

Fatboy Slim "Song For Shelter"

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I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper
Into this thing
The deeper I go the more knowledge I know
What to sing, what to bring
What

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper,
deeper
Into the rhyme, what?
Chillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself
Checkin' it out I'm not dancin' no more but
Why? Why? Why? What?

How on earth are you supposed to vibe around the, the
fake ones
The one, the ones that say
They know what is what but they don't know what is
what
They just strut
What the fuck? What?

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get
deeper
Into this thing
And I pretend that they're not there
I just stare

Up in the booth at the dread man spinnin' the song
Spinnin' it strong
Playing things like
We cannot house we can
That's my shit, what?
Woo

I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, I get deeper
When people start to disappear
And it's about six o'clock
Woo, I'm feelin' hot

Take off my sweater and my pants
And I start to dance
And all the sweat just goes down my face

And I pretend that there's nobody there but me in this
place
I get deep, oh, I get deep
What? Woo

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
When he takes all the bass out of the song
And all you hear is highs and it's like
Oh shit, ahh
I get deep

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
And the rhythm flows through my blood like alcohol
And I get drunk and I, oh, all over the place
And I catch myself right on time, right on line with the
beat
And it's so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet

I get deeper
I get deeper
I get deeper

If the house music was ale
And doctor love would be my song
And I would only take deep breaths
And fill my lungs with the rhythm or the bass
I get deep

Now it's about three a.m. and I see people doin' plea
Spinnin', jumpin' and grindin' as if they had wings on
their feet
Raising both hands in the air as if Jesus was the DJ
himself
Spinnin' those funky, funky, funky house beats

And in this temple we all pray in unity for the same
thing
With matic pause without cause
Bass from those high definition speakers
Sitting in the corner on each side of the room
Givin' us the boom, boom, boom
To our zoom, zoom, zoom

The smell of a L lit while walking by
But the music gets me high
Sanctified like an old lady in church
We get happy, we stomp our feet
We clap our hands, we shout, we cry
We dance and we say, "Sweet Lord, speak to me"

Speak to me, speak to me, speak to me

Because we love house music
And on this planet it brings us together
Like a family reunion every week

We eat, we drink
We laugh, we play and we skate
So for all you hip hoppers
You do woppers, name droppers, you bill boppers
You come into our house to get deep
What? To get deep

You guys just keep it rollin'
You gotta just keep it rollin'
You guys just keep it rollin'
You gotta just keep it rollin'

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