

Blues Traveler, The Heavens Get Pissed

Cast an eye up upon the heavens
There's a new attitude in the air
The elements have realized the obvious
They may be [solid then] they're coming aware
The sun and storm can't believe what they're seeing
To some [the natural] had made up their mind
They're still recovering from this rude reaction
And satisfaction is what they have defined

[chorus]

Strap us in the chair
Because the weather's throwing a rager
They're looking down, each expecting to win
The sun and storm have just come to wager

The storm said to the sun "i've got a better idea"
A different bet with a more challenging role

Those people down there are just so damn intriguing
Let's pick out one and fight it out for his soul
The sun said "great, I'll take them for ..."
The storm said "i guess I'll take his deepest desire"
Whoever wins shall be the lord over heaven
Best to the winner and the loser retires."

[chorus]

The bet was on and the opponents willing
With no holds barred, the rules were brutally clear
Now all they needed was a deserving victim
One whose direction each could alter and steer
Sure enough they happened on a wandering minstrel
No home to speak of and an ambitious mind
With about ... each would ...
To suit the purpose he was a perfect find