

# Atmosphere, Wild Wild Horse

He knew he wasn't perfect  
But he always did his best to get under the surface  
Not a saint, not a serpent  
He just wanted everyone to be impressed with him as a person  
So when she came along with the sunbeam  
Self-esteem stopped making nothing outta somethings  
Leaving the scene was unseen, I mean  
It was the first time he ever felt the need to keep the gun clean  
Do the math  
He knew he had to choose a path  
Gotta get that girl, gotta make her laugh  
Gotta shake the past and move forwards  
Gotta make this last, it feels gorgeous  
But she had a lover in the mid-west  
Never figured out how to get him off her thick chest  
Just like that everything is gone  
He didn't wanna but he had to learn the words so he could sing along

[Chorus:]

Everything is all I have to give you  
And I'm afraid it ain't enough  
And you're not so young that you believe me  
Just because I say it's love  
And even if they come to steal you tomorrow  
I'll know my smile was yours  
Go ahead and chase your dreams and your freedom  
Run, run wild wild horses  
You can't tame these horses  
You can't tame these horses, no  
You can't tame these horses  
You can't tame these horses  
Sometimes it can be so nice, right?  
Sometimes she feel herself turn into the wife type  
And when it's dark, sometimes is the nightlife  
But most of the time she doesn't even feel lifelike  
She got a man but he thinks hes a star  
And it feels like she has to compete with the bar  
She keeps up her guard but it seems so hard  
Momma never told her she would see those scars  
Every night hes out doin who knows whom  
While she cries along like a new show tune  
Last call past, is he comin home soon?  
Or is he gonna run away with the dish and the spoon?  
She'll realize she don't want that clown  
Leave those shoes at the lost and found  
He won't catch on until shes not around  
After somebody else already locked that down  
We sing...

[Chorus]

He didn't want her to see him leave  
And he couldn't keep sittin there watchin her sleep  
Cause he knows if he hangs out for a few hours  
He'll dig another hole tryin to plant some new flowers  
But the sun don't shine under the table  
He's tryin to hold his life together with staples  
No investment cause hes incapable  
And hes on the outro of being labeled available  
The word on the street is his girls comin back home  
No more alone, no more sad poems  
No after-bar calls to the cell phone  
It's time to walk a new path and grow a backbone  
Shoved into the big book of just friends  
Wondering how he would look as a husband  
And everyone of em he ever allowed to love him  
Now watching from the crowd tryin to be proud of him

They say...  
[Chorus]