Arthur's Song

Atmosphere

38th street station

Sippinâ€TM on that brown stuff Got you feeling like you found love Or maybe it was just luck But honestly it's probably none of the above Train tracks underneath the faceless moon The paybacks gonna want a statement soon Been a few years since the last cigarette But if you put your finger inside the flask, still wet Stick with the fool like shit to the wool Gotta get some tools to try to fix these jewels 'Cause we don't need to hear you sing Of how you spent your time as king Being mad at everything, huh And even when we haven't seen the sun for days I keep squinting like it's shining right up in my face Everyone's a critic of the minutes I waste Got me waiting in a line, got me running in place I don't really know what to tell ya Say I spent too much time in the cellar I've experienced a life full of accidents Tryna write it all down before it vanishes Wanna remember every adventure But a percentage of â€~em only exist in the abyss Spinnin' around like the popular record My head feels lighter than the fuzz on a feather I try to put the shapes in order But in case I get cornered I'mma sharpen up the darts I truly hold sorrow in my heart For every heart that never got carved into the bark I wish that everyone could leave a mark But every part wasn't meant to be a piece of art You either carpe diem or fade away into the dark While everybody else watches waiting for the stop to start With all due respect to my liver We tryna get as high as the little dipper Got love for my people that survive the blizzard

But it's a flood of liquor on my side of the river

We face pain with pain

Everybody's the same

Waiting caught in the rain

I guess that's why I write about it
It help me wrap my head around it
No matter what the worlds tryna take from you
No matter what the world's tryna make you prove
No matter what the world's tryna say to you
You gotta write your way through

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