

Song For Shelter

Fatboy Slim

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper
 Into this thing
The deeper I go the more knowledge I know
 What to sing, what to bring
What I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper, deeper
 Into the rhyme, what?
Chillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself
 Checkin it out I'm not dancin' no more but
Why? Why? Why? What? How on earth are you supposed to vibe around the, the fake ones
 The one, the ones that say
They know what is what but they don't know what is what
 They just strut
What the fuck? What? I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper
 Into this thing
And I pretend that they're not there
I just stare Up in the booth at the dread man spinnin' the song
 Spinnin' it strong
 Playing things like
 We cannot house we can
 That's my shit, what?
Woo I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, I get deeper
 When people start to disappear
 And it's about six o'clock
Woo, I'm feelin' hot Take off my sweater and my pants
 And I start to dance
 And all the sweat just goes down my face
And I pretend that there's nobody there but me in this place
 I get deep, oh, I get deep
What? Woo I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
 When he takes all the bass out of the song
 And all you hear is highs and it's like
 Oh shit, ahh
I get deep I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
 And the rhythm flows through my blood like alcohol
 And I get drunk and I, oh, all over the place
And I catch myself right on time, right on line with the beat
 And it's so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet I get deeper
 I get deeper
I get deeper If the house music was ale

And doctor love would be my song
And I would only take deep breaths
And fill my lungs with the rhythm or the bass
I get deep Now it's about three a.m. and I see people doin' plea
Spinnin', jumpin' and grindin' as if they had wings on their feet
Raising both hands in the air as if Jesus was the DJ himself
Spinnin' those funky, funky, funky house beats And in this temple we all pray in unity for the same thing
With matic pause without cause
Bass from those high definition speakers
Sitting in the corner on each side of the room
Givin' us the boom, boom, boom
To our zoom, zoom, zoom The smell of a L lit while walking by
But the music gets me high
Sanctified like an old lady in church
We get happy, we stomp our feet
We clap our hands, we shout, we cry
We dance and we say, "Sweet Lord, speak to me" Speak to me, speak to me, speak to me
Because we love house music
And on this planet it brings us together
Like a family reunion every week We eat, we drink
We laugh, we play and we skate
So for all you hip hoppers
You do woppers, name droppers, you bill boppers
You come into our house to get deep
What? To get deep You guys just keep it rollin'
You gotta just keep it rollin'
You guys just keep it rollin'
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