

Atmosphere "It Goes"

Visit "[It Goes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[SLUG]

Now, when you come to apply for a job
Don't tell 'em you're homeless
'Cause I promise they won't hire you
And if they like your songs
Just nod your head and play along
Never tell 'em what inspires you
I bet my fans know me better than my friends do
Because my friends don't pay that much attention
The fans memorize every single sentence
Which makes them far too smart to ever start a
friendship
I need to start writing pieces about other people's
problems
'Cause strangers are starting to get worried
I'm in a hurry to try to slow the system down a bit
And find happiness before I hit thirty
OK, OK, I've said too much
I wear my heart on my sleeve
When all I need to do is write a hit
Somebody shoulda showed me how to shut up and
breathe
'Cause there's a time and place to bite your lip
It goes peace to phobia
For the boots made for walking
Now if only Best Buy could break me off with a
Walkman
Everything would be fine
I could spend time smiling
Instead of pulling a sad clown around this island
I've got no suggestions
Well, maybe one
Leave my type alone when you decide to touch that
microphone
See, me and you
We're on different pages
We're in different stages
We've got different flavors
I'mma let you do your thing
Just as long as your thing
Ain't got a single thing to do with me and what I'm
trying to bring

But if my name crosses your lips
You better guard your tongue
Pardon me, give me my respect, and keep it all in fun
If I had extra time I'd walk around and shake
everybody's hand
(Like, how you doin' my man?)
But I'm not allowed
I'm trying to beat the clock now
So I'm out, right after I rock this crowd
It goes: ola ola olaaa (yeah)
Ola ola olaaa [2x]
It goes: one two three four five
Six seven eight nine ten
And all I ever wanted out of live was rhymin'
Either from me or an innocent bystander
I wasn't that picky, just give it to me quickly

Whatever it takes, to cook these cakes
You wanna hear your voice but don't know nothing
'bout the breaks
And it's obvious you haven't found your place
Got me askin', 'Who is he?'"
"How did he end up in my city?"
I'm the crocodile that the trucker tried to wrestle
I'm the main ingredient from yesterday's special
Close the hole and push that level
I'll chop the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you
And I'll be damned if I ever climb another tree
From here on, the squirrels and birds can come to me
From sun to sun and from sea to sea
(Girl, they call me Slug, do you wanna make love?)
Now all the leaders in the place, throw your hands in
the air
All the feeders in the house, throw your hands in the air
All the thinkers here tonight, put your hands in the air
Anybody we forgot, you can stand there and stare
Yeah, you remember, tracksmart (?), off to a bad start
The way I used to carry got buried in the backyard
Caught between a scotch and a cinnamon Pop-Tart
The bell doesn't work, foo, you better knock hard
Line by line, I'm doing fine
Ideas on my mind for my time
Hail when my kind does leave behind
They'll find that I was the one that died trying
I would never trade the way I am for the way I'm not
My crew is kinda popular, we get to play a lot
And my son thinks that I am the coolest thing in the
world
'Cause he's still too young to fall in love with girls
It goes: ola ola olaaa
Yeah, you're listening to the cool sounds of

Atmosphere
Ola ola olaaa
From Minneapolis, Minnesota
Ola ola olaaa
Givin' a shout-out to the whole world
Ola ola olaaa
And we'd like to tell all of y'all, it goes:
Ola ola olaaa
To y'all
Ola ola olaaa
To us
Ola ola olaa
Now band, shut up, let the bassman do his thing, shush
It's like that and
It's like that and
It's like this and
It's like this and [2x]
It goes: ola ola olaa
Ola ola olaaa [3x]
It goes...

Visit [Atmosphere](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.