

# Traveler Suite

## Blues Traveler

She's all I ever wanted  
She could make me alive  
I don't think she's dead or anything, but I still feel haunted  
Something in the way she said goodbye  
This time  
The night 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 ray's burn  
And shine  
The setting sun, though we ain't done  
The setting sun, though we ain't done  
The only one that makes me run  
The setting sun, though we ain't done  
What the hell did 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 big 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  
The setting sun, though we ain't done  
The setting sun, though we ain't done  
The only one that makes me run  
The setting sun, though we ain't done  
With the sun obscured from view  
And none but the night left to keep me warm  
Is it me my darling, there's nothing left to do  
But surrender to the coming storm  
Where I am born...  
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 sun  
And the earth is good and soft  
Now my sail catch the wind send my chariot aloft  
I am rounding all the parapets  
As another city burns  
Harvest all creation for it's ominous return  
And then well before dawn  
In cover we've 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  
Onto the breach and into the fray  
When I play...

There is comfort in the sun  
And the earth is good and soft  
Now my sail catch the wind send my chariot aloft  
I am rounding all the parapets

As another city burns  
Harvest all creation for it's ominous return  
And then well before dawn  
In cover we've 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!  
Said a low branch touching the water  
Feels the current's take  
Said a mighty river bends her  
But oh

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