Rock 'N' 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 wineAnd 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 againLA 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 showingNow 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...

Songwriters
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