

Portugal. The Man, Atomic Man

You're feeling tired I know there is a crowd but if I bring her on the
ready they'll be fine for now
Man I can't help it I'm just always in the middle leave the bottle in the
evening hang with demons on the weekend

After you I don't know what I believe in
After you, hell should be easy
After you I don't know what I believe in
After you, hell should be easier

(Gotta, gotta, gotta get out if you wanna get it)

Follow down to the red bouncing ball as you bounce round the galaxy came
back to us all
A little bit of nerve and the outer space it's gotta destroy before it
creates

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I'm the golden baby boy into the center
Mother was a gun and I put nature to the beggars
Always talking but the kids never listen
They die in the eve and become demons for the weekend

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After you, hell should be easy
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After you, hell will be easier

Tides that take the sand
I'm atomic man, I'm the moon that pulls the tides that take the sand
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