

Madcon**"The Way We Do Thangs"**

Visit "[The Way We Do Thangs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I seen more than a little
Seen the lows and the middle and the top
You see I been to my wrongs
Shooting the long shots and they didn't give me what I
got
But, now that I'm a little bit older
Got a little bit colder, got a little to my name
So, I gotta move on and make this work
And I steady gotta better my ways.

Excuse me, I constantly step over the line
Like there's a lot more there to see
A little cocktail drink and champagne wine
And then I'm acting unorderly
And it doesn't even seem to matter how hard I try
Still end up in the same places
And I wake in a haze and I turn around
And I see this strange face, 'cuz.

(CHORUS)

The way we do thangs
Is a little bit unorthodox
The way we do thangs
Make your motherfuckin' jaws drop
The way we do thangs
Is a little bit unorthodox
You see, 'cos the way we do thangs
Will make you motherfuckin' call the cops.

'Cos we always in the mix of things
Got shit to say 'cos you piss me off
But, y'all, I'm trying to be a peaceful man
Do decent things, 'cos I need the peace of mind

I'm trying hard, you know, I'm trying harder
I'm trying hard, you know, to be the shepherd
I'm trying hard, you know, I'm trying harder, now
I'm trying hard, you know, to be the shepherd
(END CHORUS)

Oh, what a cold day in Hell that it'll be

When my tendencies get rid of stupidity
And the instability really gets me jittery
Dealing with business and politically
Incorrect methods of madness, man
I just concentrate of what matters, man
And they all look and say that man's demented
'Cos the way I go about is a tad eccentric

I'm that little kid always chasing the love
And never thinking about who it'll be
I never check that first when I hit that skirt
To the rhythm of the boogie that be
My mama told me "Check where your heart is at
You see the hitter come runnin' when the hard is back
You ain't a kid, no more, better conjure your sack"
Like, you know, someone told my mum.

(CHORUS)

We go against the grain
We don't obey the rules
We gotta on and on
The way we playin' the game
Is how we do the do
When y'all don't know
We cannot fuck around
We gotta calm our nerves
Buckle down and
Move around the world.
(x2)

(CHORUS)

Visit [Madcon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.