

100 Years

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, yeah
Just keep on walking like I don't care
But why you're 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, yeah
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years, oh

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
No, it won't mean a thing in a hundred years