

Atmosphere, You

You love the people that love you
You hear the music they move to
You give your all to the fall through
But you dont know, you dont know
You dont know, you dont know

You love the people that love you
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But you dont know, you dont know
You dont know, you dont know you

you just got off work, huh?
another night feel like the worst one
you didnt even count your tips yet
but you can tell that it aint no big step

I dont see why you so nice
to customers who are all fucks and lowlifes
dont fight, just keep the lip stiff
and get that money, its the weekend shift

but why they all gotta be freaks
wish they would just eat and leave
and keep they eyes to theyself
already insecure dont need any help

and you can blame the pride
that makes you hold your anger inside
but deep down, you wanna curse them all
fuck off asshole jerk off dirt ball

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now attitude check
you still show up you havent quit yet
and even when your meek and speak
they still treat you like a piece of meat

outrageous, each day this clock tick tock
and you still a waitress
tryin to pay them student loans
and the lights, and the phone and the food and the home

and you aint quite broke,
but you couldnt afford that place on yo own
got a room mate, split the rent with
now you never feel independent

and everything seems so hollow
cause after work, where'd that smile go
better bring it back tomorrow
now pick up the pace and you might make bar close

perfect, last call then some
flirtin sexual tension
surfin' through them men cause
they all searchin for that big one

but just one to bend and
you look like you could be my friend
with a smile like that I gotta flirt girl
you look like you just got off work

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