

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