

# Blues Traveler, Rage

When the fire  
In your belly ain't been shrinking  
And there's nothing  
Laying around that you could be drinking  
Take no mind  
As that stranger tries to pass you  
Is he blind?  
Or couldn't he clearly see the train?  
Couldn't he feel the bloody stain?  
Not that I'm one to complain  
Why do we chew upon the pain?

It's just the rage  
Just the rage  
Just rage  
Rage

Close my eyes  
Pull me in and take my tongue  
Taste the lies  
That dance around us and we're among  
Break your heart  
Run out now and tear it up  
Then you can start  
To give that inner brat a hug  
Till the dickhead pulls the rug  
Take the fall from high above  
No details to what you love

It's just the rage  
Just the rage  
Just rage  
Rage

Calls a masterpiece  
"Come and paint me, here I am"  
And it's my disease  
That I am raging all the time  
Fought for reason, fought for rhyme  
Then I'm walking up the line  
The voice it calls  
I must abide  
Bound for glory on the other side

It's just the rage  
Just rage  
Just rage  
Rage

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