

Jason Mraz, The Dynamo Of Volition

I've got the dynamo of volition
With po-pole position
Automatic transmission with lo-ow emissions
I'm a brand new addition to the old edition
with the love unconditional.

I'm a drama absolutonist
Damn no opposition to my proposition
Half of a man, half magician
Half a politician holding the mic
Like ammunition
And my vision is as simple as light.

Ain't no reason we should be in a fight
No demolition
Get to vote, get to say what you like
Procreation
Compositions already written by themselves
Heck is for the people not believin' in gosh

Good job
Get 'em up way high
Gimme gimme that high five
Good time
Get 'em way down low
Gimme gimme that low dough
Good God
Bring 'em back again
Gimme gimme that high ten
You're the best definition of good intentions.

Do not answer a call if
You do not know who is calling?
I guess the whole point of it all is
That we never know really

I'm tryin' to keep with the Joneses
While waiting for guns and the roses
To finish what we all suppose is
That shit's so silly

Oh, fist like pumpin' and wrist lock
twisting up a Rizla
Kid Icarus on the transistor
Nintendo givin' me the blister
I bend over take it in the kisser

Best friends are hittin' on my sister.
Try to tell them that they still wish-a
Cuz she already got herself a mister
And besides that's gross to wanna diss her
Didn't I say - didn't I say
Is that shit so silly

Good job
Get 'em up way high
Gimme gimme that high five
Good time
Get 'em way down low
Gimme gimme that low dough
Good God
Bring 'em back again
Gimme gimme that high ten
You're the best definition of good versus evil

I do not keep up with statistics
I do not sleep without a mistress
I do not eat unless it's fixed with
some kind of sweet like a licorice
My home is deep inside the mystics
I'm known to keep diggin' on existence
I'm holdin' in the heat like a fish stick
My phone it beeps because I missed it.

I do not answer the call if
I do not know who is calling
Makin no sense of it all
Sake, can I get a witness

I'm only a boy in a story
Just a hallucinatory
Trippin' on nothing there is
Living in the wilderness

With a tiger spot on my back
Living life of a cat
I just wanna relax here
And write another rap tune
Driving off your blind man's bike
I can say just what I like
Or nothing can stop you

Good job
Get 'em up way high
Gimme gimme that high five
Good time
Get 'em way down low
Gimme gimme that low dough
Good time
Bring 'em back again
Gimme gimme that high ten
You're the best definition of good intentions