

Hundred and one
Hundred and one
Hundred and one by one
That's how I did it son
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That's how I did it son
Hundred and one

I snuck across the deep blue sea
Big and bright opportunity
Son I began, bottom rung
I'm lion heart, and iron lung
I'm one in a goddamn million
I am nothing, if not resilient
Watched the markets crash and soar
Saw politics swap rotten cores
Horrid crimes rationalized
While we stood in ration lines
Liberty and free expression
Last like a drinking session

Let us stop for a second, and have just a little fun!
I'm blowing out a lot of candles

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(Da-na-na-na-na-na
Da-na-na-na-na-nah)

Thirty six thousand, eight hundred sixty five
Days I've thrived, stayed alive
So what have I tried, learned and applied?
The high road is the toughest to ride
No piece on the side, no god to confide
Dyed in my wool, my heart, like my bride
Be honest, be open, be yourself
Don't be afraid to ask for some help
Consider the sources, gauge their gain
Pain is a teacher, perseverance, a lane
Knowledge is a weapon, mothers are sages
Two ears and one mouth, true of all ages

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