

Cee-Lo Green, The Art Of Noise

Hey now here we go let's start the show
Those that know me call me 'Lo
But you can call me The Soul Machine
Watch, see what I mean?
Four million flavors of the southern soul flower
But the power that you get from the heart of a human being
Only the mind is mechanic the dynamic happens
When the divine starts to intervene
Have mercy if I seem to be heavy
I don't mean to be heavy but come let me say this last thing
'Cause the beginning and the ending and the mis assumption
Just make the most of it in between
It's like I'm standing on my tippy-toes
To touch a star
Trying to catch joy in a glass jar and yes by far
I'm so much further than they are
Turn the radio on, let the music play
If I could I'd dance my life away
And if you can't seem to find any words to say
Make a joyful noise, fifth around it's another day
Hey now, when you see me you would know that you saw me
Because he always got on his game and his good shoes
Difficult to stop creating can't wait
'Cause they came to see God, then Green tell 'em the good news
Isn't it ironic how it feels so good?
But I was only just singing the blues
I wouldn't open my mouth about it at all
If I thought that I was only just singing the fool
Have mercy if I seem to be heavy
I don't mean to be heavy, maybe 'Lo you should lighten up
I really would if I could but I really don't think
That anybody shell out enough
And I really think true
Wealth is home and happiness and health
A little cash and you'll need nothing else
And as far as me being good, I can't help myself
Turn the radio on, let the music play
If I could I'd dance my life away
And if you can't seem to find any words to say
Make a joyful noise, fifth around it's another day
So when you really, really need you some soul
I mean dead serious damn near 'bout to die 'bout some
Don't be too proud to turn your radio way up loud
Close your eyes and have fun
I used to feel like God was gonna call me too soon
The reason why I had to have my son
And every time I've ever opened my mouth
And said something 'bout living was to earn my ones
Have mercy if I seem to be heavy
I don't mean to be heavy, wait I'm almost done
And God can truly work a miracle
Look at me isn't it obvious that I'm one?
And I sing because I'm happy
And I sing because I'm free
And this my own little thing, yes, I agree
But don't you want your kids to grow up to be just like me?
Turn the radio on, let the music play
If I could I'd dance my life away
And if you can't seem to find any words to say
Make a joyful noise, fifth around it's another day