

Arthur's Song

Atmosphere

38th street station

Sippin' on that brown stuff
Got you feeling like you found love
Or maybe it was just luck
But honestly it's probably none of the above
Train tracks underneath the faceless moon
The paybacks gonna want a statement soon
Been a few years since the last cigarette
But if you put your finger inside the flask, still wet
Stick with the fool like shit to the wool
Gotta get some tools to try to fix these jewels
Cause we don't need to hear you sing
Of how you spent your time as king
Being mad at everything, huh
And even when we haven't seen the sun for days
I keep squint like it's shining right up in my face
Everyones a critic of the minutes I waste
Got me waiting in a line, got me running in place
I don't really know what to tell ya
Say I spent too much time in the cellar
I've experienced a life full of accidents
Tryna write it all down before it vanishes
Wanna remember every adventure
But a percentage of 'em only exist in the abyss
Spin 'em around like a popular record
My head feels lighter than the fuzz on a feather
I try to put the shapes in order
But in case I get cornered
I'mma sharpen up the darts
I truly hold sorrow in my heart
For every heart that never got carved into the bark
I wish that everyone could leave a mark
But every part wasn't meant to be a piece of art
You either carpe diem or fade away into the dark
While everybody else watches waiting for the stop to start
With all due respect to my liver
We tryna get as high as the little dipper
Got love for my people that survive the blizzard
But it's a flood of liquor on my side of the river
We face pain with pain
Everybody's the same
Waiting caught in the rain
I guess that's why I write about it
It help me wrap my head around it
No matter what the worlds tryna take from you
No matter what the world's tryna make you prove
No matter what the world's tryna say to you
You gotta write your way through
You gotta write your way through
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You gotta write your way through