

Walking In the Wind

Traffic

You walk and talk and move around in circles
Your friends telling you, you are doing fine
You can't see that snowball as it hurtles
Through the shattered membranes of your mind
If I could talk to you for just one minute
Then you would know what it is I am getting at
But there again your head's got nothing in it
By the way, you left without your hat
Salad in the wind
Looking at the sky
Hanging on a breeze
Wondering why, why?
Your old man's headed for the final pay-off
The joker you've got is fading too
All the sharks that come around for the rip-off
Are gonna tear the flesh right off you
The plastic princess hangs her head in wonder
At the silver glittered boys, trying, trying to compete
And all at once the room begins to thunder
And all that's left is the stain on the sheet
Salad in the wind
Looking at the sky
Hanging on a breeze
Wondering, why?
The prostitute is standing on the corner
Suffering so much pain to stay alive
She's so real that life itself bows down before her
She couldn't make that nine to five
The president is crying, crying in the White House
The prime minister's really got the blues
All the heads of state are busy playing cat and mouse
'Cause you can see none of them have ever paid their dues
Salad in the wind
Looking at the sky
Hanging on a breeze
And I'm wondering, why, why, why, why?
God knows why, why, why?

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