

Fatboy Slim, Song For Shelter (Chemical Brother

I get deep, 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

What?
I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper, deeper
Into the vibe
What? High
Chillin' in the corner at the Shelter all by myself
Checkin' it out I'm not dancin' no more but
Why? Why? Why? What?

How on Earth are you supposed to vibe around the fake ones?
Around the ones that say
They know what is what but they don't know what is what
They just strut
What the fuck?
What?

I get deep, 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 Dreadman spinnin' the song
Spinnin' it strong
Playing things like "when can our House begin?"
That's 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 yo I get deep, what?
Whoo!

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
When he takes all the bass out the song
And all you hear is highs and it's like
"Oh, shit!"
Ahh
I get deep

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
When the rhythm flows through my blood like alcohol
And I get drunk and I'm fallin' all over the place
But I catch myself
Right on time
Right on line
With the beat
And it's so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet

I get deep
I get deep
I get deep

Why, if house music was air
Then Doctor Love would be my song
And I would only take deep breaths
And fill my lungs with the rhythm, with the bass
I get deep
I get deep

Now it's about three a.m, I see people goin' plis
Spinnin', jumpin' and grindin'
As if they had wings on their feet
Raising both hands in the air as if Jesus was a DJ himself
Spinnin' those funky, funky, funky house beats

And in this temple we all pray in unity for the same things
Rhythmic 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 the L lit while walking by
But the music gets me high
Sanctified like an 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 night it brings us together
Like a family reunion every week
We eat
We drink
We laugh
We play
We stink

So for all you hip-hoppers
You doo-woppers
Name-droppers
You pill-poppers
Come into our house
To get deep
What?
To get deep

These guys just keep it rollin'
You gotta just keep it rollin'
(x19)

Sunday, Monday morning (backwards)

Under the big bright yellow sun (x40)