

# Blues Traveler, Hard To Exist

You know how I tend to feel when nothing's happening  
Like some big old bird so fat that he just can't fly  
Far be it from me to be overreacting  
My body hurts like hell and all I can do is wonder why

Like I'm in prison, my mind is occupied with busting out  
When our sleeper has risen  
Said what are these walking blues about

Hey Peter Pan come play with me  
Please forget your lessons  
The wind is warm outside  
The breeze is blowing fast and free  
I don't seem to care that much  
But now when you're waiting for Mama, says she  
"Right now my mind is wandering up with the wind, just Peter Pan and me."

Without being artistic, I prefer to trust my heart again  
It seems so sadistic, to try to write down  
When I'm walking out again

Well, well well well, welcome aboard to the rest of your life  
This is it, you're really in it now, good luck and good-bye  
And oh look, there goes a youth, watch options fade to mist  
That's all right, baby, you'll do fine, baby, it's so hard  
Terribly hard, terribly hard, terribly hard...  
To exist

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