

Ringo

Atmosphere

I think I'm still drunk from last night
I woke up in a lawn chair
I feel faint like an old ass flashlight
I don't remember how I got there
Waiting at the train stop
Hoping that the rain stop
The pain throbs at the front of the skull
I should have took the day off
Took it for a pay off
The brainwash is insufferable
I'm on purpose, coffee in a thermos
Squint like Clint tryna spot me in the cursive
Missing persons, lost in your costumes
Blood, moon and a boombox full of volume
If I had the authority I would probably
Make everybody throw they're hands in the sky
And everything I said in this song would be classified
And all of y'all would be captured alive

I might've showed up when the party start
I might've got high with your bodyguard
I might've passed out at the airport bar
Everybody wanna see a falling star
I might've thrown up in a rental car
I might've woke up in a reservoir
I might've got robbed at Mardi Gras
Everybody wanna see a falling star

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Once upon a time in the next few days
I gotta wake up and get out of the shade
I might put on a beat down pair of Chucks
My old swimming trunks
And Amir says nothing in my earbuds
Just me and my beer gut
I absorb it before I get deported back to orbit
Over the winter I remain indoors
I want the summer in my city to feel like a rain forest
And you know we should skinny dip
In the middle of the Mississip
Do a couple of spins and shit, synchronicity flips
A three-sixty finish, Twin Cities bitch
And I don't care 'bout what y'all think
Dressed up like a cop, stuck up the bank
The police came in some Russian tanks
And I'm in jail with nothing to drink

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I want a smack machine on the party bus
Your flag is green, in God we trust
You were born in sin, we were born in debt
I guess this is about as feel good as it gets
I want Wonderbread wrapped in rubber bands
It's not too much to understand
I wanna color the world but only got one Crayon
Reach for the sky, try to touch my hand

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