

Blues Traveler, Traveler Suite

PART I - INTRO

"Instrumental"

PART II - SETTING SUN

She is all I ever wanted
She could make me lie
I don't think she's dead or anything, but I still feel haunted
Something in the way she said goodbye
This time
Not like before
It could be me but it seemed like I needn't return
That's right Little Johnny gets to go and fight his war
And as he rides off in the sunset he feels the last rays burn
And shine

My setting sun
No we ain't done
My setting sun
No we ain't done
The only one
Who makes me run
The setting sun
No we ain't done

What the hell'd she mean
When she turned away and said don't you ever forget me
And why the sad routine
The tear in her eye, and my glib reply when I said "You'd never let me"
Oh no not she

I found a letter
I found it in a pocket that she must have slipped it in
It basically told me to forget her
Now I ain't no genius, but I think I could begin
To see

My setting sun
No we ain't done
My setting sun
No we ain't done
The only one
Who makes me run
The setting sun
No we ain't done

With the sun obscured from view
And none but the night left to keep me warm
It's me my darling with nothing left to do
But surrender to the coming storm
And I am born

PART III - COLOR ME GONE

With nothing to lose, and freedom to gain
I rode west at nightfall through freezing rain
Relying on luck, and the wit of my brain
Visions of plunder and endless campaign
Numb the pain

There is comfort in the saddle and the earth is good and soft
Build a sail to catch the wind set my chariot aloft
I'm rounding on the parapet and another city burns

Harvest all creation for its ominous returns
And then well before dawn you can color me gone

Moving on to the next after killing my prey
Growing steadily easier each one I'd slay
By blood and by battle, making my way
Unto the breach and into the fray
When I play

There is comfort in the saddle and the earth is good and soft
Build a sail to catch the wind set my chariot aloft
I'm rounding on the parapet and another city burns
Harvest all creation for its ominous returns
And then well before dawn you can color me gone

Come hell come high water come into me
Storm bring your flood waters turn desert to sea
Destroy all my obstacles whatever they be
Extinguish all light and fell every tree
Set me free!

PART IV - LOW BRANCH

A low branch touching the water
Feels the currents' take
A mighty river bends her
But oh, oh, oh
She won't break
Ain't gonna break anytime soon

A candle's flame she dances
When sudden a tempest blows
She dwindles and dims against the cold, cold winds
And oh, oh, oh
Then she grows

Somehow I gotta come and see
Someway it's familiar to me
Gently she'll try and try and try
It amazes me and I gotta find out why

PART V - PANCHO

""Instrumental"

PART VI - LOW BRANCH (REPRISE)

Somehow I gotta come and see
Some way she's familiar to me
Gently she'll try and try and try
It amazes me and I gotta find out why

I may never understand her
Her secret is not to know
Nothing for me to do with or for or to
But oh, oh, oh
I just love to watch her go

Part VII - Color Me Gone (Reprise)

I am the river that bends the branch
I am the tempest that dwindles the flame
No one can stand the avalanche
The beast can be bargained but he can't be tamed
The die casts long ago the Rubicon crossed

No one can hold me or alter my fate
Balance and equilibrium lost
Time on the move the momentum won't wait
It's too late...

There is comfort in the saddle and the earth is good and soft
Build a sail to catch the wind set my chariot aloft
I am rounding on the parapet and another city burns
Harvest all creation for its ominous returns
And then well before dawn you can collar me gone

PART VIII - SETTING SUN (REPRISE)

She was all I ever wanted
Maybe now I'm wanting something more
So we start away in the new day undaunted
Maybe that is what the morning's for
But you can't be sure