

Justify the Thrill

Blues Traveler

Break away, break away
Blink on and nod
Carelessly with matches play
Telling you, you're odd
Foolishly, he lets it burn
Aware of different shapes
And so he makes his hand a fist
And never looks at what he rapes And who am I to say I don't understand it?
And if feelin' better justifies the thrill
An' who'd be stupid enough to say it doesn't have to be that way?
I will Sing a song of sixty pence
For a pocket full of rye
And kill all that you represents
To ensure that he will die
Chase him from the public square
Or hang him from a tree
And tell his kind they best beware
Because he's different from me And who am I to say, I don't understand it?
And if feelin' better justifies the thrill
An' who'd be stupid enough to say it doesn't have to be that way?
I will Twinkle, twinkle little star
We have you in our sights
Dangerous, we come this far
The serpent giggles with delight
The pigs head on a stick does grin
As we teeter on the brink
He's singin', you are all my children
My islands bigger than you think And who am I to say I don't understand it?
And if feelin' better justifies the thrill
An' who'd be stupid enough to say it doesn't have to be that way?
I will I will, ah
I will
I will

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