

## Liquor Lyles Cool July

### Atmosphere

"Keep movin' your body in my direction"

"Let's continue our party everybody by just clapping our hands."  
"

Colossal, large, big as it gets, massive  
I'd kill you all if I wasn't so passive  
Instead I creep off to a booth and hold it solo  
To study these people, you fuckin' filth  
Walkin on my fifth, or maybe my sixth  
Where every woman represents the meaning of existence  
I've no choice but to notice the one that consistently keeps me  
enlisted  
Keeps me aware, she has no idea where my head sits  
And if she did how do think she'd react, maybe double up and laugh?  
Maybe catch some relief, place wagers on the theories, keep your eye on my trap  
Emotions speak through me in the form of gratuity  
Is this enough? Is there an underlying message?  
Of course - every act deserves a/in response  
It's my place to watch the one she takes, try to guess it  
If I could only prove what I really feel  
Maybe Just, would thrust her into my zone  
Let's go, like \*thump\* time to pay the bill  
Again the waitress and I both drive home alone, where you goin'  
?