No Face, No Name, No Number

Traffic

I'm looking for a girl who has no face
She has no name, or number
And so I search within his lonely place
Knowing that I won't find her
Well, I can't stop this feeling deep in inside me
Ruling my mindI feel no sound
Don't know where I'm bound
The scenery is all the same to me
Nothing has changed or faded
I'm a part of it, some part of me
Painted cool green, and shaded
So, try to find myself must be the only way
To feel free

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