

Atlas Sound

"Shoes"

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(Slug) Would you prefer if I remove...MY...UHH?
Nah they..they clean..
I mean..
What? You wanna look at the bottom of?

My shoes are clean girl, how about yours?
Here we are sitting on your livingroom floor
Listening to some records from your collection
Boredom; in between a coma and an erection
Staring at the skin on your shoulder blades
And you don't take your eyes off my poker face
I'm wasted, and your as sober as Jehovah
Knocking door to door, trying to walk to road
That the Mormon's paved
If she was here on your sofa with a beer on a coaster
She'd of told 'ya that my game was way over played
Make no mistake
I love the way you taste like yogurt and some clover
cigarettes
Girl show me leg!
So I'ma gonna trade these shoes for rollerskates
And I'ma stay happy just as long as there is a whore to
pay
But some of us already spent the rent
So we can't be content until there isn't no more today

(Chorus 2X)
Those are your shoes
These are my shoes
We've got issues

My shoes are muddy girl, how about yours?
Here we are loungin' on your bedroom floor
I'm really drunk so I'm looking at your carpet like
Man, fuck the permit, I know where I'ma park tonight
It's closing time, the spins are gonna visit me
They're rolling thick like they know they taking victory
But not tonight, right, I'ma make some history
Get up in your system and direct it like a symphony
Let me get to be the man of your mystery
'Cause them meddelling kids don't understand your

sensitivity
Show some sympathy
Let me kiss your feet
Let's talk about a pretty bird and a busy bee
If I live to see fifty, I'ma be a tipsy, dirty old man
Still following my kid beliefs
I know it isn't really your responsibility
So we'll be strait once i take a hit of Listerine

(Chorus 2X)

Those are your shoes
These are my shoes
We've got issues

I can't find my shoes girl, how about yours?
Here I am naked on your bathroom floor
I got faded, and you fell asleep
And I'm thanking God that this date was hella cheap
Sitting down, trying to keep the liquor down
Light, stars and sounds everything flickers now
Sick bound, the whole room twists around
In front of the toilet assume the position to drown
Here it comes! Whiskey out bounces all over the floor
Now I'm sitting in the bitches mound
I'm just a clown and I'm sorry I found it funny
When you tripped over my shoes and hit the ground
Didn't know you would rip your gown
Didn't think you would shout and get so loud, get so
wound
Yeah I'm drunk, but I'm more than a little proud
I'm leaving, fuck the shoes you keep them, I'm getting
out

(Chorus 2X)

Those are your shoes
These are my shoes
We've got issues

Perfection (4X)

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