

Jason Mraz

"Crubside Prophet"

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Im just a curbside prophet
With my hand in my pocket
And im waiting for my rocket to come
Im just a curbside prophet
With my hand in my pocket
And im waiting for my rocket
Ysee it started way back in nyc
When i stole my first rhyme from the m.i.c.
At a west end avenue at 63
The beginning of a leap year, february, 96
With a guitar picked up in the mix
I committed to the licks like a nickel back of tricks
Well look at me now
Look at me now
Look at me now, now, now, now
I'm just a curbside prophet
With my hand in my pocket
And i'm waiting for my rocket to come
I'm just a curbside prophet
With my hand in my pocket
And i'm waiting for my rocket
Well you're never gonna guess
Where ive been been been
And i have no regrets
That i bet my whole checking account
Because it all amounts to nothing up in the end
Well you can only count on the road again
Well soon be on the radio dial
And i been payin close attention to the willie nelson
style
Like a band of gypsies on the highway while
Im one man pushin on the california skyline drive
Up the coast mc brag the most
I m pickin up my pace and makin time like space ghost
Raising a toast to the highway patrol and to most
But my cruise control's on coast
Cause im touring around the nation
On extended vacation
See i got Elsa the dog who exceeds my limitation
I say,

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