

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

