

WHY JULY

cleopatrick

K, it's me inside the four seat
Strapped in with the homies
Thought that I could
Change the way I'm feeling
Find a sense of meaning
But clearly I couldn't
So we opened up the engine
To listen to her sing, man
But I don't hear no song and I can't find the key
I ain't feel no beat, no hint of melody

Either I'm losing sight
Or the suns in my eyes
If you can't stay dry, man, then why July?
The songs in my head
The things I ain't said
Shit, I'm getting by, man, but why July?

Cut to a close up on the real me
My Kubrick stare in the back seat
Been riding with the
Riding with the broskis
Singing brand new whip, got no keys
These phoneys can go
Never mind
Twenty two, a waste of time
It's truces, half baked compromises
I'm just trying to be the man
By laying on the brakes again

Either I'm going blind
Or the suns in my eyes
If you can't stay dry, man, then why July?
The songs in my head
The things I ain't said
Shit, I'm getting by, dogs but why July?

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