

# 100 Years (2007)

## Blues Traveler

The sun is warm as the day is long  
I just got the feeling I can do no wrong  
I've got a long way to walk  
Can't afford my next meal  
I tell a few lies but my hunger is real And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years  
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years Mademoiselle tell me do you play  
Well, if she shakes her head, well then that's okay  
I watch her walk away in haste  
There's just no accounting for some people's taste, And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years  
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years Big angry man in the doorway there  
Just keep on walking like I don't care  
Why you giving such an evil eye  
Could it be you were ignored by every passerby And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years  
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years Play in the park for tobacco and food  
Then I excuse myself but they think I'm rude  
Tourist don't want me to end his show  
But this colorful attraction got places to go And it won't mean a thing in a hundred years  
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years Sit at the pier watch the sun go down  
Another lost little boy in a big old town  
I want to laugh I want to cry  
But no matter how hard I may try It won't mean a thing in a hundred years  
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years It won't mean a thing in a hundred years  
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years

Songwriters

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