

Jamie Lidell, Hurricane

Well I was walking down... before I got into the station
Hoping my private life is getting the slang translation
Receiving these mixed messages now
From a mixed messenger
I was talking so loud that you know I don't even care
But if you do,
You guess you know what I'm about to say

Straight outta nothing
Into a hurricane
And now we're back to nothing
Some of the things don't seem the same
Some of the things don't seem the same
Some of the things don't seem the same

I was trapped in the darkness of a subway train
Hoping you shoot me down,
Before I talk myself insane
Model I overdosed on you,
On the monorail
I was grabbing the wheel,
Because it must be an afro male
Hi
Now I don't really a little know
If you believe me to let me be
But if you do,
You guess you know what I'm about to say

Straight outta nothing
Into a hurricane
And now we're back to nothing
Some of the things don't seem the same
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Aaaah Aaah Aaah
Oh oh Oohh

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