## **Traffic Sound**

## Calla

Over, trip, and walk Crawl and call me up Against a simple thought I thought I had

You, inside my arms
Inside my hands
Paralyzing every sense I've ever had

Over silent talk
Why'd she pick me up
Arnold in the backseat sitting silently
Tracing passing lights
Tremble on with me
Dreaming of a simple life We'll never see