

Blues Traveler, Make My Way

When you roll down your window
And ask for directions
Can you count on the answers
That you would receive
If you've ever been taken
By that passed along pay back
Why ask in the first place you might not believe
But I won't be confined to road maps
Or let assholes decide
And I'd rather be lost
Then afraid to take a ride

And if it's a sin
No place on earth will I ever fit in
And I don't mind
Someday I pray I just may
As I make my way

Well I might have been helpful
Or a mischievous bastard
But when I'm thinking about it
I do what I can
In the infinite halfway
Where everyone always meets me
And by the laws of pure error
Do we exchange and understand
I'm yelling as loudly
As my lungs will allow
I wish I could whisper
Can you hear me now

And if it's a sin
No place on earth will I ever fit in
And I don't mind
Someday I pray I just may
As I make my way

Could be no one has the meaning
Of what anybody says
But so we don't feel so lonely
We decide that we do
Well now we might be speaking English
But what does that mean
And can you honestly tell me
What color is blue
Well you could try an explanation
Or try to wonder why
But if I'm lost in your driveway
All I really can do is try

And if it's a sin
No place on earth will I ever fit in
And I don't mind
I've looked and searched her over countless times
And I'll do it again
Someday I may finally want to stay
Someday I pray I just may
As I make my way
As I make my way
As I make my way...