

sleep

atlas

Look, look

I fell behind a couple hours behind my sleep

Now

And we freaked my headboard

That's a repo

I say the words that they think you 'oughta bleep out

Speak exclusively and that's what is a freak out

Sike

Not exactly one for breaking promises

Not exactly one for taking chances

Either

So if you tryin' to vote me off the island

On the hit you by surprise

Like gage you heard

That I am survivor

The future in the past

All these presents

So with every past the second

I can send another message

Is the day's lesson

Chillin' take a breath

And we can hop inside the van and hit

The paints before we're burned dead

Yet

Nod your head and keep a smile on ya' face

We can shatter all ya' China

Heat up a pot o' paper plates

Have us laughing to the point

That we just sigh and lay awake

Turn this future into gold

Word to my to say grace

Word to my to say grace

Word to my to say grace