

## Atmosphere

# "Mama Had A Baby And His Head Popped Off"

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Trying to lift her, pull her

Six, Six, Six in the mornin and I'm takin a nap  
In the back of the car, waitin for the stars to snap  
The scars on my cap remind me of the time  
We went to Fargo, with a car full of anxiety  
An angel's breast, and a tank top  
She started at my heart, she's trying to make it stop  
And if I haven't learned nothin then I've learned alot  
Mama had a baby and his head popped off  
Give it up turn it loose, for the sake of life  
If I knew now what I knew then i'd make her my wife  
I been chasin these mics for too long  
Debating with God bout who's right and who's wrong  
Got a new song to sing, a little happier, hurtin  
That I didn't learn the words until after  
The fact of the matter is a matter of fact, I doubt that  
I'll ever even try, to work it out to having her back  
Use to skip classes, now I skip breakfast  
Never skip practice and I need to flip the mattress  
To help me forget the kiss, the lips, the soft  
Mama had a baby and his head popped off

Mama had a baby and his head popped off  
We did all that we could to try and re-attach it  
I couldn't do it so I picked it up and threw it  
Off the building, just to see if all the children  
Were quick enough to catch it

So I'll tear down these walls, let the chips fall  
Let's all go outside and play a game of kick ball  
Laugh a little, and live alot  
She squeals and giggles when I hit that spot  
If you give me a minute and I can finish my beer  
And move a tad bit closer to the limits of here  
And when it gets clear, and the sun comes back  
We can drive too fast, we can fly off the tracks  
Tuck in your shirt, hike up your skirt

Welcome to the jungle where the tigers give birth  
I only took my time because she looked so fine  
And it makes me crazy trying to pay em no mind

You should save your spine and stay on the struggle  
Shoot the trouble and keep the temper subtle  
My rent just doubled, because they took my roommate  
And I'm keepin these movies cause they all past the  
due date  
Close, cover, before striking  
Lick a missile at the bird and try to cripple it's right wing  
and I end every sentence with a . . .  
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Say out loud, we must network  
Should have been, more specific  
Now have this, daily pressure  
Some of them, just don't get it  
Leave me at, the beginning  
Start over and do it well  
Shut my trap, stop complaining  
Stay sober and step on shells  
My oh my, yours oh yours (oh yours, oh yours)  
And when it snows it pours  
And when I'm running out of fire I just open the doors  
And go sit on the porch and watch the neighborhood  
wars  
But I've got the sun, and I've got my son  
And I've got my will to run until I'm dead and done  
And this is for the love we found and the love we lost  
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