

Traffic Jam

Words & Music:
James Taylor

This song is best when done in 4-part a capella.

CHORUS:

Damn this traffic jam; how I hate to be late.
It hurts my motor to go so slow.
Damn this traffic jam; time I get home my supper'll be cold.
Damn this traffic jam.

Well, I left my job about 5 o'clock.
It took fifteen minutes go three blocks.
Just in time to stand in line
With a freeway looking like a parking lot.

CHORUS:

Now, I almost had a heart attack
Looking in my rear view mirror.
I saw myself the next car back
Looking in the rear view mirror.
'Bout to have a heart attack. I said,

CHORUS:

Now, when I die I don't want no coffin.
I thought about it all too often.
Just strap me in behind the wheel
And bury me with my automobile.

CHORUS:

Damn...
Now, I used to think that I was cool
Running around on fossil fuel.
Until I saw what I was doing
Was driving down the road to ruin.