

Drive to Doolittle

Eyedea

(Hey, where you going, man?)

We measure time by how much we think we've done before the sun sinks and leaves the sky

(Where the hell are you going?)

(Where do you think you're going, man?)

(Where do you think you're going, man?)

Some people say the town Doolittle doesn't exist
They dismiss it as a myth but I've visited this abyss
It isn't labelled on your map, but it's easy to find
And it is a fact; everyone goes there at least twice a lifetime
Me? I've been around many occasions - for too long
See, I never plan on staying
Are you strong? Be
'Cause if you're not; start praying
That your demons will let you leave this unbelievable vacation
My neighbors love the scenery - personally I hate it
It caters to your behavior to make sure you don't escape it
If it was my choice, I'd glue myself in the basement
But I'm tempted by a city with tattoos that sleeps naked
It's a modern Sodom and Gomorrah type of town
I wish I just had enough guts to burn it down
But while the dog pets the fish and the wolves play the fiddle
I put my ride in gear 5 and drive to Doolittle

Do a lot

Do a little more than usual

Well, I do it musical

You do your do's

And do it beautiful

Wipe the dew off the grass

Wipe that 'don't' out your ass

Don't ask

To go to Doolittle - you know that I'll pass

Hey yo, sometimes I write a song and it takes me home

I can't stand being stuck in such a place all alone

I see the city through different eyes

Now that I've grown a little substance in the mushy rub and tug by my headphones

See Doolittle's both nowhere and everywhere

It's got what you need from LSD to teddybears

A wise man told me, to go anywhere, except for there

Although most people like it better there

To explain it on a level, some blame it on the devil -

And run aiming rocks and pebbles at a book because it settles their adrenaline -

But I'm ahead of them, I know the it's introduce my Human flaws

See, it puts you in the days of euphoric limbo

You can't just quit it, it ain't that simple

And on my way to school some days I turn to look out the window and I'll see a sign

It'll say; "Two blocks to Doolittle"

Do a lot

Do a little more than usual

Well, I do it musical

You do your do's
And do it beautiful
Wipe the dew off the grass
Wipe that 'don't' out your ass
Don't ask
To go to Doolittle - you know that I'll pass

Ayo, I block myself in an imaginary box
Keeps me off the streets of Doolittle's Writer's Blocks
It's got your goals in a chokehold that I don't know
Where it comes from, how it starts, or why it stops
I'm tying knots to close that section of my brain
Baby, you relate it's just yours has a different name
Maybe, yours is sex, drugs, rock and roll, apocalypse, -
Impossibles, greener season obstacle, any reason not to grow
There it is, in the window of your shopping mall
Reality is heavy, watch it stall when you drop a load
I suppose my list, is just as long as any
And maybe even twice the size of the average MC's
I need to stop thinking and start writing
Drop the conversation and pick up a pen
Doolittle? It's a town made of personal laziness
And I'll never go there again, I don't believe in Doolittle

(Doolittle is located right between your ears)
Do little, do a lot, How much you do this year?
(Yo, you find it in your brain if you're even partly sane)
Do little, do a lot, do nothing, do the same

Well when your inspiration's dry and you don't even know why
Just chill, I guarantee the feeling will pass you by
Indolence is in the head, and if it's leaving you disturbed
Well close your eyes and repeat these words

Check it out, say:
"I'm in control of me"
Then say:
"I'll be what I wanna be"
Say:
"No-one can say I'm wrong"
Say:
"I'll try 'till the day I'm gone"

I don't believe in Doolittle

Do a lot
Do a little more than usual
Well, I do it musical
You do your do's
And do it beautiful
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To go to Doolittle - you know that I'll pass...