

Blues Traveler, 100 Years

The sun is warm as the day is long
I just got the feeling I can do no wrong
I've got a long way to walk, can't afford my next meal
I tell a few lies but my hunger is real
And it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
No, it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
Mademoiselle tell me, "Do you play?"
Well, if she shakes her head, well then that's okay
I watch her walk away in haste
There's just no accounting for some people's taste
And it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
No, it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
Big angry man in the doorway there
Just keep on walking like I don't care
And why you're giving such an evil eye
Could it be you were ignored by every passerby?
And it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
No, it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
Play in the park for tobacco and food
Then I excuse myself but they think I'm rude
Tourist don't want me to end this show
But this colorful attraction got places to go
And it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
No, it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
Sit at the pier, watch the sun go down
Another lost little boy in a big old town
I want to laugh, I want to cry
But no matter how hard I may try
It won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
No, it won't mean a thing
In a 100 years
No, won't mean a thing
In a 100 years