

FlyPaper

k-os

Feeling stuck?
Self-loathing?
Shoe gazing?
Pesky flies getting you down?
Try new supersonic FylPaper
It's catchy, and it's pop

FlyPaper, do it again, do it again
Do it again, can he do it again?
Do it again, do it again
Do it again, can we do it?

Ya, you see everyday
All the people standing at the train station
Left, right, left, right, left, right
We don't talk to each other now
What an alien nation
Up, tight, up, tight, up, tight
I hope one day some things can get better
I hope some way our hearts can change the weather
As we walk this yellow road
And try to shake the load
In this 4-1-6 area code
It's another night in TV land
I say

I'm not one to repeat myself
But if it ain't broken
Don't fix it
I see you burning all that midnight oil
But I'm caught between a rock and a hard place
That's why I'm walking in the city with a hard face
Seems I'm afraid of being afraid

Do it again, do it again
Do it again, can we do it?

You think I don't know
Oh how I see your
Eyes run dry
Subliminal pro
I've got to go
Just so I can be the
Pound in your chest
Game the fame
For checkmate, I've got a new mind state
Plus I've got the power of the cat, rotate
I'm, straight digging in my record crate
Lights in your party so they leave the hate
Time is a thief that leaves nothing behind
And I've got no grief or acts to fry in this fair city
I'm just a man who wants to understand
Who wants to know the plans, tell me the plans, tell me the plans

Do it again, do it again
Do it again, can we do it?

Yo, ok it seems at times that I'm under hypnosis
I suppose this city life is a process
I wrote this, like a million years ago
Tried to get out of the game a million tears ago
But I'm back, chillin', illin' for top billin'
Levitate to the ceiling by resurrecting the feeling
Hip-hop, it started out in the far
Are we lost in the dark? I think we maybe forgot?
But never mind that, we like to party
We don't start trouble and we don't bother nobody
'Cause Y is a letter with a long long tail
And I write these lyrics you can feel like brail
Hail, the most high, I post high
I used to swing low, now I let the crabs know that
My antimatter is shattering any ladder thats crawling with snakes
Make no mistake we not fate, wake up

Ooh, got stuck, ooh, FlyPaper
I don't care, I don't care
Who's that girl? She's FlyPaper
She don't care, she don't care