

The Ocean

Atmosphere

Tap tap tap click the globe against the moon
For the next tune we'll let the camera zoom into the bedroom
The more she raises her voice, the less I really hear
The more she leaves the house, the less I spend on beer
All thoughts are clear
Chain smoke a box of Reds
Got to shed this excess gear before we cross this bridge
If we make it to the opposite side of where we stand
We can get some land and make a plan
Woman and man

But your only twenty something are you ready to change?
You've accomplished plenty running
Are you tired? Are you hungry?
Up to no good, but down to try to harder
To depart and sever the old ways of gauging the weather
And when they ask if you treat me right
I have to lie and "yes" if I'm to answer the question
Here I dance again in front of the mirror, solitaire
Wondering where you are, what's the time, why am I losing all my hair?
If I could cook half as good as you looked
I'd trade in my head phones and my notebook
For all the time you took up to shine
Shook up my alignment, hooked up to silence
'Cause these footsteps is my steps

Just get out
Don't come back again
Just get out
Don't come back again

OK enter mommy's little sociopath
Hoping I have the sober cells left
To taste the smoke on her breath
Chosen my steps
Prepare to pour an ear fill
Trying to drive her soul
Keep your hands on the steering wheel!
One at nine the other at three
Won't ever find another like she
I call it thief because she took it
Put the key in the hole
And started upsetting cruise control
Bam! Hit a tree, my fault I wasn't looking
Distracted, but ain't no body acting surprised
Mapping out a plan to put me back in her eyes
She laid her hand on my thigh
Damn near went blind
And spread my wings to fly and clear my mind

And usually I'm at top of the game
At least I used to be
This is new to me
I can't explain what you do to me
Moving me, seducing me, inducing me, reducing me down
To figuring or not how I can go about improving me
Soon we'll see

This whole world will see this
Superhero features
But girl is the weakness
Speaking to the mirror trying to gather my reflection
Sold my sense of direction for some affection

Now I'm straining, striving, trying to see the ocean
I'm riding, driving, I'm trying to make it to the ocean
Lifting up every shell and holding it up to my ear
I'm trying to hear the ocean, I got to feel the ocean

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Deep within I swim a river of lust
Beginners luck
Rising tide injures the crust
Hunger, feed my need to free my seed
I cry, I bleed, I fly, I flee
I try an be everything to each partner I find
But the bottom line is rain always starts in the mind
I climb inside the rhyme
And riddle the growth of the stone
And sip and swallow her aura
Hit it closer to home

It's a quarter 'til two
I'm still waitin' anxious
Got to surface, the tools, the motivation to paint this
Don't know which colors to use, detail is not my game
So now I'm through differentiating heaven and pain
I'm just another stray cat trying to rest my tail
Prepared to go to war but scared to check the mail
She's a bird with crippled wings
Intrigued by the simple things (you're too simple, you're too simple)

You can take the bone out the chicken
But you can't take my girl out to lunch without me thinking
Probably something's up
If you can't take it with you then fuck it I ain't going
I'll just sit here for now and dream about the ocean

Carouselling through this contagious carnival of carnage
Wearing a name tag that says artist
Holding the harness, controlling the motive
Floating the waves
Looking for that ocean

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