

# Fireflies (feat. Grieves)

## Atmosphere

[Verse 1: Slug]

It doesn't matter who you are  
You're just another superstar  
Everybody gets to shine at the hotel bar  
With the fireflies that fell in the jar  
Ain't even trying to get free  
Buzzin around is fine with me  
That's why I keep one eye on the clock  
The other eye on my drink  
Make it link like a lock, the timing is key  
Got my hands tied up still climbing this tree  
So can't none judge what my crisis might be  
Everything will even out when I finally sleep  
Topsy dreaming about being a pirate at sea  
Huh, I hear the sirens singing for someone else to listen  
Got me thinking I avoided a bullet  
But a lot of my vision was under blurry conditions  
I watched from the top of a volcano of bullshit  
Which came first, the thirst or the curse?  
Most can't distinguish which one is worse  
Bartender in the tuxedo shirt, with the sleeves rolled up  
Cause she's seen enough dirt, whatever  
Look, I don't know if the ocean is close but  
I'mma keep going til I no longer float  
Aight, So quit trying to micromanage my emotions  
Keep the glass half full or keep the tab open  
Last call for alcohol protocol  
The television that's attached to the wall  
It show a basketball game with the volume off  
And I don't know who's playing but I know I'm not  
It goes[Chorus]  
I feel like a firefly  
I chase all the fireflies  
I feel like a firefly  
I chase all the fireflies[Verse 2: Grieves]  
It doesn't matter what you think  
Either way it's all relative  
The buzzing from the neon lights  
Is like a sedative, I follow it

Into outer space like an Apollo ship  
Coasting off the bottom shelf booze and the klonopin  
I'm lost, wrote my room number on the [?]  
Put a dollar in the jukebox, ordered up a shot  
Now everything is frozen just floating flickering dots  
As we fade into the night without ever giving it thought  
But that's the idea, we don't come for the atmosphere  
The food's shitty, the cable's blurred but I'm happy here  
We're all alone but ain't nobody keeping tabs there  
Cause misery's a meal that's served better with a glass of beer  
Yeah, so fill it up and let me soak  
Smelling like whiskey and complimentary soap  
It's the same four bars in every city I go  
Surrounded by fireflies just trying to find their glow[Chorus]

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