

# Rock And Roll Stew

## Traffic

Sitting in a transit all night long  
Playing clubs and rocking right on  
The road's much too long since I've been wasting my time  
Wish I was home again sipping my wine  
And I'm gone, gone, gone, I don't care  
'Cause I'm gone, gone, gone, I don't care  
It's where I'm from, I'm on the road again

LA to London is a mighty long time  
Eight hours flying can bring you down  
Sitting near a suit who's a red-neck going,  
Eyes are moving but there's no life showing  
Now that I'm home again  
Things are much better, biding my time with my little go-getter  
No matter what they say, no matter what they do,  
Gonna end up in the middle of that rock & roll stew  
Gone, gone, gone ...

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