

Blues Traveler "Whoops"

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Music & lyrics: john popper

Have you ever seen an atom
Little bits of everything floating by
Take a good look at them
Collectively they compose all you see including your
eye

Brilliant puzzle
A living rubix cube we think we can figure out and solve
But we're just monkeys
Scratching our heads trying to open our ears
To a chord that just won't seem to resolve

And we call it wisdom
Yes intellect in our truest sense of the word
You see for us security means a harmony
According to only what we have heard
And this along and nothing less
Will ease our heart and our mind
In the hopes that in feeling free we'll reach paradise
On that hilltop we're still trying to find

But the possibility exists no matter how scary it may
seem
That paradise was once the world and it wasn't just a
dream
The earth was our heaven and we didn't know there
were rules for us to break
And maybe now we'll find out too late what a clever hell
we can make

Whoops
Whoops

In this corner
Weighing in at almost every weight imaginable...
Life, and all that surrounds it
And in this corner
Weighing in at well, not really very much of anything;
A very sound and user friendly idea
On finally bringing that pesky mountain to mohammed

Gentlemen at the sound of the harmonica solo you may
come out fighting

Take a look at the horizon
Quiet and still
You know there used to be bison
Gentlemen you may fire at will
They say this land won't go to waste
But you gotta wonder how
You know we're chopping down the air we breathe
As fodder for the cow

That's right so we can eat well
Yes and starve to death
And say there's nothing we can do
Because we really don't want to do a goddamn thing
Look I'm shrugging and so are you
We can imagine the straightest of lines
But our fingers can't control the pen
And it's this frustration that yields relief
As we say we're just mortal men
And that means we get to torture a chimpanzee
And infect him with disease
Because he screams just like a human child
While we study his desperate pleas

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While we're on the subject you know my conscience
hurts
And it will not go away
So please concoct me some pill I can take
While I think of something clever to say
So I can look in my mirror made of polished glass
And find no need to cringe
And forget that sinking feeling I'm a dinosaur
Out on his drunken last binge

...from fossil to fossil
Dust to dust
I'll see you all in the earthy crust

Whoops
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