

# Matisyahu - Wp

Tom: Eb

Slap me Daft, we sat down in the back of the class  
 To seize knowledge we don't need, I forgot my late pass  
 But I'm early to a arival beatbox, you got raps?  
 Meet me on the football field, don't sleep on field, the  
 quarterback  
 No one clapped when we locked in, it was removal of our class  
 But my flag got captured and I fell between the cracks  
 My tool for inspiration turned into a handicap  
 No matter how I tried, I just couldn't fill the gaps  
 Those whipper snappers, they got trapped old chap  
 They lost the way, they never had the right map  
 Needed a sneak attack to slap the demons off my back  
 So I packed for the schddle dreamed big I wouldn't settle  
 Put the pedal to the metal and returned to fundamentals  
 I'll never forget running through the hall with all y'all  
 rebels  
 Roaming through the high land, young bucks invincible  
 Echoes in my brain, if kids report to the principle  
 Substance dulls the mind  
 Traif wine clouds the heart  
 You can't sew a stitch with one hand  
 While you're taking it apart  
 Bright lights might look nice  
 But they sure won't make you sharp  
 You can't sew a stitch with one hand  
 Yeah, misty morning and my mum's a mess  
 To make matters worse dog my pops is stressed  
 Life is a test, make the grade or catch an F  
 Now death is all that's left to ponder  
 I wander off hoping to catch my breath  
 And hold it, mold my memories from untold scripts

And roll up in a tornado twist, now I'm certain  
 There's a pertinent reason I'm on this earth  
 Seasons change in white plains, but we remain alert  
 When new school years appear, fools fear for a failure  
 And crawl away in tears  
 I play Popeye the Sailor and stay with spinach  
 We walk the halls with a grimace  
 Yeah they gossip in groups  
 I try to mind my business and tell the truth  
 For instance, I listen, see it all with basketball court  
 vision  
 Ignoring ignorance in fields of fiction  
 We lean back in the calmest position  
 And embrace the honesty found within our tension  
 What's good?  
 Refrão  
 Intro:  
 Trapped in the elevator of your mind  
 Is it real, what will you find behind the door  
 Your imaginations put you in a bind  
 Around you there's a cloud of gloom  
 Swallow the key, lock yourself in a room  
 Can't see outside of your Universe  
 No more war, there won't be anymore hunger  
 No jealousy, not even competition  
 Let go, release, you hold the keys  
 Time we evaporate into the breeze  
 We are nothing, we are something  
 Let go, release, you hold the keys  
 It's time we evaporate into the breeze  
 We are nothing, we'll be something  
 Welcome to the desert of my soul  
 You can stay if you like  
 There's room for one more  
 There's room for one more

## Acordes

