

Gotta Lotta Walls

Atmosphere

Dialed up his homie Murs on the telephone
Gotta talk to somebody who can tell him what the hell is wrong
Brain freezing up, he don't know what to do
But the people that know him know that it ain't nothing new
Catch five rings, then an answering machine
Hang up on the beep, stare up towards the ceiling
Stood up to remember that he slept fully-dressed
So he grabbed his keys and put a hat on his rat's nest
Stepped up to that big outside
Somebody once said "Today's a good day to die."
But he never really was a big fan of their work
So he starts up the walk by kicking sand in the dirt
A friend to the strangers, a stranger to friends
He'll take a coffee and a pack of cigarettes when you have a minute
Handle it. Paid up. The change, you can keep it
He's a sucker for the morning smile and summer cleavage
If you knew him better he'd ask for some time
Cuz he's looking for a reservoir to empty his mind
And there's only so much he can put in a song
Gotta talk to somebody who can tell him what the hell is wrong

And this house has gotta lotta walls
But only very few mean anything to you
And this house has gotta lotta walls
But only very few mean anything to you

No shop value to titillate
Far from shallow, so get it straight
Blacktop, sidewalk, and the street
Cuz life is priceless and talk is cheap
And as he sits (as he sits) in his four-cornered room
Following a tune, born to consume
Carefully learning and analyzing the lyrics you use
Finally realizing that humility is a bruise
Scared love don't make none
If these walls could speak, they would peep about the fake ones
Watching this man, falling off of his plan-
Underachievin' just so he can understand. (Crazy reverse speech.)

So, who did your tattoos?
That's nice
And who built your tabboos?
That's life
If he had a glass pipe, he would smash it and use it to slash his wrists
But someone already beat him to it
He would fingerpaint you a picture with his blood
A self-portrait, dramatic and morbid
But the odds of you finding any appreciation are too slim-
Keeps his outlook grim
Tap his foot to the rhythm of original sin
Throw his balls to the wind trying to know down these pins
He'll keep swinging from the hair above his chin
Till he finds his soul in the fifty cent bin
The price of the payphone escalates
Fake smile when he takes home one of his dates
He could write another hate-poem for you to break
Or maybe stay calm and wait for that big earthquake

Still surrounded by the fire and the water
Still trying to honor this empire's daughter
Still answering questions you're afraid to ask
Still believing that God's gonna save his ass

If you knew him better he'd ask for some time
Cuz he's looking for a reservoir to empty his mind
And there's only so much he can put in a song
Gotta talk to somebody who can tell him what the hell is wrong