

Atmosphere, Shoulda Know

Naked in the bathtub
Sittin on the porcelain
Waiting for that little hurricane to pull your torso in
The water dont run, just drips like rain
Still drips like a painkiller drips to the veins
Fill it up
With a bag of that happy stuff
Cuz the way she runs out, you can tell she aint had enough
Good times goddess
My goodness
Got finger nail polish autopilot foot prints
With a smile thats stitched to the fabric of bedtime tales and
Keep them tits out of the attic
The mouth of madness
Loud and manic
The motive of the bird going south on the Atmos
Picture a hole
Put your hero in
Envision the gold
Now zero in
Been watching your night train track for the last few stops
With no desire to hop it
How did we end up in your apartment
Pocket full of gossip says this aint smart
When its all said and done, cant get restart
But Ill be damned if I dont wanna kiss you--
Hard

[chorus]

Shoulda known better not to f**k wit you
Aint got nothin but too much to lose
Lost in the rush dont know what to do
That drug got you like I want you
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Lost in the rush dont know what to do
That drug got you like I want you
Ive got a restraining order
Against Satans daughter
And I keep it at the bottom of this Jamison and water
And when we get there
You can sit there and stare
From behind your mascara and your thick hair
Im aware of that pain you harbor
The same negative game to the names you martyr
Apart from the details and substance and whatnot
That hunger of love pistol and gut rot
Bloodshot
Give me one shot, my shot
Hopped up on enough talk to make time stop
The lines of chalk that benjamin might cop
Killed the illustrations on the neighborhood sidewalks
Then all of a sudden she got silent
Pupils like marbles, hide behind the eyelids
Get away sticks go limping hole place
The smile sucked up most of her face
Truly you beat the scene so surreal
And each criticism becomes redeemed
Swallow my words
No more judgment its true
Cuz you look like what I feel like when Im with you
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