Atmosphere, 3.2 Red Dog

One of those nights
warm beer, cold women
I just don't fit in
It goes 1, it goes 2, it goes
3-2 red dog in the hoodie
too much "person" in your "ality", the friction could be
Should we continue with dialogue as I study these new faces
I would fix my shoe laces, but the room place was
Shoes cut loose at the front door
got dirty socks, I'm on the floor
and thoughts is what I hunt for
Driftin in and out of conversations I know nothing about
Fuck your topics, I didn't come to see you
But yo I'm here, might as well make the worst of this warm shitty beer
and I'm nursin it, and cursin it
I'm sick of it, but still grippin it and sippin it
Hopin it'll dull the pain of the sight of your lips flippin' shit
So here I sit, inside my atmosphere
I don't know a single motherfucker here
but maybe that's my fear
Pull out my notebook and let go
Intro-spectro cep
Not so pleased to meet you
and I hate techno
I only came to see the girl that lives here
TW #11, cold women warm beer [x2]