

Don't Ever Fucking Question That

Atmosphere

Don't ever fucking question that [6x]

Enough to hold you to the brightest of lights,
to place you dangerously close to that sun,
enough to acknowledge the flaws you can't ignore
and recognize the cause of what's done is done,
more than enough to put my name behind my ideals,
and neglect my logic twice daily.
enough to keep me looking for my Lucy in the sky with gems,
when I remember how you used to call me baby,
enough to look in my mirror with detest for every tear you shed regardless of
why you wept,
enough to curse any man who can't appreciate the depth of the ocean I swam
till I ran out of breath.

I love you, don't ever fucking question that,
that's why we'll probably never get along.
if I was better at finding the right words to say, I wouldn't need to write
these mother fucking songs.

I love you, I love you [faded]
never, don't ever fucking question that, don't ever fucking question that.
riding the public transit,
I study the blank stares to answer my questions of how and why I got so many
grey hairs. I take care of the nervous that runs through my extension cord,
and I reflect on that reoccurring dream where we met the Lord.
single file lines, to give her a pound one at a time but when I faced her-
I attempted to embrace her, she looked so fine,
I awoke from my sleep before her bodyguard had a chance to beat me to
submission and I still walk with my religion.
I watched the children scurry in circles around a two-way mirror,
worrying about which side of the glass projects the reflection clearer.
hear the whispers of the wind trying to get me to grin,
gassing' me up about the love that I plucked and I've been stuck within,
for every eclipse that stares at me from the other side of a paper cup of
espresso-
I light a match beneath a kettle,
and for every set of lips that become attached and equipped with that program
to seek success, I bleed my ethics out a slow drip.
I used to know a man who met a woman, don't remember where,
big beautiful eyes and light brown hair,
she was from the burbs, he was from the south side of the city,
this was back when Franklin avenue was still pretty.
two different worlds apart, but the world is just a small town-
we all know how people like to get down.
here we go, Aquarius, Pisces,
feel the flow of the fluid as I swim through it to free my soul.
bush shoved the cane without the glove numbed the pain.
the magic from up above what it does for the brain,

make the love, paint the picture, write the song, the player met a virgin
made a Virgo named him Sean.
make the love, paint the picture, write the song, the player met a virgin
made a Virgo named him Sean.
make the love, paint the picture and write that song till the break of dawn.

I love you- don't ever fucking question that, that's why we'll probably never
get along. if I was better at finding the right words to say, I wouldn't need
to write these mother-fucking songs [2x]
I love you (make the love, paint the picture, and write that song [in faded
background]).
I love you.. I love you..