Cloudy

Cool Calm Pete

Cloudy, Muggy The day's all shitty as hell
Fighting Phaenic spells, the citys the real
Quarter delay at a quarter to six
I'm sorry lady done stepped on my kicks, voluptuous tricks
Fucking around, and it sucks to be you,
But I guess living a lie is a luxury too.
It probably plain to say that some strange days
And any-which-way let a man convey it
Commit to his terms no need for concern,
From his own mistakes, yeah baby you must learn
Hand full of tricks, A fist full of motivation,
Flailing punches, swinging without hesitation
Snooping around, ain't no buried treasure,
It's just sunken ships and short-lived pleasures,
It's the simple things that brick up a foundation,
like a mound of patience gets you a pound of waiting.
I'm hating cause there ain't much love in my life,
it's just drugs, jobs, and a bundle of gripes. (What?)
Haven't you heard, it's a modern condition,
A band of glitches, and a mob of bitching.
A crowd of adversaries, the more the merrier,
I ain't going down without a fight til' my burial,
You broke the barrier, and fell off it's spokes,
Now it's tumbling down and it's waking the folks.(Chorus)Guess these ailments come along with the territory,
A better story, now you're telling me what's better for me.
Mellow shorty, wanna chill with the kin(?) folks.
Smoke weed and be down with those inside jokes. (haha)
Bubble(?) of mischief, let's take you to the disco,
There's talk of the demo, but still no disc, though.
Provoke Panic, how strange they demand it,
In a city of millions, how one can feel STRANDED.
Hand to the heart, now one can feel the tempo,
One empty bottle and one written-verse memento.
All in all, Still sorta like a good day,
One ice cube for this growing pain tooth-ache.
Baked on a monday, the Misses is still snoring,
Ignoring the foley, imagination is soaring,
Designing women with a fat ass like Delta Burke,
Working girls still find time just to make it work.

B-B-Back to the drawing board,
Scribbled her vaguely,
Jot then a mock, frown, Why the long face, B?
Neglect is heard, I must have been stabbed or something,
Blood Curdling, The wound is now settling.
In stitches, the broken hand counts riches,
Was it as hard, maybe they broke his spirit,
Only time will tell, they've just began to hear it.
The mic store it, You can't come near it.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/