

## Millennium Dodo 2

### Atmosphere

Never run of the mill when I shoot the pill  
I'm a son of a spill, I've got boots to fill  
Showed up with a deuce-deuce of swill  
and a guardian angel on my Coupe de Ville  
Shark in the lake, heart strike the drum  
Mark landscape with a dart-like tongue  
Spit my blood from deep in the gut  
Smoking cigarette butts with my fingerless gloves  
Pull over at the welcome sign  
and raise a toast to those that fell behind  
Everybody else got a crippled spine  
from tryna take it back to a simple time  
Keep a little pine tree, hang from my rearview  
Beats turned up just enough not to hear you  
Gonna swim till the fins get torn  
I shall return, keep the engine warm

Millennium Dodo

Pull out your telephone and take you a photo  
You didn't know? Better read the logo  
You don't wanna play around and get ocho  
Recline like I don't care  
The world is mine and I ain't gon' share  
Now everybody blow smoke in the air  
I keep my eyes on the road, but I know that you stare

Now I was at the party sleeping on the couch  
when I decided to grab a bottle of something and bounce  
I'd rather be by myself  
than have to navigate another fake cry for help  
On the beaten path with a bandaged fist  
to represent the last half of the damn I give  
Play me in slow-mo', fly like a blimp  
Millennium Dodo, drive with a limp  
Windows down, heater blasting  
Got my coffee but I need some aspirin  
Watch me merge into speeding traffic  
with the truck-stop plastic, cheap sunglasses  
Show respect  
You broke down on the side of the road, wanna choke my neck  
I've got a glovebox full of stolen checks  
and I drink moonshine that the chrome reflects

Flannel, look like a farmer  
Underneath camo, look like a hunter  
With that ski mask, look like a robber  
Sleeping in the barn with the doctor's daughter  
Got stories to wax, pour me a glass  
I run with the ghosts of warriors past  
South side, call it pop life  
Y'all catch frostbite waiting at a stoplight  
All over the map we get festive  
It's a matter of class  
You can tell by my lack of attractive skeptics  
You just mad at my moustache  
Hey girl, we'll always have Memphis

But right now, I want breakfast  
With the pedal to the metal till we hit West Texas  
then cross to Mexico to see my dentist