

Atmosphere, Wild Wild Horse

He knew he wasn't perfect
But he always did his best to get under the surface
Not a saint, not a serpent
He just wanted everyone to be impressed with him as a person
So when she came along with the sunbeam
Self-esteem stopped making nothing outta somethings
Leaving the scene was unseen, I mean
It was the first time he ever felt the need to keep the gun clean
Do the math
He knew he had to choose a path
Gotta get that girl, gotta make her laugh
Gotta shake the past and move forwards
Gotta make this last, it feels gorgeous
But she had a lover in the mid-west
Never figured out how to get him off her thick chest
Just like that everything is gone
He didn't wanna but he had to learn the words so he could sing along
[Chorus:]
Everything is all I have to give you
And I'm afraid it ain't enough
And you're not so young that you believe me
Just because I say it's love
And even if they come to steal you tomorrow
I'll know my smile was yours
Go ahead and chase your dreams and your freedom
Run, run wild wild horses
You can't tame these horses
You can't tame these horses, no
You can't tame these horses
You can't tame these horses
Sometimes it can be so nice, right?
Sometimes she feel herself turn into the wife type
And when it's dark, sometimes is the nightlife
But most of the time she doesn't even feel lifelike
She got a man but he thinks hes a star
And it feels like she has to compete with the bar
She keeps up her guard but it seems so hard
Momma never told her she would see those scars
Every night hes out doin who knows whom
While she cries along like a new show tune
Last call past, is he comin home soon?
Or is he gonna run away with the dish and the spoon?
She'll realize she don't want that clown
Leave those shoes at the lost and found
He won't catch on until shes not around
After somebody else already locked that down
We sing...
[Chorus]
He didn't want her to see him leave
And he couldn't keep sittin there watchin her sleep
Cause he knows if he hangs out for a few hours
He'll dig another hole tryin to plant some new flowers
But the sun don't shine under the table
He's tryin to hold his life together with staples
No investment cause hes incapable
And hes on the outro of being labeled available
The word on the street is his girls comin back home
No more alone, no more sad poems
No after-bar calls to the cell phone
It's time to walk a new path and grow a backbone
Shoved into the big book of just friends
Wondering how he would look as a husband
And everyone of em he ever allowed to love him
Now watching from the crowd tryin to be proud of him

They say...
[Chorus]