

# John Doe

## B.o.B

Seems like your heart stops working  
The minute they close the curtain  
You take off your mask  
And take off your costume  
And if anyone asks you're taking a smoke break  
Drinking some coffee  
But everyone knows what you're doing  
Seems like the bus moves slower  
Just cause you got somewhere to go  
So you take a few pills in Beverly Hills  
But if anyone asks you've got a prescription  
You got an addiction  
Who do you think that you're fooling John Doe, I just want the John I know  
Once you put the drinks on hold  
Maybe you could come back home  
John Doe, ooh oh oh ooh  
Ooh oh oh ohoh ooh  
Ooh oh oh ohoh ooh Errybody's addicted to something  
Errybody gotta grip onto something  
Even if it's just to feel the response of appeal  
Maybe once, maybe twice  
Maybe hundreds of times, hundreds of times  
Without it, it's just harder to function at times  
You race to the bottom of every single bottle  
As if there was someone or something to find  
You're struggling in your mind  
And you tell yourself lie after lie  
'Til you get to the point where it's no longer private  
That people that you work with noticed the signs  
When you walk in the room  
It gets noticeably quiet  
So you break up the silence, you say you've been at the gym  
But the way look, can't blame on the diet  
So what you hiding? John Doe, I just want the John I know  
Once you put the drinks on hold  
Maybe you could come back home  
John Doe, ooh oh oh ooh  
Ooh oh oh ohoh ooh  
Ooh oh oh ohoh ooh Yeah, I've probably had too many things

Smashed too many freaks  
Had too much to dro(I mean)  
Had too much to drink  
Left the club, ended up in custody  
Random drug test, passed it luckily  
My girl broke up wit' me cause she walked in suddenly  
With a woman up under me  
I told her "Wait!  
It ain't what it look like!  
I must've slip and fell, clumsy me!"  
Well, at least I admit it, cause the worst you could do  
Is to do it and not be man enough to say that you did it  
That's just how you prevent it, well I ain't no different  
I love all the money, the fame  
And the parties with beautiful women  
I spend so much time as an underground artist  
'Cause I was afraid to succumb to the business  
And what I'd become  
But that what you'd judge I become  
The path with the greatest resistance  
That's how the tables can turn when they pivot  
And change you perspective and flip your entire position  
My whole life I've been dying to wish and to live and experience  
Everything possible  
When I told 'em my dreams, they just said they ain't logical  
Now, I can see it, it's optical (optical)John Doe, I just want the John I know  
Once you put the drinks on hold  
Maybe you could come back home  
John Doe.

Songwriters

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