ATL

@MeshaWrite

Born from hippies back in sixty nine
I was bored by 1992
I walked into a recruitment office a year before that
They said, "Son, we've been waiting for you"
Discharged from the Gulf War the very same year
I came home with a carton or two
Of cigarettes and mix tapes and bullets from a gun
That my dead best friend never did use
Oh Atlanta, please need me like I needed you
Let your sweaty embrace open wide
'Cause Atlanta, I'm falling like most people do
And I need all your ground to survive
Wasted and downtrodden, only in vain
I cried myself blind at the sight
Of the old shopping center where we used to ride
Now condos as sterile as I
So I bought me an old air stream for three thousand bucks
From a drug dealer I used to owe
And I thought to myself as I slept off a high
The irony is starting to show
Oh Atlanta, please need me like I needed you
Let your sweaty embrace open wide
'Cause Atlanta, I'm falling like some people do
And I need all your ground to survive
Drove out to Asheville 'cause that's where you were
Where you married into money and pills
And I wanted so bad to be good with you now
The fact is that you never will
'Cause some become lovers because of the sex
And some you know, they just become friends
In our case I just became bad at it all
I never got good at it again
Oh Atlanta, please need me like I needed you
Let your sweaty embrace open wide
'Cause Atlanta, I'm suffocating like some people do
And I need all your air to survive

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