

Jason Mraz "The Dynamo Of Volition"

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I've got the dynamo of volition
The po-pole position
Automatic transmission with lo-ow emissions
I'm a brand new addition to the old edition
With the love unconditional

I'm a drama abolitionist
Damn no opposition to my proposition
Half of a man, half magician
Half a politician, holding the mic
Like ammunition, and my vision
Is as simple as light

Ain't no reason we should be in a fight
No demolition, get to vote
To get to say what you like
Procreation, composition
Already written by itself
Singing heck is for the people not believin' in gosh

Good God
Get 'em up way high
Can you gimme that high five?
Good times
Get 'em way down low
And gimme gimme that low dough

Good God
Bring 'em back again
Gimme gimme that high ten
You're the best definition of good intentions

Will you answer a call if
You do not know who is calling?
I guess the whole point of it all is
That we never know really

I'm tryin' to keep with the Joneses
Like waiting for guns and the roses
To finish what we all suppose is
The shit so silly
That shit's so silly

That shit's so silly
It's so silly

Oh, fist knock bumping and wrist lock
Twisting up a rRzla
Kid Icarus on the transistor
Nintendo gig been givin' me the blister

Bend over take it in the kisser

Best friends a-hitting on my sister
Try to tell them that they still a wisher
Cuz she already got herself a mister
And besides that's gross to want to dis her
D-d-didn't I say that shit's so silly?

I do not keep up with statistics
I do not sleep without a mistress
I do not eat unless it's fixed with
Some kind of sweet like a licorice

My home is deep inside the mystics
I'm known to keep diggin' on existence
I'm holdin' in the heat like a fishstick
My phone it beeps because I missed it

I do not answer the call when
I do not know who you are then
Making no sense of it all
Say, can I get a witness?

I'm only a boy in a story
Just a hallucinatory
Trippin' on nothing there is
Living in the wilderness

With a tiger spot on my back
Living life of a cat
I just wanna relax here
And write another rap tune

Driving off on a blind man's bike
I can say just what I like
Oh nothing can stop you
Can't stop you, can't stop you, can't stop you

Good job
Get 'em up way high
Gimme gimme that high five
Good times
Get 'em way down low

Gimme gimme that low dough

Good God

Bring 'em back again

Gimme gimme that high ten

You're the best definition of good intentions

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