

# Blues Traveler, Sick Of It All

Music: simon & garfunkel lyrics: john popper

Well, my eyes are tired and my knees are weak  
And so's my soul, it's been one hell of a week  
Not much else could go wrong  
But damn, this could make a great song

Well, she looks into my eyes and sees only a friend  
And I'm looking back seeing my world at an end  
Cause I'm sure that by now she must know  
You know, this ain't s bad as songs go

Well I try not to smile, and I try not to stare  
And I try not to meet her eyes cause I know nothing's there  
It's getting harder every day  
But upon reflection, this song is okay

You see when I'm down with the blues  
I try to put it to some good use  
And if I could make something to play  
Well, then something's come of it anyway  
So at least my songs are all right  
At least at the end of the tunnel there's some kind of light  
And if all they do is give me something to write  
As far as I'm concerned, my songs are all right  
At least my songs are okay  
At least they help make the pain the pain go away  
And although I know I'll cry myself to sleep tonight  
As far as I'm concerned, my songs are all right  
My songs are all right

Well, I've got to realize that love isn't real  
And all that stays with you is the pain that you feel  
I don't see where I could be wrong  
So I might as well finish up this song

Oh, love unrequited, so what else is new  
I'm one of the many, not one of the lucky few  
I've got lots of lonely friends  
I bet they wish that this song would end

You see when I'm down with the blues  
I try to put it to some good use  
And if I can make something to play  
Well something's come of it anyway  
So at least my songs are all right  
At least at the end of the tunnel there's some kind of light  
And if all they do is give me something to write  
Well, as far as I'm concerned, my songs are all right  
At least my songs are okay  
At least they help make the pain go away  
And even though I'll cry myself to sleep tonight  
Well, rest assured, my songs are all right  
My songs are all right

Oh, love unrequited, so what else is new  
I'm one of many, not one of the lucky few  
I said I'm sick of loving her and I'm sick of telling you  
I'm sick of being in pain, and I know what to do  
She says we're good friends, but she's no friend of mine  
I'm sick of being patient, and I'm sick of being kind  
I'd love her in a big way but I know she don't care

And I'm sick of finding out that life just ain't that fair  
I'm sick of being patient, and I'm sick of being kind  
And I'm sick of these new thing that I'm trying to find  
I'm sick of he loves her and I'm sick of she loves him  
I'm sick of broken hearts and cold hearted whim  
The list of what I'm sick of is so long  
And finally  
I'm getting sick of this song