

# Atmosphere, Angelface (Multiples 5 vs Travel 4)

I love this fucking country  
And she loved me more than I could imagine  
So I waited till she slept then I stepped into traffic  
Paint away from the backyard to drip some more  
Woke up in Texas next to a liquor store  
With a woman who don't even drink out the whore  
Big letters IRONY tagged on the wall  
She was named for another flat land  
We had it strong back then  
In Konda we had a pond  
That would never see the break of dawn  
To damn afraid of the queen trying to take the pawn  
Through that away  
Yes, yes headed out west  
And got undressed  
With the nurture she gave me made me drip and get obsessed  
There was a lady in Los Angeles  
That handled this the way the manual suggest (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 heard it more  
Professional journals or perpetual burn holes  
Scarring up the dirty floor  
East  
Found a hollow hoe in the Colorado snow  
It's like I follow anywhere el Diablo go  
Took a stroll with a feline  
And sat silent while the snow flakes fell into the D sign  
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 dare to talk about so I'll be out I'll be on a roll  
Down, down, down in Gainesville  
No stranger to shame cold train and pain pills  
Sometimes the ceiling is 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 pain and make the back stiff  
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  
Looking for alcoholic sentimental is a man a rhythm of  
Religion on the PA  
Make the people here say  
God bless the DJ  
She stays the wafer of 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  
There's a house over there near Wicker Park  
Where I found out Smart was afraid of the dark  
Had to break her heart just to help me heal up  
Tie a knot in the stomach just to help me seal up  
Make sure the healing stays beneath the core  
Pray you and yours and whomever you believe in more  
Look around you there's angels amongst us  
Look around you there's angels amongst us  
Sitting in the rain on some sidewalk gaffing  
Half of her wet cigarette in the ash tray  
Trying 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 packed my beliefs

There's angels exist I've even seen some sleep  
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