

# January On Lake Street (Instrumental)

## Atmosphere

The doors open  
My left foot sitting on the driveway  
You lookin' at me sideways  
You tryna predict what I might say  
But my mind ain't here now, I'm thinking 'bout the highway  
Gone with the gust  
Sing songs for the bombs that fall in the dusk  
We all want a little too much  
Tryna clutch anything close enough to touch  
And if I had the means  
I would never be the mascot of y'll team  
Y'll judging trials  
I'm shoveling miles  
Wanna go home and try to grow a couple of smiles  
So I shift to the capital N  
It happened before and it'll happen again  
Roll backwards into the street  
Now talk amongst yourselves but try to keep it on beat  
I got at least ten minutes to live  
You not a thief just simulative  
There's no need to be a difficult finish  
You can see you ain't the only one considering getting it in  
Claim that you ain't afraid to die  
Then why are you afraid to fly?  
You better face the heights  
Get your bravery stripes or get your name denied  
Cause you was waiting for a safer ride  
God bless I set up the bricks  
Step through the mess didn't wreck the kicks  
Dreamt that I lept off the edge of the cliff  
Came back said the bodies up in heaven were thick  
Changing lanes and re-arranging life  
I ain't tryna chase a trail of tail-lights  
Manage pain to get the placement right  
Stand up straight when you say goodnight[Verse 2:]  
And each broken glass shows a different view  
I deal the truth y'll pick and choose  
This ain't a game for you to win or lose  
But I, never been in your shoes

But I, never make supper with suckers  
It ain't nothing if it ain't about hunger  
You think you cuttin' the lumber  
And I would love to be a fly on the cupboard  
Whenever that bubble ruptures  
And even when we save the day  
We never do it believing that we don't make mistakes  
You don't need to recognize my face  
I'm trying to fly through time and space  
Too late to erase me  
With the windows down, January on Lake Street  
Poppa got a brand new can of paint  
Put your hands in the air like you work at the bank

Lyrics provided by

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