has got me by the balls,  
so to say. I'm sneaking into the backstreets and some sleazy 70's disco club  
...

The ceiling is a sky of bright, shining disco lights  
There's bee gees on the gramophone, they're singing 'ha ha ha ha  
Staying alive', oh please, make me, take me through the night  
But the laughter from her is an ocean of sleep to my restless soul  
Tension leaves by her embrace and her breasts are warm, not cold  
They're not cold at all

In reflection of some slim shade goggles  
I decide to ease my stoned head  
A punk stands in my freeway line

Taking up my precious time  
His hair is dyed in the colour blue  
Purple, green & yellow too  
'Hello Dolly' on his lips  
And Dixieland groove in his hips

He won't crack a smile for me  
Won't be calm, he can't be, see  
My arm is on the shoulder of  
The woman his dream's dependant on  
I have touched her deep inside  
'Have I?' says I, I'm just passing by!  
Say's he'll send me straight to hell  
To teach me my lesson well

His lady's staring at me  
She's glaze eyed lover - concrete stone faced  
Super sonic ultra bitch  
She's tasting cocktails - 'which is which, ha ha ha?'

THE BITCH BREATHES FIRE  
AND FIRE TAKES ME HIGHER THAN YOU (DO)

Sleep... I'm only sleeping  
Dream... I'm only dreaming  
Drink... I'm only driving

The punk is raising living hell  
I decide to grow my shell  
Run from here while i still can  
'cause he has a gun in his hand oh no!  
Shooting bullets where they hit  
Or wherever they may fit  
My stomach begins to ache a bit  
And I collapse while thinking: 'shit'

THE GUN BREATHES FIRE  
AND FIRE TAKES ME HIGHER THAN YOU (DO)

Falling through the fire  
No constant speed left  
Falling faster and faster  
Do I really exist?  
Am I on the verge of sanity?  
In this hell of false humanity

The sheets are filled with angst  
I once thought I'd escaped  
But time after time, the pattern is the same  
I get trapped in myself  
And there's no way out of here  
My mind is the maze that only I can face  
That only I can face  
That only I can face

Me is my own worst enemy