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

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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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