

Atmosphere, Paint The Canvas Brown

Analysis, canvas, cover up.
Irrelevance, call me bastard, run 'em up.
Just one drag short, of a bad cough.
Please fill up my glass, so I could blast off.
I've hit the jackpot, to often to count.
I'm a pro, you could tell by the way that I mount.
I'm not as young as I look or as lonely as I act.
And I'm the only one here that ain't holdin' me pack.
Everyone's friendly, 'till the dugout's empty.
So she's looking for god at the 7th street entry.
I'm honest depressed so she's got two hits of exstacy.
And right now we really need a referee.
The boys with baseball caps like to hear me speak.
They relate to me, their trouble looks like mine.
The women however they like to watch me fall.
They like to watch me stumble, I do it all the time.
Just one more, reverberated night.
I'm a keep practicin', until I get it right.
Continue to swim through whoever, whatever.
Let the Earth turn 'till I learn to control the weather.
Starving, trying to feel important.
Hardly, well let me get my point across.
Farming, gonna grow my portions.
I'm guarding, keep 'em from the greedy goblins.
Heart string, they play me like a game.
Bombarding, flatter me and come home.
My darling, don't even know my real name.
The bar scene, designated me a low life.
Barring, between love and the truth.
Starting to die, always in a rush.
Sardine, packed me deep into the groove.
Parking is easy when you ride the bus.
Yo, carving, my name into the tree.
Alarming, let 'em know that I'm there.
I'm parting my hair like I part the seas.
I'm barking my words into the atmosphere.
Marketing, everyone come on down to the party, we're gonna have a good time.
Charting, spin my record round.
I'm starving, I'm trying to eat my rhymes.
Babylon ain't the far of move for them.
Babylon and them got somethin' to prove.
But when the battles on them not know what to do.
You better move baby, you better move.
Caught within the corner of the eye of the beholder.
Supporters metaphorically massage from neck to shoulder.
But the missiles with the messages.
The man at the war with every issue that encompasses the plan of the soldier.
I like to hold my breath when I attempt to talk to the cousin that debts the men.
I could walk all along ledge in ten and fallin' off without one cent. No sense.
Tell all my people I got sucked under a needle.
And it's less about the evil than it is about the ego.
More low, no high, tryin' to fly like an eagle.
How many folks can fit into a Volkswagen Beetle.
He sleeps on a bench under a blanket, that doesn't charge him rent.
He'd like to thank you for the time and thought you spent regardin' anger.
He knows it's hardly meant, you didn't mean it.
And she's learnin' to pronounce all the daddy's holy doubts.
More bounce to the ounce.
A mouthful of how did the clown make the magic, make the rabbit make the sound.
Pull it down, paint the whole canvas brown.