

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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