

Slim Fatboy

"Song For Shelter"

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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

wha?

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper,
deeper

into the rhyme

wha? why?

Chillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself

checkin it out im 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?

wha?

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

thats my shit

what?

whoooooooo!

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, what?

whoo!

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 it's like

oh, shit!

ahh

I get deeper

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep

and the rythm 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

Wha? 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 rythm or the bass

I get deeper

heh, ha

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

what?

check it

These 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

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