

## Atmosphere "Shoulda Know"

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Naked in the bathtub  
Sittin' on the porcelain  
Waiting for that little hurricane to pull your torso in  
The water don't run, just drips like rain  
Still drips like a painkiller drips to the veins  
Fill it up  
With a bag of that happy stuff  
Cuz the way she runs out, you can tell she ain't had  
enough  
Good times goddess  
My goodness  
Got finger nail polish autopilot foot prints  
With a smile that's stitched to the fabric of bedtime  
tales and  
Keep them tits out of the attic  
The mouth of madness  
Loud and manic  
The motive of the bird going south on the Atmos'  
Picture a hole  
Put your hero in  
Envision the gold  
Now zero in  
Been watching your night train track for the last few  
stops  
With no desire to hop it  
How did we end up in your apartment  
Pocket full of gossip says this ain't smart  
When it's all said and done, can't get restart  
But I'll be damned if I don't wanna kiss you--  
Hard

[chorus]

Shoulda known better not to fuck wit' you  
Ain't got nothin' but too much to lose  
Lost in the rush don't know what to do  
That drug got you like I want you

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Ain't got nothin' but too much to lose  
Lost in the rush don't know what to do  
That drug got you like I want you  
I've got a restraining order

Against Satan's daughter  
And I keep it at the bottom of this Jamison and water  
And when we get there  
You can sit there and stare  
From behind your mascara and your thick hair  
I'm aware of that pain you harbor  
The same negative game to the names you martyr  
Apart from the details and substance and whatnot  
That hunger of love pistol and gut rot  
Bloodshot  
Give me one shot, my shot  
Hopped up on enough talk to make time stop  
The lines of chalk that Benjamin might cop  
Killed the illustrations on the neighborhood sidewalks  
Then all of a sudden she got silent  
Pupils like marbles, hide behind the eyelids  
Get away sticks go limping hole place  
The smile sucked up most of her face  
Truly you beat the scene so surreal  
And each criticism becomes redeemed

Swallow my words  
No more judgment it's true  
Cuz you look like what I feel like when I'm with you

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