

# Anyway

By: O.A.R. (Of A Revolution)

Never say that nothing ever came from a mouse, anyway.  
Might crawl to your house, take that cat away.  
Don't let the world tell your mouth that it must say.  
Nothing ever came from a mouse, anyway, anyway.

Never say that nothing ever came from a gnat, anyway.  
Might fly in your ear, and then he done flown away.  
Oh that aggravation can't you ever say.  
Nothing ever came from a gnat, anyway, anyway.  
Anyway.

Something always comes from the music, anyway.  
Came into my life, ripped my blues away.  
Oh that stereo is my best friend every day.  
Something always comes from the music anyway, anyway.  
Anyway.

Don't you feel the music going to your bones.  
And don't you feel that music is life.  
Well, I do.  
It's like blood ever flowing.  
But I pray to God that the music fills the cup.

It gets me off when I'm feeling down.  
And I cannot sleep when that music is around.  
Well, I live just to move.  
So get on up and get that groove back in your move.  
A wise man once said.  
A wise man once told me he said,  
"When music is the one thing that surrounds you.  
You feel no pain."

Anyway.