

Traffic in the Sky

by Jack Hody Johnson (1973)

D There's traffic in the sky and it doesn't seem to be getting much better. There's kids playing
F#m *C* *Em*
D games on the pavement, drawing waves on the pavement. Mmm hmm. Shadows of the
F#m *C*
Em planes on the pavement Mmm hmm
D It's enough to make me cry but that don't seem like it will make it feel better. Maybe it's a
F#m *C* *Em*
D dream and if I scream It will burst at the seams whole place would fall into pieces
F#m *C*
A G# G
 And then they'd say Well how could we have

A known I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell Nah nah nah You keep adding
D Bm G
A stones; soon the water will be lost in the well Mmmm mmmm
D Bm G A

(*D F#m C Em*)

And puzzle pieces in the ground, no one ever seems to be digging
 Instead they're looking up towards the heavens with their eyes on the heavens Mmm hmmm
 The shadows on the way to the heavens Mmm hmm
 It's enough to make me cry; that don't seem like it will make it feel better
 The answers could be found; we could learn from digging down
 But no one ever seems to be digging

(*A G# G A D Bm G A D Bm G A*)

Instead they'll say
 Well how could we have know? I'll tell them it's not so hard to tell Nah nah nah
 You keep adding stones; soon the water will be lost in the well Mmmm mmmm

(*D F#m C Em*)

And words of wisdom all around but no one ever seems to listen
 They're talking about the plans on the paper building up from the pavement Mmm hmm
 The shadows from the scrapers on the pavement Mmm hmm
 It's enough to make me sigh but that don't seem like it will make it feel better
 The words are all around but the words are only sounds
 And no one ever seems to listen

(*A G# G A D Bm G A D Bm G*)

Instead they'll say
 Well how could we have known I'll tell them it's really not so hard to tell Nah nah nah
 You keep adding stones soon the water will be lost in the well Lost in the well

D
 Mmmm mmmm mmmm