

# The Way

## Blues Traveler

Nobody told me it would be good  
But I still wanted it to be  
Do your homework like you should  
Hoping something sets you free, what'll it be Afraid of ultimate decay  
Never stopping but to rust  
Eager to get it underway  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if you must And if you want to worship truth  
Be it medicine, meditation  
Or God on the evening news  
Or a fairy tale I might sing to you But as you learn you will increase  
You will affect your own release  
A million ways to hear its voice  
And in the end you've got no choice You will finally feel aware  
Of what you're part of everywhere  
And there's an answer when you pray  
The way of things, there is a way  
The way of things, there is a way You tell me god is dead  
Well, I say God always was life and death  
Living and dying all at once  
That's all it ever does Could be god is our idea  
And ideas never die  
Created in its image  
We seek its light from up on high, give it a try And if you want to worship truth  
Be it medicine, meditation  
Or God on the evening news  
Or a fairy tale I might sing to you But as you learn you will increase  
You will affect your own release  
A million ways to hear its voice  
And in the end you've got no choice You will finally feel aware  
Of what you're part of everywhere  
And there's an answer when you pray  
The way of things, there is a way  
The way of things, there is a way I wanna try to play the way  
Like R2-D2 squeaks and beeps and tells me everything  
You know there's so much else to say  
That the only way to even try is to just to start your riffing Is it the chicken or the egg  
It's the very notion to even try to figure out which one came first  
I hate to see somebody beg  
The infinite eternal chase, the quenching of the thirst And if you want to worship truth

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