

Atmosphere, This Is How The Story Goes

And this is (*repeated*)
(And this is how the story goes)

Sometimes I focus vision on the floater (what's that?)
But rarely will I do it when I'm sober (you're always drunk)
I like how her hair holds her shoulders (she's cute)
And maybe if I stare she'll come closer (ayo come here)
If I work my words right she'll stay over (yo what's your name)
Spend the night and tightly I will hold her (give her a squeeze)
Love is like a game of draw poker (you're always losing)
And me, I'm sitting on a handful of jokers
I heard she used to mess with Andy Broker (who's that?)
But now he acts like he don't even know her
Go to hell" yeah that's what he told her
Switched her self-esteem in-between his molars
Now she wants to take a bath with the toaster
Bad experience makes the soul older
I wish she would chill and take it slower
And try to climb off of this roller-coaster
Girl let me use my key to start you motor
I'm good energy powered by sober
You be the water and I'll be the boulder
You want a fresh style let me show you

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An-and this is how the story goes

He used to play for the San Diego Chargers (defense)
Time passes and the alcohol gets harder
Daydreaming, wishing that he was a farmer
Passing out on the couch in front of Bob Barker (come on down)
She knew that he would never try to harm her (hell naw)
Used his money to open a beauty parlor (yo you want a manicure?)
Her math skills get a little sharper (two plus two)
And his beer-gut got a lot larger (know what I mean?)
He used to be a strong self-starter (yeah)
Confident in his own mind of martyr (yeah)
But gone are the days of Jimmy Carter (yeah, yeah)
And now all he does it sit around and sniff markers (hell yeah)
This month her hair's a little darker
While his keeps creeping back a little farther
And as she reads the editorials and harpers
He's thinking about what he lost in the garden
Seems to have misplaced his weaponry and armor
Feels like a fish out of water, drowning in the tartar
Man life is like trying to light a sparker
He'd move away from this city if he was smarter

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My number's universal but my name's Irish (Sean Daley)
And I'm a donor according to my driver's license (need a kidney?)

I would settle for the title of co-pilot
Cause I'm just trying to hold it all together like a hyphen
Could you point me to the closest fire hydrant? (you're a dog)
There's a growing opercula behind my eyelids (whattt)
It's not even like I'm attempting to fight it
Instead I've been standing here trying to cover my privates
The water feels good you should drive in (come on get in, get in)
Swim around and ignore the danger sirens (forget it)
Come and join my regime of pirates (swashbuckler)
While we pulsate into the artery of silence (ssshhh)
You can live with us on a hidden island
We eat and live off of berries and bison
And on the weekends we'll take the kids to the drive-in
So we can teach them all about sex and violence
You lack the minerals, the vitamins as well as proper guidance
The magazines lie and the gasoline's been siphoned
Who here's in charge of the hiring and firing?
Y'all must not know I haven't died yet
And I still pass my time writing rhymes
I still pass my time writing rhymes (*repeated*)
(And this is how the story goes...)