

The Living End

"Not Here"

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[Chorus: The Grouch - repeat 2X]

I'm gonna tell 'em that I'm not here
Ain't taking no calls today
Time to refresh and do it all my way
Get off my back
Not taking orders
It's time to refresh, make tracks and sing

[The Grouch]

Bring about that piece of mind and recline
Let your guard down and see what you find
Inhale and exhale deeply, get loose
Stretch out your muscles and squeeze you some juice
Light that incense up and then bless your space
Go to that place where the calm is on your face
I promise that a taste of this is pure bliss
Where thought grows freely and minutes mean shit
I'm up in it clean fit, dreamin' so vivid
I let it all radiate, you see how I'm livin'
Energized and rested, tested time after time
I'm impressed with my body and mind
My hobby's so strenuous I gotta cool out
Focus on health so that I'm not ruled out
Exercise my knowledge and abolish all stress
Get a good sleep and tomorrow I press
Today I'm...

[Chorus x2]

[Bicasso]

Now let's pretend that I was just born
A niggas first breath, heartbeat, a life with no scorn
It wasn't me, it was the egos of MCs they say
The mic tempt me too
But like the dollars makes 'em fishy dude ok
The average day I got the duties of a lifeguard for
myself
When I'm swimmin' in a system makes it so hard
But at the rest I just post up fine,
Patrol my coastline and make the most of my mind
Create the envelope and push it to the people on the

avenue
The ones stuck in they offices, this world is a vacuum
But my sauce it got some smack too
Like on a Sunday afternoon I got you tuned into the
spiciness
Blended just right with this in the pocket like some
jeans
Or the rhythm of these funk strings and I might just get
Another dosage of this slow shit
It's bumpin in my system and my soul too,
It's what I do when I'm alone, it's like some soul food
I wouldn't just get up from the table man, it's too
smooth
This groove is better than any wrong thing
And if the phone rings I'm'a hit 'em back now
Let the song sing...

[Chorus x2]

[Pep Love]
I'm unavailable for comment
I'd rather go sail my boat and ride the tail of a
Comet, inhale of the chronic, a glass of orange juice,
Read a book, write a poem,
Hike a trail in the forest dude!
Breathe in fresh air
Release pressure
Extend and bend and strength yeah!
Burn a incense, silence my mind in a instant
Because now is the time and I'm in this
It gets me open like Halls Mentholypus
Pine cones and eucalyptus leaves
Mushrooms and wild flowers bloom
And cool Cali breeze
Make me feel superhuman
I might fly a kite, go home rock the mic
Throw on a song I like, call up my girl to bone
I'm in my own world, a zone
And it be them days like this when I don't answer the
phone
I'm clearing my space
Excuse me while I take this brief intermission
From out the rat race
No hustle and bustle though my muscles are strong
I just don't wanna do nothing
But sing my song...

[Chorus x2]

