

# Song for Shelter (Chemical Brothers Remix)

## Fatboy Slim

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  
WhaI get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper, deeper  
Into the rhymeChillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself  
Checkin it out I'm not dancin' no more but  
Why? why? why? whaHow on earth are you supposed to vibe around the fake ones  
The one, the ones that say  
They know what is what but they don't know what is what  
They just strut  
What the fuck?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 dread man spinnin the song  
Spinnin it strong  
Playing things like  
We cannot house we can  
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, oh I get deepI get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep  
He takes all the bass out of the song  
And all you hear is highs and its like  
Oh, shit!  
Ahh  
I get deeperI get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep  
And the rhythm flows through my blood like alcohol  
And I get drunk and I oh all over the place

And I catch myself  
Right on time  
Right on line  
With the beat  
And its so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet I get deeper  
I get deeper  
I get deeper If the house music was ale  
And Doctor love would be my song  
And I would only take deep breaths  
And fill my lungs with the rhythm or the bass  
I get deep Now it's about three and I see people goin'  
Spinnin' jumpin' and grindin'  
As if they had wings on their feet  
Raising both hands in the air as if Jesus was the DJ himself  
Spinnin those funky funky funky house beats And in this temple we all pray in unity for the same thing  
With matic 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 a L lit while walking by  
But the music gets me high  
Saint defy like and 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 planet it brings us together  
Like a family reunion every week  
We eat  
We drink  
We laugh  
We play  
And we skate  
So for all you hip hoppers  
You do woppers  
Name droppers  
You bill boppers  
Come into our house  
To get deep You guys just keep it rollin'

You gotta just keep it rollin'  
(x19)Sunday, Monday morning (its backwards)Out under the big bright yellow sun (x40)

Songwriters

CLARK, ROLAND EATHAN/COOK, NORMANPublished by

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