

Blues Traveler, NY Propheisie

A thousand times a prophet
A New York City prophet
They lie there all forgotten
I wonder who will hear them next

Well it won't be me it won't be you
Kind of makes you wonder who
Any sympathetic ear would do
Who's gonna hear them next

Lie prophet lie
For the sky is much too high
Keep it in your eye
And memorize the moon
Dream prophet dream
Don't you listen to them scream
We know they didn't hear you yet
But you're bound to get there soon

What do you think we'd hear them say
Would they drop down on their knees and pray
Would they tell us that it's all OK
Who do you think will ease their pain

And if we dare to listen
As the tears freeze up and glisten
With the current savior risen
Who do you think will ease their pain

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What will our mighty future be
For there ain't no prophet here to see
That narrows it down to you and me
Do you want to live or die

Well we've chosen death with its toll begun
(You know) I've always pictured life more fun
Too bad we couldn't ever act as one
Do you want to live or die

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