Directing Traffik

Inspiral Carpets

I read it in a book in school
I read it with 'Janet and John'
No matter how you know the man
You can't trust what he's on
Sometime later when he's on his own
What once was muscle is now boneI see a skull on a stick
I see a skeleton with skin
I'm getting by just the best I can
While you're directing trafficYou can't judge a man by his skin
Or a book by the cover it's in
But I can't help feel it's true
The devil's got a hand on youIn a world of laughter
Where the [] life
Showing up []
From the insideI see a skull on a stick
I see a skeleton with skin
I'm getting by just the best I can
While you're directing trafficI see a skull on a stick
I see a skeleton with skin
I'm getting by just the best I can
While you're directing traffic
[repeat x1]

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