

# Atlas Air (feat. Robert del Naja)

## Massive Attack

Yes shall we take a spin again in business  
This time is fixed lets sweeten our facilities  
It took all the man in me  
To be the dog you wanted me to be Shall we take a spin again no witnesses  
This time is fixed seven three seven is  
You won't feel a thing  
Begging until you give it up insane Fish like little silver knives  
Make the cuts on my inside  
Yeah let him feast my heart is big  
My heart is big, my blood will slide in metal studs Tourniquet will hold its groove  
Tourniquet will keep its grip  
It took all the man in me  
To be the dog you wanted me to be Yeah let him feast my heart is big  
My heart is big, my blood will slide  
You let him feast my heart is big  
My heart is big, my blood will slide Got nothing to lose but my chains  
Internet feats on my brains  
Head in the sand, feet in the clay And time is still like grease it slips  
Sucking in, spit in pips  
Just spitting pips Nothing to lose but my chains  
Internet beats on my brains  
Head in the sand, feet in the clay A place to piece, a place to pray?  
This gun of smoke is slaying me  
And time is still like grease it slips  
Suck it in, spit in pips  
Yeah spit in pips My heart was big and like my pride  
Let them feast on my insides  
And when the filled had spilled its guts  
Gently open then it shuts I'm in the hole  
Three thousand days  
A buried soul  
They live the dream  
In terminal  
No war too mean I know the drill  
Got cells to burn  
I'm dressed to kill  
A mortal coil  
And time is still  
On secret soil Yeah pay the bills

Cells to burn  
Mouths to fill  
On Boeing jets  
In the sunset make glowing threats

Songwriters

Marshall, Grantley Evan / Naja, Robert Del / Davidge, Neil / Baggott, John MalvernPublished by  
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