

Denvemolorado

Atmosphere

(Good evening ladies and gentlemen
let me get a warm welcome from... more importantly Denver)

(Nothing I say, nothing I say, my mistake to you)

Here I am alone in an airport bar
Why, just cause I don't own a car
Its valentines day, I'm returning home from Berkley
Aint a damn thing that y'all can do to hurt me
Unsober, laid over in Denver
The waitress could smell it the minute I entered
There's seven shells losing their souls in here
Sporadically placed amongst scotch and beer
But there's one woman in the back left corner
Who looks like she could really use the support
If I could only muster the strength to be a friend
Who knows how this adventure could end
Bend me up, slip me the tongue, shoot me down
Cut me loose, bury me, and piss on the ground
Felt the water, but sober it's over y'all
Don't know if I can get down for too much longer
Everywhere I go I find at least one
And I bet it won't die till the travel is done
For as long as I learn my heart hope to god
Up to the side of my head ride and die for the young

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It's the sound of emotion enough
To make me wanna hang myself from the rafter that's over my bed
But when I stop to climb the ladder that's embedded in my heart
I start to question all the emotion in my head

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