

Blues Traveler

"The Way"

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Nobody told me it would be good
But I still wanted it to be
Do your homework like you should
Hoping something sets you free, what'll it be

Afraid of ultimate decay
Never stopping but to rust
Eager to get it underway
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if you must

And if you want to worship truth
Be it medicine, meditation
Or God on the evening news
Or a fairy tale I might sing to you

But as you learn you will increase
You will affect your own release
A million ways to hear its voice
And in the end you've got no choice

You will finally feel aware
Of what you're part of everywhere
And there's an answer when you pray
The way of things, there is a way
The way of things, there is a way

You tell me god is dead
Well, I say God always was life and death
Living and dying all at once
That's all it ever does

Could be god is our idea
And ideas never die
Created in its image
We seek its light from up on high, give it a try

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I wanna try to play the way
Like R2-D2 squeaks and beeps and tells me everything
You know there's so much else to say
That the only way to even try is to just to start your
riffing

Is it the chicken or the egg
It's the very notion to even try to figure out which one
came first
I hate to see somebody beg
The infinite eternal chase, the quenching of the thirst

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