

## Jason Mraz "Curbside Prophet"

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I'm just a curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket to come  
I'm just a curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket, ya'll

Y'see it started way back in nyc  
When I stole my first rhyme from the m.l.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 bag of tricks  
Well look at me now  
Well Look at you now  
And look at us 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  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket, ya'll

I'm just a curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket to come on  
I'm just a curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket, ya'll

Well then you're never never gonna guess I guess  
Where I've 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  
We'll 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



I'm one man pushin' on the california skyline drive  
Up the coast I brag and I boast  
I'm pickin up my pace and makin time like space ghost  
Raising a toast to the highway patrol with the most  
Put my cruise control's on coast  
Cuz I'm tourin' around the nation on extended vacation  
see  
I got Elsa the dog who exceeds my limitation  
I say, "I like your style, crazy pound pup!  
You need a ride? [\*woof\*]  
Well come on, boy, get in the truck!"

With the curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket to come on  
I'm just a curbside prophet  
With my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket, ya'll  
I'm just a curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket to come on  
I'm just a curbside prophet  
Got my hand in my pocket  
And I'm waiting for my rocket, ya'll

See I'm a down home brother, redneck undercover  
With my guitar here  
I'm ready to play  
And I'm s a sucker for a filly  
Got a natural ability I'm geared to freestyle  
Look at my flexibility  
Dangerous at the mike  
My ghetto hat's cocked right  
The ladies say, "yo, that kid is crazy"  
The backstage betties taking more than they can get  
They say, "what's up with m-r-a-z?"

Hey, hey, something's different in my world today  
Well they changed my traffic sign to a brighter yellow  
Hey, hey, something's different in my world today  
They changed my traffic sign to a brighter yellow  
I'm just a curbside prophet  
Curbside prophet now  
Curbside prophet now  
Curbside  
Come on, now  
Curbside prohet  
Waiting for my rocket to come...



