

Traffic Is A Global Word

None More Black

The day is airy. The spring window's open.
I got one leg out, yeah and I just might descend.
It's not far. Just two feet from me and the sun.
A grin begins to make it's way to face.

Whoah, this can't be happenin'.
The weather's broken and I can call my friends again.

Sorry for my absence, understand.
Sometimes it's darkness I only comprehend.
I've made my bed and jumped the sheets right off the edge.
The deepest breath I've waited weeks to shed.

Whoah, this can't be happenin'.
The weather's broken and I can call my friends again.

Whoah, this can't be happenin'.
The weather's broken and I can call all my friends again.

Whoah, this happens from year to year. From time to time.
I say I'm sorry for being shy, but I can't say I really mind.
I can't say I really mind.