

# Make My Way

Blues Traveler

When you roll down your window  
And ask for directions  
Can you count on the answers  
That you would receive  
If you've ever been taken  
By that passed along pay back  
Why ask in the first place you might not believe  
But I won't be confined to road maps  
Or let assholes decide  
And I'd rather be lost  
Then afraid to take a ride

And if it's a sing  
No place on earth will I ever fit in  
And I don't mind  
Someday I pray I just may  
As I make my way

Well I might have been helpful  
Or a mischievous bastard  
But when I'm thinking about it  
I do what I can  
In the infinite halfway  
Where everyone always meets me  
And by the laws of pure error  
Do we exchange and understand  
I'm yelling as loudly  
As my lungs will allow  
I wish I could whisper  
Can you hear me now

And if it's a sing  
No place on earth will I ever fit in  
And I don't mind  
Someday I pray I just may  
As I make my way

Could be no one has the meaning  
Of what anybody says  
But so we don't feel so lonely  
We decide that we do  
Well now we might be speaking English  
But what does that mean  
And can you honestly tell me  
What color is blue  
Well you could try an explanation  
Or try to wonder why  
But if I'm lost in your driveway  
All I really can do is try

And if it's a sing  
No place on earth will I ever fit in  
And I don't mind  
I've looked and searched her over countless times  
And I'll do it again  
Someday I may finally want to stay  
Someday I pray I just may

As I make my way  
As I make my way  
As I make my way...