

# Atmosphere, Hell's Playground

It's like I change my plans with every grain of sand  
That gets caught between my toes of worries and woes  
If they would take my hand  
Maybe the pains of man  
Wouldn't seem like such a bad dream that you can't control  
All the thoughts that come  
That make you toss your lunch  
Every time that you think that you can hold it down  
So now I'm off to jump  
To bunny hop the bumps  
That life sets up to hold my head underground  
Cause I move back and forth on a swing set  
The scenery stays the same  
I ain't learned a thing yet  
It comes and goes (and it comes again)  
The sun the snow the rain the wind (the wind) and ain't none of it pretend  
If I could bend all the barbed wires and bars  
I could escape the playpen and make my way toward the stars  
Pick up the pieces of broken keepsakes  
And sprint across the field until both of my feet ache  
I hung from my limbs  
Off of the jungle gyms  
Until my muscle got sore and my hustle got bored  
And when I jumped down to take a look around  
The only faces I recognized were the ones I ignored  
I took the obstacle course at full speed  
Still it's probable that the home team will hold the lead  
But if it's possible I request that they let me take a seat  
Stop the coach and ask him how I got into the league  
It goes six six something miles beneath the surface  
Championship  
It's the skin verses the shirtless  
And I don't know which side I'm supposed to be on  
And I can't tell if it's getting closer to dawn  
Well excuse me  
But I had a rough evening  
I was shaken out of my rest when I stopped breathing  
Awoken from my sleep awoken from my dreams  
Chokin' on my ?  
Holdin' on to my screams  
And the sea turned blue and the sky turned blue  
And when I sing the blues all the lies come true  
As we convince each other what's old is now  
The books, the rent and the end is overdue  
The waiting pool is full of the blood of the unbound souls  
Submerge my urges as I plug my nose  
And swim laps around the momentary laps of loss  
Use a stick to write my name in every line I have to cross  
Toss some change into the fountain to make a wish  
But most of us are wishing for a little bit of change  
Sneak a cigarette break between first and second down  
And play match of hind and seek with your heart and your brain  
Well olly olly oxen free duck duck gray duck  
King of the hill fell off and broke his crown  
The neighborhood runt lost his voice from yelling, "Wait up!"  
And the needle ran away with the spoon Hell's Playground

[Hook]

We all, play the same games  
We all, learn to share the same pains  
So while we wait for the machine to break down  
We play self one on one out on the playground [x3]

[Till the end]

Ooooh child, things are gonna get easier  
(You're gonna have to fight your own little war)