

Atmosphere

"Millennium Dodo 2"

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[Slug]

Never run of the mill when I shoot the pill
I'm a son of a spill, I've got boots to fill
Showed up with a deuce-deuce of swill
And a guardian angel on my Coupe de Ville
Shark in the lake, heart strike the drum
Mark landscape with a dart-like tongue
Spit my blood from deep in the gut
Smoking cigarette butts with my fingerless gloves
Pull over at the welcome sign
And raise a toast to those that fell behind
Everybody else got a crippled spine
From tryna take it back to a simple time
Keep a little pine tree, hang from my rearview
Beats turned up just enough not to hear you
Gonna swim till the fins get torn
I shall return, keep the engine warm

[Chorus]

Millennium Dodo
Pull out your telephone and take you a photo
You didn't know? Better read the logo
You don't wanna play around and get ocho
Recline like I don't care
The world is mine and I ain't gon' share
Now everybody blow smoke in the air
I keep my eyes on the road, but I know that you stare

[Slug]

Now I was at the party sleeping on the couch
When I decided to grab a bottle of something and
bounce
I'd rather be by myself
Than have to navigate another fake cry for help
On the beaten path with a bandaged fist
To represent the last half of the damn I give
Play me in slow-mo', fly like a blimp
Millennium Dodo, drive with a limp
Windows down, heater blasting
Got my coffee but I need some aspirin
Watch me merge into speeding traffic

With the truck-stop plastic, cheap sunglasses
Show respect
You broke down on the side of the road, wanna choke
my neck
I've got a glovebox full of stolen checks
And I drink moonshine that the chrome reflects

[Chorus]

[Slug]
Flannel, look like a farmer
Underneath camo, look like a hunter
With that ski mask, look like a robber
Sleeping in the barn with the doctor's daughter
Got stories to wax, pour me a glass
I run with the ghosts of warriors past
South side, call it pop life
Y'all catch frostbite waiting at a stoplight
All over the map we get festive
It's a matter of class
You can tell by my lack of attractive skeptics
You just mad at my moustache
Hey girl, we'll always have Memphis
But right now, I want breakfast
With the pedal to the metal till we hit West Texas
Then cross to Mexico to see my dentist

[Chorus]

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