

Jam

(words and music Barbara Stacey)

We're in a traffic jam, I hate it,
Dad is swearing, "We won't make it".
We're in a traffic jam, I hate it,
Mum is screaming, "I can't take it".

We're off to see our favourite footy stars.
But we can't pass these piles and piles of cars.
Some fool in front has hit a bus of course,
Now Mum is screaming loudly for divorce.

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Dad is swearing, "We won't make it".
We're in a traffic jam, I hate it,
Mum is screaming, "I can't take it!".

Us kids are really sick of all this talk.
We're simply going to leap right out and WALK!