

Damn this Traffic Jam

by James Taylor (1977)

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 the freeway looking like a parking lot

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

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

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