Eve 6, Velociraptor

Like a velociraptor, flying a helicopter. Over the city colored black by the night. Like a panther in the...back of the supermarket. Ventilating soda bottles; sharpening his wine.

I'm feeling stuck here.
This city steers clear.
Of peace of mind.
I put mine down on the shelf.
Slide on my stomach down.
The stairs into the ground.
And hit the night with a blister-fisted jab.

Make this up, as I go along.
Throw that rock, and I'll go long.
Who said I said everything's cool?
Buckle that belt, taking you to school.
Make this up, as I go along.
Throw that rock, and I'll go long.
Who said I said everything's cool?
Buckle that belt, you're going to school.

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I'm on my way, too.
I'm on my way, too.
I'm on my way, too.
I'm on my way, motherfucker.
I'm on my way, too.
I'm on my way.

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Throw that rock, and I'll go long.
Who said I said everything's cool?
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I'm on my way, too. I'm on my way, too. I'm on my way, too. I'm on my way. I'm on my way, too. I'm on my way, too. I'm on my way, too. I'm on my way.