

## The Beacons

Blues Traveler

When our toasters finally come to kill us  
A creator complex will fulfill us  
Follow me down near the road ahead  
Where we mean everything that we've ever said  
Destination overload it can't be tamed  
And nothing or no one is to blame

Sooner or later, we're all beacons of yesteryear  
You've gotta love or hate us  
We'll see you soon, baby, don't you fear

Put down your map, son, we're GPS-ing  
The system don't know with who it's messing  
Evolution crap shooter watch your scene  
We're the proud parents of the big machine  
Mutated strains like a frog to a toad  
But ours comes with a bar code

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You've gotta love or hate us  
We'll see you soon, baby, don't you fear

Hickory, trickery, dickory dock  
I need me a stronger, faster clock  
One that comes with wheels and a Bluetooth phone  
God forbid I'd ever have to be alone, all alone

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