

Song for Shelter (Chemical Brothers Mix)

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 Chillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself
 Checkin it out I'm not dancin' no more but
Why? why? why? wha How on earth are you supposed to vibe around 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? 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?
Whoooooo! I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, I get deeper
 When people start to disappear
 And it's about six o'clock
 Whoo 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 I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
 He takes all the bass out of the song
 And all you hear is highs and its like
 Oh, shit!
 Ahh
I get deeper 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 its 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 and I see people goin'
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
Saint defy like and 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
Come into our house
To get deep You guys just keep it rollin'

You gotta just keep it rollin'
(x19)Sunday, Monday morning (its backwards)Out under the big bright yellow sun (x40)

Songwriters

CLARK, ROLAND EATHAN/COOK, NORMANPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>