

Blues Traveler, Justify The Thrill

Break away break away
Blynken and Nod
Carelessly with matches play
Telling you you're odd
Foolishly he lets it burn
Aware of different shapes
And so he makes his hand a fist
And never looks at what he rapes

And who am I to say I don't understand it
And if feeling better justifies the thrill
Who'd be stupid enough to say it doesn't have to be that way
I will

Sing a song of sixty pence
For a pocket full of rye
And kill all that he represents
To ensure that he will die
Chase him from the public square
Or hang him from a tree
And tell his kind they best beware
Because he's different from me

And who am I to say I don't understand it
And if feeling better justifies the thrill
Who'd be stupid enough to say it doesn't have to be that way
I will

Twinkle twinkle little star
We have you in our sights
Dangerous, we come this far
The serpent giggles with delight
The pig's head on a stick does grin
As we teeter on the brink
He's singing you are all my children
My island's bigger than you think

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And if feeling better justifies the thrill
Who'd be stupid enough to say it doesn't have to be that way
I will
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