

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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