

## NY Prophesie

Blues Traveler

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 it's 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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