Sun Storm

Mac Lethal

Conflict resolution,
and that's damn sure not a specialty,
I wanna thank everyone for listening to the album that they just listened to,
Please don't take out your lighters though; it's kinda sad.

I'm from the meth lab city of broken dreams,
and cracked out dopamines,
where everybody's looking for an ocean scene,
where 'Pac and Biggie are passe cuz back home,
we speak in terms of Mac Dre and Fat Tone,
I'm from a city where there's actually people,
that are bothered by the thought of homosexual marriage,
the bible belt, friendly smiles, and Christian steeples,
and names like Bobby Sue Jenkins and Belinda Peoples,
this town is so eerie when it snows,
all the trees look like ghosts appearing from the road,
the crows flew south of heaven and found the elixir,
the echo of silence whispers from the mouth of the river,
to say... yeah the city could be great one day,
but the first step is getting out of our own way.
I've been to bigger cities, they produce bigger frowns,
I'll die, right here, in this town.

And I know,
there's something beautiful within my grasp,
And I know,
I think I'm satisfied but it won't last
And I know,
to lace my boots up and pick my path,
I'll find another rainstorm to fill my glass
(x2)

So quote my life as written by anonymous, fuck it,
I think I'll keep the liquid courage and the broken promises,
so if you're coming over bring a bottle and a cup,
there's a war going on outside-- and I don't give a fuck,
I could never win the fight for me,
I could only minimize the details of my life story,
I was born, late July, 1981,

skip a bunch of bullshit until now and then the story's done,
but I'mma write the chapters later in my life,
in a nursing home with a sweet lady for a wife,
both of us in wheelchairs we quietly hold hands,
it's strange, but one day, I'm gonna be an old man,
I hope to be happy on that day because I finally stood up,
and moved the hell out of my own way.
I need to move the hell out of my own way,
Note to self: And so do you.

And I know,
there's something beautiful within my grasp,
And I know,
I think I'm satisfied but it won't last
And I know,
to lace my boots up and pick my path,
I'll find another rainstorm to fill my glass.
(x4)

No no no no no,
Don't get your lighters out,
This isn't Ben Harper,
Thank you seven,
Thank you opus,
and thank you Kansas City,
Good night.

BOW MOTHA FUCKA WHAT?

Lyrics submitted by sandra.

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