

Matisyahu - Wp

Tom: Eb Slap me Daft, we sat down in the back of the class Gm 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 Eb 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 Gm 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 Bb While you're taking it apart Bright lights might look nice But they sure won't make you sharp Cm You can't sew a stitch with one hand Yeah, misty morning and my mum's a mess Gm 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 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 Eb 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

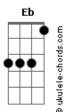
Welcome to the desert of my soul

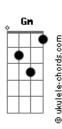
You can stay if you like

There's room for one more

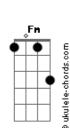
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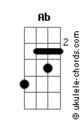
Acordes

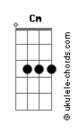


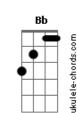


And hold it, mold my memories from untold scripts











Fm

Gm