## Fatboy Slim, Song For Shelter

I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper into this thing the deeper I go the more knowledge I know what to sing what to bring wha? I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper, deeper into the rhyme wha? why? Chillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself checkin it out im not dancin' no more but why? why? wha? How on earth are you supposed to vibe around the fake ones the one, the ones that say they know what is what but they don't know what is what they just strut what the fuck? wha? I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper into this thing and I pretend that they're not there I just stare up in the booth at the dread man spinnin the song spinnin it strong playing things like we cannot house we can thats my shit what? whoooooo! I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, I get deeper when people start to disappear and it's about six o'clock whoo I'm feelin' hot take off my sweater and my pants and I start to dance and all the sweat just goes down my face and I pretend that there's nobody there but me in this place I get deep, oh i get deep, what? whoo! I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep he takes all the bass out of the song and all you hear is highs and it's like oh, shit! ahh I get deeper I get deep, I get deep, I get deep and the rythym flows through my blood like alcohol and I get drunk and I oh all over the place And I catch myself right on time right on line with the beat and its so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet I get deeper I get deeper I get deeper Wha? the house music was ale and Doctor love would be my song And I would only take deep breaths and fill my lungs with the rythym or the bass I get deeper heh, ha

Now it's about three and I see people goin'

spinnin' jumpin' and grindin' as if they had wings on their feet raising both hands in the air as if Jesus was the DJ himself spinnin those funky funky funky house beats And in this temple we all pray in unity for the same thing with matic pause without cause bass from those high definition speakers sitting in the corner on each side of the room givin' us the boom boom boom to our zoom zoom zoom the smell of a L lit while walking by but the music gets me high saint defy like and old lady in church we get happy we stomp our feet we clap our hands we shout we cry we dance and we say sweet lord, speak to me speak to me, speak to me, speak to me because we love house music and on this planet it brings us together like a family reunion every week we eat we drink we laugh we play and we skate so for all you hip hoppers you do woppers name droppers you bill boppers come into our house to get deep what? check it These guys just keep it rollin' You gotta just keep it rollin' (x19)Sunday, Monday morning (its backwards)

Out under the big bright yellow sun (x40)