

Atmosphere, Oooooooh

[Slug]

Would you prefer if I remove... MY... UHH?

Nah they.. they clean..

I mean.. what?

You wanna look at the bottom of...?

My shoes are clean girl, how about yours?

Here we are sitting on your living room floor

Listening to some records from your collection

Boredom; in between a coma and an erection

Staring at the skin on your shoulder blades

And you don't take your eyes off my poker face

I'm wasted, and your as sober as Jehovah

Knocking door to door, trying to walk to road

That the Mormon's paved

If she was here on your sofa with a beer on a coaster

She'd of told 'ya that my game was way over played

Make no mistake

I love the way you taste like yogurt and some clover cigarettes

Girl show me leg!

So I'ma gonna trade these shoes for rollerskates

And I'ma stay happy just as long as there is a whore to pay

But some of us already spent the rent

So we can't be content until there isn't no more today

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Those are your shoes

These are my shoes

We've got issues

My shoes are muddy girl, how about yours?

Here we are loungin' on your bedroom floor

I'm really drunk so I'm looking at your carpet like

Man, fuck the permit, I know where I'ma park tonight

It's closing time, the spins are gonna visit me

They're rolling thick like they know they taking victory

But not tonight, right, I'ma make some history

Get up in your system and direct it like a symphony

Let me get to be the man of your mystery

'Cause them meddeling kids don't understand your sensitivity

Show some sympathy

Let me kiss your feet

Let's talk about a pretty bird and a busy bee

If I live to see fifty, I'ma be a tipsy, dir