

Atlas Air (Instrumental)

Massive Attack

Yes shall we take a spin again in business
This time is fixed lets sweeten our facilities
It took all the man in me
To be the dog you wanted me to be Shall we take a spin again no witnesses
This time is fixed seven three seven is
You won't feel a thing
Begging until you give it up insane Fish like little silver knives
Make the cuts on my inside
Yeah let him feast my heart is big
My heart is big, my blood will slide in metal studs Tourniquet will hold its groove
Tourniquet will keep its grip
It took all the man in me
To be the dog you wanted me to be Yeah let him feast my heart is big
My heart is big, my blood will slide
You let him feast my heart is big
My heart is big, my blood will slide Got nothing to lose but my chains
Internet feats on my brains
Head in the sand, feet in the clay And time is still like grease it slips
Sucking in, spit in pips
Just spitting pips Nothing to lose but my chains
Internet beats on my brains
Head in the sand, feet in the clay A place to piece, a place to pray?
This gun of smoke is slaying me
And time is still like grease it slips
Suck it in, spit in pips
Yeah spit in pips My heart was big and like my pride
Let them feast on my insides
And when the filled had spilled its guts
Gently open then it shuts I'm in the hole
Three thousand days
A buried soul
They live the dream
In terminal
No war too mean I know the drill
Got cells to burn
I'm dressed to kill
A mortal coil
And time is still
On secret soil Yeah pay the bills

Cells to burn
Mouths to fill
On Boeing jets
In the sunset make glowing threats

Songwriters

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