

## Means to an End

Traffic

Well, you told me you were sorry, when I needed your advice  
And I was too confused to see the meaning  
Like Peter, you disowned me with a voice as cold as ice  
And before the fire died and they were leaving.

I'm a means to an end and everybody's friend  
To a rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief  
From my heart I send a messenger to bend  
And take your mind from agony and grief.

Oh, sweet silence without kings and queens  
No one here has ever reached your centre  
Better to be quiet than to speak without a thought  
Or you may lose the meaning of your venture.

I'm a means to an end and everybody's friend  
To a rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief  
From my heart I send a messenger to bend  
And take your mind from agony and grief.