

# MACKLEMORE, St. Ides

I think happiness went that way  
Sometimes you just have to wait  
I never believed in God  
But things got so fucked-up  
That I had to pray  
Used to steal my Daddy's Cabernet  
Never thought that it would turn into a rattlesnake  
Thinkin', everything will be all right  
If we could get through the week  
Maybe see another Saturday  
Rollin' 'round, we know where to go  
Argue with the homies over who's gonna roll  
Bumpin' Goodie Mob, have some food for the soul  
Till it's two in the morn'  
When rain hits the windshield  
And everything is still  
Nothing really is a big deal  
One hand on the steering wheel  
And we gon' be all right

I had a brown paper bag  
St. Ides in that motherfucker  
Around the city we smash  
5-0 comin' then you know I'm running  
Crawl into broken fences, when shit gets hard  
You know who your friend is  
And when I lose perspective  
Need to go to a place where I lose reception  
Looking at the satellites pass by  
Reflecting on my past life  
I can barely remember last night  
Another morning, swearing it's the last time  
Where would I be?  
We can't start over, you don't get a new ID  
I know the devil fancy me  
But that don't mean the motherfucker get to dance with me

I bought a house, second guessing what I own now (What?)  
Traffic moving kinda slow now (What?)  
I watch the population grow wild (What?)  
A bunch of people I don't know now (What?)  
My city's changed and my zoned out  
I thought about New York, maybe SoCal  
Put up condos people can't afford now  
Landmarks bulldozed, been tore down  
Overpopulated but can seem like a ghost town  
Keep a couple real ones with me when it goes down  
Lack of diversity, I think about Sloane now  
Only reason I would ever leave my hometown  
If I still drink, I would crack a 40 ounce  
Parents finally left, moved away, and they sold the house  
It's really hard to ignore it now  
Wish that we could sort it out  
Last couple sips, pour it out  
St. Ides