

Song for Shelter

Fatboy Slim

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper
Into this thing
The deeper I go
The more knowledge I know
What to sing
What to bring
Wha...

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, deeper, deeper
Into the rhythm

Chillin' in the corner at the shelter all by myself
Checkin' it out I'm not dancin' no more but
Why? why? why? wha...

How on earth are you supposed to vibe around the fake ones
The one, the ones that say
They know what is what but they don't know what is what
They just strut
What the fuck?

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper
Into this thing
And I pretend that they're not there
I just stare
Up in the booth at the dread man spinnin the song
Spinnin it strong
Playing things like
We cannot house we can
That's my shit
What?
Whooooooo!

I get deep, I get deep, I get deeper, I get deeper
When people start to disappear
And it's about six o'clock
Whoa I'm feelin' hot
Take off my sweater and my pants
And I start to dance
And all the sweat just goes down my face
And I pretend that there's nobody there but me in this place
I get deep, yo i get deep

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
He takes all the bass out of the song
And all you hear is highs and its like
Oh, shit!
Ahh
I get deeper

I get deep, I get deep, I get deep, I get deep
And the rhythm flows through my blood like alcohol
And I get drunk and I'm fallin all over the place
And I catch myself
Right on time
Right on line
With the beat

And its so sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet

I get deeper
I get deeper
I get deeper

Well if house music was air
And Doctor love would be my song
And I would only take deep breaths
And fill my lungs with the rhythm or the bass
I get deep
I get deep

Now it's about three A and I see people doin' fleeways'
Spinnin' jumpin' and grindin'
As if they had wings on their feet
Raising both hands in the air as if Jesus was a DJ himself
Spinnin those funky funky funky house beats

And in this temple we all pray in unity for the same thing
Rythmatic pause without cause
Bass from those high definition speakers
Sitting in the corner on each side of the room
Givin' us the boom boom boom
To our zoom zoom zoom

The smell of a L lit while walking by
But the music gets me high
Sanctified like and old lady in church
We get happy
We stomp our feet
We clap our hands
We shout
We cry
We dance
And we say
Sweet Lord, speak to me
Speak to me, speak to me, speak to me
Because we love house music
And on this night it brings us together
Like a family reunion every week
We eat
We drink
We laugh
We play
We stink
So for all you hip hoppers
You do woppers
Name droppers
You pill poppers
Come into our house
To get deep

Wha
To get deep

You guys just keep it rollin'
You gotta just keep it rollin'
(19x)

Sunday, Monday morning (its backwards)