

# Memories of a Rock 'n Rolla

## Traffic

When I was a young boy  
I lived for rock 'n' roll  
Spent our time playing gigs  
And traveling on the road And we didn't have much money  
And the gigs were sometimes rough  
Playing music for the people  
Seemed to be enough And the music is so sweet  
That it makes me tap my feet  
And my mind is very high  
I can almost touch the sky Now I am a young man  
Dressed in sparkling colored clothes  
A country house and sixty acres  
Are a heavy load And we still have no money  
But we have some nice things  
Possession is, possessions are  
The trait that money brings And the snowflakes are so sweet  
As they fall around our feet  
And my mind is very high  
I can almost feel the sky Now I am an old man  
Know exactly what to do  
Never ask a question  
Or ever give an answer to you And when you pass me by  
And you drop a penny in my hat  
Don't feel sorry on my account  
'Cause life can be like that And the music is so sweet  
That it makes me tap my feet  
And my mind is very high  
I can almost feel the sky And the river rolls along  
Like a never ever ending song  
And the river rolls along  
Like a never ever ending song

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