

Means to an End

Traffic

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

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