

# Gridlock

Warren Zevon

It's 5:00 P.M. on a weekday, friend  
There's one of me and two million of them  
The whistle blows and the factories close  
There's a million more commuters on the access roads  
The brake lights flash--there's an RV crashed  
I'm in the passing lane going nowhere fast  
The traffic crawls and the engine stalls  
I'm stuck on the edge of the urban sprawl

Gridlock  
Up ahead  
There's a line of cars as far as I can see  
Gridlock  
Goin' nowhere  
Roll down the window, let me scream

Oh yeah, ain't it a shame  
We're all jammed up at the interchange  
The paramedics and the CHP  
Wait impatiently for catastrophes  
I'm spending half my days like this  
I might as well be working on the midnight shift  
The radio's tuned to the traffic news  
And everybody's choking on monoxide fumes

Gridlock  
Up ahead  
There's a line of cars as far as I can see  
Gridlock  
Goin' nowhere  
Roll down the window, let me scream  
I can close my eyes and dream  
I can close my eyes and dream  
I can close my eyes and dream

It's 5:00 PM on a weekday, friend  
I'm going home but I don't know when  
I hate this traffic and I hate this town  
Gotta honk my horn, try to get around  
I feel like going on a killing spree  
Tomorrow I'm going on the RTD  
The traffic crawls and the engine stalls  
I'm stuck on the edge of the urban sprawl

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There's a line of cars as far as I can see  
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Goin' nowhere  
Roll down the window, let me scream  
I can close my eyes and dream