

Soul Gravity

The Lab Rats

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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 condryeiak
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

And the right hand won't know what the left one does

And these times these rhymes are so confused

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Time's a tragedy

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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