

January On Lake Street

Atmosphere

The doors open
My left foot sitting on the driveway
You lookin' at me sideways
You tryna predict what I might say
But my mind ain't here now, I'm thinking 'bout the highway
Gone with the gust
Sing songs for the bombs that fall in the dusk
We all want a little too much
Tryna clutch anything close enough to touch
And if I had the means
I would never be the mascot of y'll team
Y'll judging trials
I'm shoveling miles
Wanna go home and try to grow a couple of smiles
So I shift to the capital N
It happened before and it'll happen again
Roll backwards into the street
Now talk amongst yourselves but try to keep it on beat
I got at least ten minutes to live
You not a thief just simulative
There's no need to be a difficult finish
You can see you ain't the only one considering getting it in
Claim that you ain't afraid to die
Then why are you afraid to fly?
You better face the heights
Get your bravery stripes or get your name denied
Cause you was waiting for a safer ride
God bless I set up the bricks
Step through the mess didn't wreck the kicks
Dreamt that I lept off the edge of the cliff
Came back said the bodies up in heaven were thick
Changing lanes and re-arranging life
I ain't tryna chase a trail of tail-lights
Manage pain to get the placement right
Stand up straight when you say goodnight

And each broken glass shows a different view
I deal the truth y'll pick and choose
This ain't a game for you to win or lose
But I, never been in your shoes
But I, never make supper with suckers
It ain't nothing if it ain't about hunger
You think you cuttin' the lumber
And I would love to be a fly on the cupboard
Whenever that bubble ruptures
And even when we save the day
We never do it believing that we don't make mistakes
You don't need to recognize my face
I'm trying to fly through time and space
Too late to erase me
With the windows down, January on Lake Street
Poppa got a brand new can of paint
Put your hands in the air like you work at the bank