

# Soul Gravity

## The Lab Rats

Soul Gravity  
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Yeah my life's like an opera  
Chock full of drama  
I try to set it straight  
Try to calibrate my karma  
Pace in figure eights  
In my basement  
Needed loco-motivation  
Stemming from a lack of stimulation  
Bad vibrations  
Got my foundations shaking  
Like a hyper condryeak  
With an overactive imagination  
I'm overtaken by the dark side of the force  
Waiting for the spell of depression to run its course  
Explaining to my son how come he only sees me part of the week  
It's never been easy cause see he's starting to speak  
Often repeats what he hears  
It's awfully sweet  
But he just doesn't get it  
That Daddy's gotta hit the road  
Show's never ending  
It's such a struggle just to juggle jobs and pretend that your never gonna buckle, never gonna bend  
You've never seen a man hustle with a bad enough end

You've gotta hope  
For a better tomorrow  
Cope with these things that you deal with today  
You've gotta hope  
For a better tomorrow  
Cope with the things that you deal with today

And the right hand won't know what the left one does  
And these times these rhymes are so confused  
And the left hand won't know what the right one holds  
Time's a tragedy

I'm the Soul Gravity

I spent my last four dollars  
On a pack of cigarettes  
And people wonder why I'm actin so depressed  
It's cool to take the pressure  
I'm practically the best  
At making pennies stretch until I cash another check  
Sometimes you're so alone it only seems to make sense  
You're lonely when the world's got you're back to the fence  
You're nervous and tense  
A symptom that you had ever since you spent up the ramble of heat coming out of your vent  
I just hide my stress  
I have to munch off of groceries  
Hopefully a stroke of good luck is getting close to me  
A day in the life of an unsigned open sea  
I'm feeling comatose  
Is this the way it's supposed to be?  
Offending my friends  
For lending me twenties and tens  
When they dwindle the pennies on plenty of Guinness  
How many minutes would it take for me to get to the bottom of a bottle? I've got problems  
I'm not trying to solve them  
Watch the wealthy flourish while my offsprings coughing  
Got no health insurance  
Hell there ain't nobody offering  
I'm scoffing  
Every time I see a Range Rover  
It's jingling change  
Explains all of these hangovers

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I'm the Soul Gravity

Music in an irrational fashion's my only passion  
Tired of distractions  
It's time for satisfaction  
To be the main attraction  
Attraction is just a fraction of all I've ever wanted to be  
It's time for some action  
The sticky situation is relating my mind, body and spirit  
To anonymous corporations

And race and an occupation that pave the way  
How I look  
Got my image out of a book  
Tick Tock  
You don't stop watching the clock  
I'm chock full of ideas on a stumbling block  
I'm locked down in this job  
Yo I think it's of crock of shit  
Maybe we should buy a one hit wonder kit  
Maybe I ought to be playing lottery tickets  
Picking numbers and scratching cards with my guitar pick  
I'm sick of this shit  
Everything's been done and said  
You should stop and think about all the shit you've been feed

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