

A Song About a Friend

Atmosphere

[Slug]

These headphones keep me from rememberin' (rememberin')
Also guilty of letting me not forget (also guilty)
What type of harvest will September bring? (beckoning)
Everyone to put him to that test (Somebody please kill me)
I've got a sickness, it feels like love
It's not contagious, take off the gloves
Drop your defenses, apply a coat of perfect
I'll form the sentences you try to interpret
It'd all be so simple if I was rich (But I'm not)
But I'm not so I compensate with thought (I got a lot)
I got a lot of nothin' that you need to know (Ay yo)
You would think he wasn't aware of the glow (Where'd you go?)
Swimmin' in a bottle of imposters
Losin' my ground in the name of takin' it farther
We can thumb wrestle or we can make a daughter
I thought it was supposed to get easier when you worked harder
Stole the city, I still feel helpless
Baited the hook and caught me a shellfish (?selfish?)
I'm gonna gut it, clean it, cook it, feed it to a she(?)
And see if I can get her to need me [Chorus x2]
And now I'm standin' at the bottom of the steps
And if I tilt my head a little I can look up her dress
And I'm willin' to bet that she'd move if she knew
So I'ma tap her on the shoulder, I'ma give her a clue [Slug]
All it takes is a stroll down the street
A pro and he greets and he sold the life to me
Showed you the meaning of the artery he keeps on the end of his sleeve
As he pretends he can breathe
Lend me a piece of your superiority
I feel alone on this mission, I'm wishin' there was more of me
A pair of me, apparently I'm a parasite caught inside a paradox
A paradise, a parody, the hair police have got what you need
For you to get over me and move on with Godspeed
I'd let it all go and break eggs for a livin'
If I wasn't so conditioned to just take what I'm given
Get it, got it, catch it, caught it, and lost it
Yet I can't stop it, it's embedded in my optics
Plus the frustration is a product of the gossip

If you can't walk away can you at least change the topic?
Overextended the amount of time allotted
Broke the engine, I don't know, cracked the block
Now I'm standin' at this gravel roadside festival
And I ain't tryin' to move cause this view is incredible[Chorus x2]
Standin' at the bottom of the steps
And if I tilt my head a little I can look up her dress
And I'm willin' to bet that she'd move if she knew
So I'ma tap her on the shoulder, I'ma give her a clue

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