

## **Blues Traveler**

### **"View"**

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Tranquility can end in all it's forms  
And disaster can rule the day  
I'm sitting in the center of hell  
And I yearn to strike the match  
And seldom surprised, the damned and cursed  
The plans of mice and men  
As he's walking out the door with a crowbar  
I can hear him as he pries the latch

And the view of the light at the end of the tunnel  
Makes me see more that I want to  
The finish line's promise so far away  
Still remains to get through

Wishing ever skyward, all I seem to see are circling  
hawks  
Once fledglings turned to eagles, I regret having ever,  
ever urged them on  
And all at once a voice reminds me  
That salvation comes only to the brave  
But the voice is growing fainter as desperately I search  
And search for some small glimpse of dawn

And the view of the light at the end of the tunnel  
Makes me see more that I want to  
The finish line's promise so far away  
Still remains to get through

Alas I sit behind an immense boulder  
And I pretend to push it up a hill  
I claw and scratch my way as the tunnel  
On it's side becomes a hole  
Nervous and in shock from the battle's rage  
My mount bucks and rears and throws me to the  
ground  
A broken sword in hand, I get to my knees  
I am fighting for my soul

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