

Atmosphere

"Abusing of the Rio"

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I wanna follow the footprints across my lover's stomach
I wanna call out her name before I plummet
I wish I had a map of the terrain so I could step around
the landmines,
avoid the beasts under the bed that bring their bad
times
I wanna find this here so-called treasures:
the pleasures, the trinkets, the never-ending weekends
acknowledging that I'm still just a piece of the
sequence
but seeing this different footprints got me needin' to
show my weakness
the timelines, the time zones
I cross them with my eyes closed
memorize the landmarks and learn the cycles
the weather patterns how the seasons affect
the east and the west of each region learn the cycles
forget about the fact that
many trails have been tracked
maybe it's a plus that there's a path
if this was some uncharted land I'd have to be a
smarter man
willing to travel the farthest to unravel the harvest
and natural resources are unlimited
exploration only requires some desire and initiative
take your time and find the right way to climb
it ain't safe to play games with nature's mind

if i could show you, you would never leave it, never
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if i could show you, you would never leave it, never
and if i could show you, you would never leave it, never
if i could show you, you would never leave it, never
and if i could show you, you would never leave me,

I wanna ride a train up my lovers arm
destination the brain
then climb out and find out what's going on
cut through trees and ride through rocks

and synchronize the universal sundial to my watch
I've seen a lot
but not quite as much as her
to top it off the memory and her imagination blur
but I know she's been put through hell
I can feel it
and I know she's touched heaven as well
trying to steal it
it came on and it taught her the song
strung her along and it caught her when that guard
was gone
now to the break of dawn she wants to feel that fix
and all the family and friends is tryin to seal them lips
but I'm not dumb
I can hear that train come from miles away
setting obstacles to stop the arrival
I'm gonna blow up the iron and wood road
from what I understood those be the orifices of its
survival
my recital
another tantrum
because she's highly excitable
swinging moods at random
happy endings always of to a bad start
addictive
voyeuristic to the trackmarks

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