

# Traffic, Memories Of A Rock & Rolla

(Winwood/Capaldi)

When I was a young boy I lived for rock 'n' roll  
We spent our time playing gigs and traveling on the road  
And we didn't have much money and the gigs were sometimes rough  
But 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 coloured clothes  
A country house and sixty acres are a heavy load  
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, I 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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