

# Whoops

## Blues Traveler

Have you ever seen an atom  
Little bits of everything floating by  
Take a good look at them  
Collectively they compose all you see including your eye

Brilliant puzzle  
A living Rubix Cube we think we can figure out and solve  
But we're just monkeys  
Scratching our heads trying to open our ears  
To a chord that just won't seem to resolve

And we call it wisdom  
Yes intellect in our truest sense of the word  
You see for us security means a harmony  
According to only what we have heard  
And this along and nothing less  
Will ease our heart and our mind  
In the hopes that in feeling free we'll reach paradise  
On that hilltop we're still trying to find

But the possibility exists no matter how scary it may seem  
That paradise was once the world and it wasn't just a dream  
The earth was our heaven and we didn't know there were rules for us to break  
And maybe now we'll find out too late what a clever hell we can make

Whoops  
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In this corner  
Weighing in at almost every weight imaginable...  
Life, and all that surrounds it  
And in this corner  
Weighing in at well, not really very much of anything;  
A very sound and user friendly idea  
On finally bringing that pesky mountain to Mohammed  
Gentlemen at the sound of the harmonica solo you may come out fighting

Take a look at the horizon  
Quiet and still  
You know there used to be bison  
Gentlemen you may fire at will  
They say this land won't go to waste  
But you gotta wonder how  
You know we're chopping down the air we breathe  
As fodder for the cow

That's right so we can eat well  
Yes and starve to death  
And say there's nothing we can do  
Because we really don't want to do a goddamn thing  
Look I'm shrugging and so are you  
We can imagine the straightest of lines  
But our fingers can't control the pen  
And it's this frustration that yields relief  
As we say we're just mortal men  
And that means we get to torture a chimpanze  
And infect him with disease

Because he screams just like a human child  
While we study his desperate pleas

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While we're on the subject you know my conscience hurts  
And it will not go away  
So please concoct me some pill I can take  
While I think of something clever to say  
So I can look in my mirror made of polished glass  
And find no need to cringe  
And forget that sinking feeling I'm a dinosaur  
Out on his drunken last binge

...from fossil to fossil  
Dust to dust  
I'll see you all in the earthy crust

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