

Livin & Rockin

311

Fire is my method for destruction
Leaving charred wreckage from my latest eruption
Unpredictable, my erratic demeanor
Bobbing and weaving as my mind gets leaner
Though I'm trippin' on legs that stumble but I don't fall down
You know I'm singing out things you mumble for a lack of resound
Pissed off mist lifts to honesty
Now come down motherfucker with your philosophy I'm at ease when I feel there's a breeze
Give me a little please
Aristotle I'm not but think of Socrates
So are you ready for your lesson blood?
Democratic, non erratic Socratic method
We'll take away the pain
We'll pacify the bullshit built up in your brain
In times of change or the same old thangs
As you maintain or rearrange Can't nobody do it like 311
Fuckin' up competition 'cause there really is none
Steppin' on your game from the first floor tore up
Electricity, we store it up
Can't nobody do it like 311
Break it down, what it is, dedication
Sending out gratitude like we laid it out on down
Throw down, fuck the bullshit, we're still the sound Wild and lost speed mad
A long way from sad
Lookin' good like you should, you're bad
An itinerant dimension mystic is your spirit see
Like color absolute bodiless, indeed
Casual kindred spirit past
All the obstacles you're dealin' with at last
The nasdaq, two puppies, baby needs new shoes
Car alarms, your rent, wedding bells, the blues The tragic fucking comedy that was last night
Unfolds to my inner devils sheer delight
A pointless fucking banter in an endless bout
With whiskey soaked frolic room tobacco mouth
Then a sickening trip to what I call the elitist cesspool
Beckoning all the sycophants and defeated yes fools
Hung over, broke, and a round of apologies
Now come down Martinez with the modern mythology Can't nobody do it like 311
Fuckin' up competition 'cause there really is none

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Songwriters

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