

# A Beautiful Day

## Gym Class Heroes

Yo, My morning showers like a rebirth; reflections of the womb  
Crazy sentimental floatin' in lukewarm placental  
Now I chop a burden on the sink trying not to think about what  
Lies before me but the sun just reassured me that  
Everythings gonna be alright, the last thing on my mind is tonight  
Its like a sintch and getting Zestfully clean not to mention  
Scrub my ass and armpits for a bit and then I split over to the mirror  
Wipe the dew to make my vision clearer  
Then I moisturize my face with some aloe Vera  
This is that type of day cause I can feel it that  
You ain't letting bad vibes invade your spirit  
Anyway it's time to get the breath right  
So I grab the Crest and toothbrush, circular motions to the left, right  
Just enough to see the teeth sparkle a bit  
I fill my grill with Listerine and then it's gargle, gargle, spit  
And now that's good hygiene, you know what I mean?  
And my mouths the definition of so fresh and so clean (clean)  
I feel it's only right, since my words all I got  
And nobody wants to listen when your breath is hot  
But that's a story in itself so I head to my bedroom  
Throw on some drawers and pick out a costume  
I think ill rock these blue jeans and this tee shirt  
And whats a little polo sport gonna hurt?  
C'mon  
This is that day cause I can feel it  
You know the type of day you ain't lettin' bad vibes invade your spirit  
As the birds chirp your favorite tune  
It's like I'm right back in my momma's womb  
Cause everything is so serine  
And the temperature is just right  
Not a worry in sight  
And plus the sun is shining bright, it's a beautiful day  
It's a beautiful day  
Shall I continue where I left off?  
I'm feelin' kinda lovely but my  
Tummy is growlin' so I'm feeling kinda hungry  
So I hit the kitchen and I'm wishin' there's some food in sight  
What do ya know? I got that Cinnamon Life

And now I'm real happy, fill my salad bowl up with cereal

To my surprise it's Jackson Five up on the stereo  
I turn it up my words can't describe my reaction to  
Wakin' up and listening to prepubescent Michael Jackson

Open up the Frigidair what do we have here?  
Seems like just enough milk to fill my morning craving  
Peep out the window just to see if Izzy is misbehaving  
He's staring at me with a grin like 'Yo, let me in man!'

So I begin to fill his dish with Kibbles N' Bits  
Let him in so he can eat, and I'm eating my shit  
So now we both full and well fed  
Happier than that fat rat Templeton from Charlotte's Web

And now its time to get our walk on  
Izzy can get his bark on  
It's a beautiful day maybe we'll get our state park on  
I know the lake is at its finest (you better take advantage)  
I'll grab my backpack, this leash, and maybe make a sandwich  
I better grab my ghetto blaster and a few tapes,  
A thurmos full of water and a bag of fresh grapes  
Some more tapes cause you know that music comes first  
And what's a little Jackson Five gonna hurt?

C'mon

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