

## Conny Quick & The Teddybears

### "Congestion"

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[Eligh]

It fills my lungs everytime it has a chance  
to invade my stance I sit stiff like a candlestick  
in the thick of the bush, as I push with machetes  
cutting off vines between my feet - I ponder beats  
People only get in the way of my creativity flow  
so I get high turn on machines and watch, the lights  
glow  
My mind grows in awkward dynamics;  
use rainbows for hammocks when the traffic gets too  
frantic  
for passing

[Grouch]

Passageway congested - gridlock's at a standstill  
cause everything I wanna do, so do you and that man  
Thrill of victory, itchin me, to do my best for always  
Get discouraged too much company don't make it pass  
my hallway  
til the evening, and that's all day, leavin out my  
mealtimes  
No escape I make tapes and pretend they help me feel  
fine  
... ahhhhh, finally alone (kickin it) kickin it  
Pass me that beadie Eligh (yeah dude)  
Cheers! \*glasses clink\* Yeah yeah  
I ain't been at home alone like this in a long time  
(Dude I'm tellin you) \*knocking at the door\*  
(Dude turn that, is that..) Let me go turn down the radio  
\*knocking continues) Yo hold on hold on hold on  
\*unknown voice: "Hey, DAMNIT! Open up!"\*

[Eligh]

I need some Actrin, to clear my sinus  
I'm congested and all backed up like Frisco  
I'm Linus without a blanket, real agitated and dismal  
My problems seem minimal to an imbecile who can't  
read  
the cue cards -- it's too hard, in fact  
to explain you can't get too far acting like that

Chorus: Eligh (repeat 2X)

It's no wonder I'm sick on every occasion  
Congestion takes over my shit, traps me in odd  
situations  
Fucking up relations with my friends  
Killing patients in the end I can't pretend it's not a  
problem

[The Grouch]

Sometimes I don't even know how I'm gonna sleep  
About twenty feet away from, someone makin a beat  
Leave the bitches in the front room, phone off the hook  
Haven't been alone in eight months and I'm knowin the  
chance I took  
when I strode, to the bathroom to try and cleanse my  
body  
Water freezing cold and, someone smelling naughty,  
unGodly  
Circumstances, glances on my back  
as I engage in a fit of rage I swear about the crack

[Eligh]

So who's really being threatened when I complain  
about my space  
In a pace of three days you were in my face in five  
ways  
If I told you to hit the highway, you'd be offended and  
hurt  
Claining I treat you like dirt, naming off all the first  
things  
I said; with an expanded memory I'm blamed in the  
end  
Can't you see I'm a hermit shell - manifested a turtle  
Rather be off by myself than with you strangers  
(strange enough) so back off

[The Grouch]

Everybody wants to get what's there for the taking  
You can't move slow or you making a mistake an'  
I can speak experience I've seen it firsthand  
I despise the rat race but I place cause I can  
I man the ship, you mop it, but always leave it slippery  
then hang around and bullshit us in space actin  
chipperry  
Fools be in the mix cuttin rhythm with the fader  
That's a major space invader more annoying than a  
pager

Chorus

[Eligh]  
So back off me  
So back off me  
Give me some space  
Back off me

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