

Rage

Blues Traveler

When the fire
In your belly ain't been shrinking
And there's nothing
Laying around that you could be drinking
Take no mind
As that stranger tries to pass you
Is he blind?
Or couldn't he clearly see the train?
Couldn't he feel the bloody stain?
Not that I'm one to complain
Why do we chaw upon the pain?

It's just the rage
Just the rage
Just rage
Rage

Close my eyes
Pull me in and take my tongue
Taste the lies
That dance around us and we're among
Break your heart
Run out now and tear it up
Then you can start
To give that inner brat a hug
Till the dickhead pulls the rug
Take the fall from high above
No details to what you love

It's just the rage
Just the rage
Just rage
Rage

Calls a masterpiece
"Come and paint me, here I am"
And it's my disease
That I am raging all the time
Fought for reason, fought for rhyme
Then I'm walking up the line
The voice it calls
I must abide
Bound for glory on the other side

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