

Arrested Development, Kneelin' At My Altar

Another morning, kneelin' at my altar
The day is faced with a bunch of grace
On my case in this worldly rat race
To keep the pace, I depend on ancestors and god
And by the way my real name is Todd
That's how my dead ancestors address me
That is those that knew me as that
My African name hasn't been revealed yet
My knees don't mind the bendin'
As long as the bending keeps me from bending
Or compromising my views and pride
The inside world gets me prepared for the outside
I can't wake up on the wrong side of the bed
As long as my soul has been fine tuned and lubed and
Altars are cool for my inner urge to resume
To the universe SMPTE tone or metronome
Kneelin' at my altar
Kneelin' at my altar, yes
Kneelin' at my altar
In the morning time
I got to kneel at my altar
K N E E L I N at my altar
K N E E L I N at my altar
K N E E L I N at my altar
K N E E L I N at my altar
Simply put one is naive if they believe
That this system does not deceive its
Populous dropping us lies in a sack like a stork
And there's stops that drop from Cali to N.Y.
Images are burnt into our brain cells to the extent
There's still fumes in a no smoking section of a room
Forces are tugging at you from both sides
To be centered, I pray and pour libation
Oh from there it's diggity diggity done
I've rinsed my senses and armor allied my armor
Instead of being grouchy I'm a natural charmer
Chilin' with my friends to relatively no end
And oh my Lord, I'm feelin' exuberated
Cool vibes and disciplined enough to go outside
And don't you know it's gotta be like that
Feeling dope