

# Blues Traveler, That Which Doesn't Kill You

Crush me softly  
Or cradle me hard  
And the more I wanted  
Was the scariest part  
A measure of control  
Well not this time  
And I wanted to learn so  
I claim the lesson as mine

The politics of lasting just a little bit longer  
Is the art of living every day  
That which doesn't kill you only makes you stronger  
Until it finally kills you all the way

You take every action  
And apply the math  
You could reap the rapture  
Or risk the wrath  
And if you rate the reasons  
Then the best ones lose  
And all that means is  
You got no excuse

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Harmonica powers reactivate!

Gonna pull up stakes  
Gonna try again  
Do whatever it takes  
To draw you in  
It's what I am  
And it's all I know  
Like the carnie man  
You gotta work the show

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