

Atmosphere, Angelface

I love this fucking country (who feels me?)
And she loved me more than I could imagine
So I waited till she slept then I stepped into traffic

Ran away from the backyard to drift some more
Woke up in Texas next to a liquor store
With a woman who don't even drink alcohol
Big letters "IRONY" tagged on the wall

She was named for another flat land
We had a strong back then
In common, we had a bond
That would never see the break of dawn
To damn afraid of the queen trying to take the pawn (threw that away)

Yes, yes headed out west and got undressed
With the nurture that she gave me
Made me trip and get obsessed
There was a lady in Los Angeles
That handled this the way the manual suggest

She turned me on to music that I never heard before
She told me stories from a cup I haven't leaned to pour
And I don't know who hurt it more
Professional journals or perpetual burn holes
Scarring up the dirty floor (peace)

Found a hollow hole in the Colorado snow
It's like I follow anywhere el Diablo go
Took a stroll with the feline
And sat silent while the snow flakes fell into the design

Can't let her dance up on top on the top floor
Been there done that
What do you think it's locked for?
I've lost more to my traveling soul
Then I care to talk about so I'll be out, I'll be on the road

(Down, down) Down in Gainesville
No stranger to shame. Coltrain and pain pills
Sometimes the ceiling's too easy to stare at
But it keeps me from a forest full of snare traps and bear traps

And it can't come clean without the sun beams
And it ain't complete without the drum beats
I can tell she don't want me "as is";
Time to climb back into the van and make the back stiff

And I had to add one more story to the infinite
Already interwoven through a New York cigarette
Ex-lover and a best friend
Best lover and an ex-friend'll bend for alcoholic sentimentalism
And the rhythm of religion on the p.a. make the people here say,
"God bless the deejay";
She stays to wait for a replay
While I wonder if I'll be able to hear it from the freeway?

Chicago, inside of an empty bottle
There's a thin line between gossip and gospel
And there's a house over there near Wicker Park
Where I found out smart was afraid of the dark

Had to break a heart just to help me heal up
Tie a knot in the stomach just to help me seal up

Make sure the demons stay beneath the core
Pray for you and yours and whoever you believe in more

Look around you there's angels amongst us
(Look around you there's angels amongst us)
Sittin' in the rain at some sidewalk cafe
Half of her wet cigarette in the ash tray

She's tryin' to find a lost soul to save
And I'm a lost soul trying to find a road that's paved
Keep faith in my suitcase, pack my beliefs
Angels exist, I've even seen some sleep

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