

Sky "Smooth"

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Okay this it
It seems to me that I need a break from you, from
myself
It don't matter no more now who's to tell
Everybody may think I'm wrong
But I'm the one who'll be laughing 'till the break-o-dawn
Gotta plan, his name is Stan
Believe it or not he dealt me a real good hand
Well you know I don't mind where this plane may take
me
'Cause I ain't got no worries, I'm ready
Gotta run, gotta get away
Come back on another day
Tomorrow ain't so far away
I'll be smooth like butter baby
Hey man! Here I am
Away from the city
And its urban sounds
Snap shot! Feet in the sand
Can't stop laughing even when the sun's gone down
Some say this way
I guess I'll make my mind up on another day
So Stan, what's the plan?
Have you come around
To deal me another hand?
Well ou know I don't mind the walking
And I certainly don't mind the running

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