Traffic Sound

Calla

Over, trip, and walk
Crawl and call me up
Against a simple thought I thought I hadYou, inside my arms
Inside my hands
Paralyzing every sense I've ever hadOver 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

Songwriters
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