

## Traffic

## Stereophonics

We all face the same way, still it takes all day  
I take a look to my left, pick out the worst and the best  
She paints her lip, greasy and thick, another mirror stare  
And she's going where?

Another office affair to kill an unborn scare  
You talk dirty to a priest, it makes them human at least  
But is she running away, to start a brand new day  
Or she going home, why's she driving alone?

Is anyone goin' anywhere?  
Everyone gotta be somewhere

She got a body in the boot or just bags full of food  
Those are model's legs but are they women's, are they men's  
She shouts down the phone, missed a payment on the loan  
She gotta be above the rest, keepin' up with the best

Is anyone goin' anywhere?  
Everyone gotta be somewhere

Waits tables for a crook, you wrote a hard back book  
You teach kids how to read or sell your body on the street  
A nurse without a job, another up town snob  
But have I got you all wrong, one look and you were gone

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