

# Jason Mraz, Sold Out

The Jackson Five  
Was a favorite of mine at the time  
(Don't blame it on the sunshine)  
The east-west village  
Is best when the jazz is light  
(Don't blame it on the moonlight)  
I played on the subway lines  
Number one and the nine,  
(Don't blame it on the good times)  
Strawberry Fields already had yielded the sign  
That Michael Jackson owned Beatles' rights

Lights out, moved out of the big apple city  
Time out, no doubt, you know the drive was pretty obscene  
Vert to Plan B, back home with family,  
Mechanicsville is misery  
Except for all o' that Andy's barbeque  
That you can chew,  
The misses of the fear knows,(?) the brunswick stew

What do you do now that you're back in your room?  
And what are all the people gonna think of you ?  
Well I knew what I was gonna be at home to do,  
For the next three years waiting for my cue  
I'd be working on the songs for the whole world to sing  
And I been jerkin' you along to take a ride with me  
By brushin' up my scat and blues phat jazz chords  
Break dance pad on the hard wood floorboard  
Slappin' them hands on the child hood headboard  
Romance, sure, lord, I'm 20 years forlorn

Born as a cancer child who could wail, man,  
Deliverin' the goods because my daddy is a mailman,  
Mommy was a banker, her only drank the sankas,  
Sista was a taker, so maybe we should thank her  
For stealin' the scene that helped me get it started,  
I think that all the genes that she absorbed was all retarded  
And maybe she's invested in me once or maybe twice  
But I guess that's best because it kinda broke the ice

For us old clockin those janitorial nights  
I paid the price to rock nights for a life behind the mike  
MCs around me my best friends found me  
I never liked to be just another out of town G,  
Respectfully, see I'd be down on my knees  
Spellin' C-A-L-L-A-T-T  
Please please with the eva save-a-lot  
Because who's the boss is a show I crave a lot  
But you gotta take a break from the old school  
Gotta set a date with the real you  
And ya gotta stay away from all that new school too  
'Cause there's a lot that you can say about the just plain truth  
Or consequences, they never will fool me  
I'm mixing up the sentences in case you want to do me  
I got one ready for your ass if you'll excuse me  
I'm Jason Mraz and I just plain blame it on the boogie

I'm gonna blame it on the boogie  
I'm gonna blame it on the boogie  
Boogie boogie

(Toca Rivera introduction)

You're never gonna guess

Where I've been been been  
And I have no regrets  
That I bet my whole checking account  
Because it all amounts to nothing up in the end

Well you can only count on the road again  
We'll soon be on the radio dial  
And I been payin' close attention to the Willie Nelson style  
Like a band of gypsies on the highway while  
I'm one man pushin' on the California skyline drive  
Up the coast MC brag the most  
I'm pickin up my pace and makin' time like space ghost  
Raising a toast to the highway patrol with the most  
I've got my cruise control on coast from Farmville to Memphis  
Graceland and grace fans (?)  
Little rock oklahoma city to the heartland of Texas  
Don't mess with the Lone Star, man  
My defenses can't rest, I can't handle the pan  
So it's off to the land of enchantment to camp it  
Albuquerque, Roswell, Santa Fe to stamp it  
Send a postcard just the way that I planned  
And say I'm on spring break because they won't understand  
That I'll never be back to the town of my mother  
Messing around with the sound that Virginia is for lovers  
Lover lover what what lover number one just made the cut  
Leavin' on the greyhound bus  
Oh baby leavin' on a jet plane  
Never knowing when it's gonna be back again  
San Diego is where I plan to stay  
Until I move to L.A....