

Atmosphere, Liquor Lyles Cool July

"Keep movin' your body in my direction"
"Let's continue our party everybody by just clapping our hands."
[Slug]

Colossal, large, big as it gets, massive
I'd kill you all if I wasn't so passive
Instead I creep off to a booth and hold it solo
To study these people, you fuckin' filth
Walkin on my fifth, or maybe my sixth
Where every women represents the meaning of existence
I've no choice but to notice the one that consistently keeps me enlisted
Keeps me aware, she has no idea where my head sits
And if she did how do think she'd react, maybe double up and laugh?
Maybe catch some relief, place wagers on the theories, keep your eye on my trap
Emotions speak through me in the form of gratuity
Is this enough? Is there an underlying message?
Of course - every act deserves a/in response
It's my place to watch the one she takes, try to guess it
If I could only prove what I really feel
Maybe Just, would thrust her into my zone
Let's go, like *thump* time to pay the bill
Again the waitress and I both drive home alone, where you goin'?