

Gridlock

Warren Zevon

It's 5:00 p.m. on a weekday, friend
There's one of me and two million of them
The whistle blows and the factories close
There's a million more commuters on the access roads
The brake lights flash, there's a RV crashed
I'm in the passing lane going nowhere fast
The traffic crawls and the engine stalls
I'm stuck on the edge of the urban sprawl
Gridlock, up ahead
There's a line of cars as far as I can see
Gridlock, goin' nowhere
Roll down the window, let me scream
Oh yeah, ain't it a shame
We're all jammed up at the interchange
The paramedics and the CHP
Wait impatiently for catastrophes
I'm spending half my days like this
I might as well be working on the midnight shift
The radio's tuned to the traffic news
And everybody's choking on monoxide fumes
Gridlock, up ahead
There's a line of cars as far as I can see
Gridlock, goin' nowhere
Roll down the window, let me scream
I can close my eyes and dream
I can close my eyes and dream
It's 5:00 p.m. on a weekday, friend
I'm going home but I don't know when
I hate this traffic and I hate this town
Gotta honk my horn, try to get around
I feel like going on a killing spree
Tomorrow I'm going on the RTD
The traffic crawls and the engine stalls
I'm stuck on the edge of the urban sprawl
Gridlock, up ahead
There's a line of cars as far as I can see
Gridlock, goin' nowhere
Roll down the window, let me scream
Hey, hey, let's get movin'
Hey, hey, let's get movin'
Hey, hey, let's get movin'
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey hey

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