

Blues Traveler

"100 Years"

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Music & lyrics: john popper

The sun is warm as the day is long
I just got the feeling I can do no wrong
I've got a long way to walk
Can't afford my next meal
I tell a few lies but my hunger is real

And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

Mademoiselle tell me do you play
Well, if she shakes her head, well then that's okay
I watch her walk away in haste
There's just no accounting for some people's taste,

And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

Big angry man in the doorway there
Just keep on walking like I don't care
Why you giving such an evil eye
Could it be you were ignored by every passerby

And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

Play in the park for tobacco and food
Then I excuse myself but they think I'm rude
Tourist don't want me to end his show
But this colorful attraction got places to go

And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

Sit at the pier watch the sun go down
Another lost little boy in a big old town
I want to laugh I want to cry
But no matter how hard I may try

It won't mean a thing in a hundred years
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

It won't mean a thing in a hundred years
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

1990 blues traveler music

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