

Cee-Lo Green, The Art Of Noise (With Pharrell)

Hey now here we go let's start the show
Supposed to only call me 'Lo
But you can call me The Soul Machine
Watch " HEEEEYYYYY YEEAAAA " 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 save me," said this last fiend
'Cause the beginning and the ending and the misassumption
Will make 'em move something in between

(Bridge)

It's like I'm standing on my tippy-toes to touch a star (a star)
Trying to catch joy in other's jar
And yes by far I'm so much further than they are
HEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYY

(Chorus)

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 joy-ful noise, fifth around it's another day

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
But they came to see God then great 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
HEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYY

(Chorus)

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Make a joy-ful 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 (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?
HEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

(Chorus)

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Cee-Lo scatting till fade