

Don Johnson Big Band "24H"

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(24 hours a day - worldwide)

The mind is in control of the city from it's divinity
To the vanity, the unholy sub-urban trinity
How pretty, the city, but pity the ones in it's web
Hoping they fled from June back to February
The unnecessary variations of nothing very elementary
Primary objective that no one can hear, very severe
Revere the rhythm of metropolitan fear
The tempo is set in the network of traffic lights near
People like mountain deer fear wandering in the clear
Existence depending on a light only visible from a
distance
Faces of solitude in resistance
The thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis
A rap dialect of rec-record releases
Thoughts deconstructed into thin pieces
Still while the element of skill increases
Tic-toc I'm losing seconds every second
And I reckon the tic-toc is like
The sound of the rhyme of the weapon of time
Letting the crime pass, forgetting the time cast
Harassed to fast, making the moment last
Gotta notice the line from where the boldest will find
Everything they seek as the oldest in line
The predetested sign to go testing, trying
And you know you can't tell if they're resting or dying
This city can only breathe through graffiti and oak
trees
Note please the treaty immediately evoke these
Memories of summer breeze and sunshine
I hope these are the memories that once shine like a
punchline
Through the lazy hours of lunchtime or breakfast
Champions quietly getting reckless
The diamond neckless syndrome that might infect us
Intoned correctness, the homo erectus
Toxic osmosis of musically venomous elements
Is the natural result of the most recent developments
Like elephants running through the streets and
settlements
No eloquence, every single word is without relevance
The prevalence of mass hysteria ever growing

Lyrical dams to prevent the rhyme flowing
And the deeper the darkness the brighter the glowing
Of knowing the answer before the wind starts blowing
So you run from everything you can't quite conceive
And relieve the mind from the stress
Leave behind the rest, be divine to vest
The interest into nothing but the monetary gains you
invest
The artist formerly known as Metropolis
A goddess, topless, chocolate apocalypse
Modest reckless regards to the gods, what are the
odds?
Greeting cards from the foot of the Acropolis

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