

## Denvemolorado

### Atmosphere

(Good evening ladies and gentlemen  
let me get a warm welcome from... more importantly Denver)

(Nothing I say, nothing I say, my mistake to you)

Here I am alone in an airport bar  
Why, just cause I don't own a car  
Its valentines day, I'm returning home from Berkley  
Aint a damn thing that y'all can do to hurt me  
Unsober, laid over in Denver  
The waitress could smell it the minute I entered  
There's seven shells losing their souls in here  
Sporadically placed amongst scotch and beer  
But there's one woman in the back left corner  
Who looks like she could really use the support  
If I could only muster the strength to be a friend  
Who knows how this adventure could end  
Bend me up, slip me the tongue, shoot me down  
Cut me loose, bury me, and piss on the ground  
Felt the water, but sober it's over y'all  
Don't know if I can get down for too much longer  
Everywhere I go I find at least one  
And I bet it won't die till the travel is done  
For as long as I learn my heart hope to god  
Up to the side of my head ride and die for the young

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It's the sound of emotion enough  
To make me wanna hang myself from the rafter that's over my bed  
But when I stop to climb the ladder that's embedded in my heart  
I start to question all the emotion in my head

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