

Arms Akimbo

Two Hours Traffic

Pound on the floor
stuff your notes under my door
I'll just cover my ears
til your voice disappears

won't idle anymore
these waves are beating me to shore
you can call me out but i'll be on the go
you can call me out but i'll be lying low

make no mistake
i've seen you wade in dirty lakes
selling cakes to passing cars
dotting i's, swinging arms

won't idle anymore
these waves are beating me to shore
you can call me out but i'll be on the go
you can call me out but i'll be lying low

Lyrics submitted by Chelsey.

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