

## Atmosphere

### "P.O.SIs Ruining My Life"

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It was buried under a flask and uh  
Caught peekin' from the bottom of a glass  
All this nonsense, incense, common sense,  
consequence  
Indulgence in bourbon, this 'urb, between city kids  
It's disturbed  
Up and around to see the same shit from her  
She gets so silent, watchin' life just pass by in a blur  
Ain't it funny?  
We can sneak into our lives undisturbed?  
Over the perfect things to say  
And then just choke on the words?

Everybody wanna be the next  
Everybody wanna be in step  
Everybody wanna fuck  
Everybody want the consequence of playin' the fence  
Everybody's got shit luck  
Everybody wanna move to they own beat  
Everybody wanna make a dent  
Every girl is lookin' for the next best thing  
Every boy's in love with his girl's best friend  
Everybody hates me  
Everybody wanna fight  
We can't stand to wake up in the sun  
But can't sleep in the moonlight  
I'm right there wit ya  
I'm sicker than my own skin  
I got the clothes and the jaded grin  
I'm at the bar or the coffee shop  
But I don't like drinkin'  
And I fuckin' hate coffee shops  
I'm off the stop and roll  
It's best spin like a twist-a-whirl  
This ain't amusment, I'm a loser  
It was bullshit, It was bullshit, uh  
Got two cents  
But everybody seems to have the same chain but can't  
break my five-oh  
Two cents, (yeah right) but can't spend nothing if I'm  
holdin' the carp it's like

If you come down and just breathe, and just breathe in  
and out  
You'll feel a whole lot better, close your eyes  
Need to be if you can't see them, then they can't see  
you  
Right, close your eyes

I can never be what I wanna be  
Nothin' but a man  
Nothin's even inside of me  
Nothin I can understand  
If I try, and so I try  
To get a grip, a hold, a handle, a hand

I can never be what I wanna be  
Nothin' but a man  
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If I try, and so I try  
To get a grip, a hold, a handle, a hand

This,  
And It's strained to think  
It might break  
Scratch, Crack, Silence,  
This,  
And It's strained to think  
It might break  
Scratch, Crack,

Ah!  
Live in the city, like any other  
We all live alone  
The only difference is we don't seem to know it  
Frozen and lonesome,  
When it's cold  
In the summer gotta wait for the loathing  
Holding, our posture so low  
And we drink so there's not much worth noting  
Strolling, so vagrant, so shaken, so grown, so god so  
mistaken  
So broke, so, so complacent, so worn out, so worn out,  
so worn out  
So full of doubt, so full of restrain  
So full of that self-control, or the lack thereof  
That we thought was soul

If you come down and just breathe, and just breathe in  
and out  
You'll feel a whole lot better, close your eyes  
Need to see if you can't see them, then they can't see

you  
Right, close your eyes

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