

# The Art of Noise (feat. Pharrell)

## Cee-Lo

Hey now here we go let's start the show  
Those that know me call me 'Lo  
But you can call me The Soul Machine  
Watch, see what I mean? Four million flavors of the southern soul flower  
But the power that you get from the heart of a human being  
Only the mind is mechanic the dynamic happens  
When the divine starts to intervene Have mercy if I seem to be heavy  
I don't mean to be heavy but come let me say this last thing  
'Cause the beginning and the ending and the mis assumption  
Just make the most of it in between It's like I'm standing on my tippy-toes  
To touch a star  
Trying to catch joy in a glass jar and yes by far  
I'm so much further than they are Turn the radio on, let the music play  
If I could I'd dance my life away  
And if you can't seem to find any words to say  
Make a joyful noise, fifth around it's another day Hey now, when you see me you would know that you saw me  
Because he always got on his game and his good shoes  
Difficult to stop creating can't wait  
'Cause they came to see God, then Green tell 'em the good news Isn't it ironic how it feels so good?  
But I was only just singing the blues  
I wouldn't open my mouth about it at all  
If I thought that I was only just singing the fool Have mercy if I seem to be heavy  
I don't mean to be heavy, maybe 'Lo you should lighten up  
I really would if I could but I really don't think  
That anybody shell out enough And I really think true  
Wealth is home and happiness and health  
A little cash and you'll need nothing else  
And as far as me being good, I can't help myself Turn the radio on, let the music play  
If I could I'd dance my life away  
And if you can't seem to find any words to say  
Make a joyful noise, fifth around it's another day So when you really, really need you some soul  
I mean dead serious damn near 'bout to die 'bout some  
Don't be too proud to turn your radio way up loud  
Close your eyes and have fun I used to feel like God was gonna call me too soon  
The reason why I had to have my son  
And every time I've ever opened my mouth  
And said something 'bout living was to earn my ones Have mercy if I seem to be heavy  
I don't mean to be heavy, wait I'm almost done  
And God can truly work a miracle

Look at me isn't it obvious that I'm one? And I sing because I'm happy  
And I sing because I'm free  
And this my own little thing, yes, I agree  
But don't you want your kids to grow up to be just like me? Turn the radio on, let the music play  
If I could I'd dance my life away  
And if you can't seem to find any words to say  
Make a joyful noise, fifth around it's another day

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