

The Roots **"The Day"**

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When I wake up, I look into the mirror
I can see a clearer vision
I should start living today

'Cause today is gonna be the day
Is gonna be the day
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Is gonna be the day

Yeah, it's like every day I wake up
I stare into space and don't say much
Peer in the mirror, feeling dead from the face up
Coffee pots, cigarettes, morning Js, Baileys
Slowing down my day before it picks up the pace

Beats playing since the night before
Thinking 'bout writing songs
Feeling exhausted from times we toured constant
And plus the toxics I sip got me tall
Still tipsy, staring at the city
From the spot we call Los Angeles

Every day is like a blank canvas
Carving my initials in the planet like I brand it
Handpicked to live this life we take for granted
Like a child with an upright bass, we can't stand it

Smiling through the trouble we face, tryna manage
My way without pumping my brakes and staying
stagnant
'Cause I can sit on my ass or just imagine
The madness I did on my path and paint the canvas

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Before I rise and shine like a neon sign
I need the girl of my dreams to give me Einstein
And burn the marijuan' like [incomprehensible]
Is my only bonafide break from these confines

I need a change of scenery like a mind tide
These kids bringing me the noise like the bomb squad
And everybody coming at me from the blindside
I'm tired, it's hard to open up my eyes wide

I listen to some theme music on the iPod
And walk around the crib doing little odd jobs
Checking my breath, take a view from this high rise
Feeling like I'm checking out a game from the sideline

I got to try different things in these trying times
Twenty-ten is different than it was in nine-five
It's come alive time, I picked a fine time
For getting open off life like a fine wine

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Uh, yeah, Sunday morning, plan my day out
Whole new blueprint, brand new layout
Deep down still don't know if it'll play out
Before the first time, feel like I done found a way out

Skin getting clearer and it feel like I lost weight
Stop and say a prayer for the times I lost faith
Troubles of the world had me in a cross-face
Chicken-wing, sickening, liver so off-base

But now it's like I'm in the last lap of the car chase
And I finally understand my right to choose
My preacher man told me it could always be worse
Even the three-legged dog still got three good legs to lose

So you can stop and refresh the rules
Breathe in, breathe out, let it heal all your exit wounds
Something inside said that's the move
And made it today, I'll restart fresh and new

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