

Don Johnson Big Band

"Salt Water"

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I'm riding on the 5.40
Taking people back home in the morning
Find a safe spot and curl up against the window
Thoughts forming in my head, i'm on a thin rope
Disjointed, before this breaking day pointed
Me back in the right direction, close contact
With do you want more?!?!?! and prose combat

Deep in this blue moment holding me tight
I turn around and travel back to the beginning
Plan to stay there all night
No preventing the fact that time is ticking faster
But i'm past the point where losing a day is a disaster
Last a minute more than the mind ever expected
Find a memory, connect it to a december week, in
effect it's
The summer washed away, these moments getting
shorter
I still remember sleeping in the smell of salt water

I never thought the day would arrive when the
Same music once able to drive people insane and burn
Turntables alive would suddenly start to turn sour
Polished unrecognizable, slowly devour
It's surroundings, people howling "new masterpiece!"
Your latest mix, who passed the p's and made a
switch?
Now it's 2 double-zero 3, more mighty tricks
And i would rather see an album like the one in 96
When i spent practically every morning content
Just to wear your tape out on the way to school or
represent
The kind of rugged raw attitude the music related
Flaring like the yellow street lights, illuminated
By a creative force that seemed impossible to harness
My favorite artist hands down, came and played the
hardest
Bands down, on that february night
For years to come, ain't seen nothing of the like

CHORUS

It's out of order, out of control, now the border patrol
Is after you, is it too distorted a goal
To take aim and claim we need a war at a whole
Group of artists gone and done fall in a hole?
What they preach is nothing more than glamour and
glitz
Elaborate pics, bigger in score, camera tricks
Triggering more enamor with fame, sore because
This famine inflicts pain on the stomach and brain
For more loud token RnB vocals
If you're outspoken, the power to keep your mouth
open
Might quickly turn against you, i'm proceeding wide
awake
Breath in, and there's never been a finer day
To spend trying to wait for the minutes to pass
Now i'm treading on a sinister path, better finish it fast
And this pen is the last thing left
I wish it had more letters to cast

CHORUS x 2

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