

Fall Through Glass

Jason Mraz

Though I fall through glass
I am higher than ever
I'm reaching the sky
And I'm holding on

Stop pop shake an ass to this
Now special edition of a fretboard checklist
Living by the funk 'cause they said I stunk
Who laughs now, oh, then she gotta be dunky dunk
Surry is a slide, with an afro beehive
People running hot when Doug is alive
Music's the master, who rocked the ghetto blaster

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Dirty little mother gonna rock it on the floor
With a beat like this she couldn't ask for more
Got one booty round from a dog pound
Comin' back from the task of a touchdown
And groovin' I was steaming now I'm southbound
Little risk of my fears of a hill town
Like I said I'm just here to lay a verse down

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I am always looking for this
Something but I'm finding nothing
When shall we be released partner
Catch this so I get down mother

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