

# Ringo

## Atmosphere

I think I'm still drunk from last night  
I woke up in a lawn chair  
I feel faint like an old ass flashlight  
I don't remember how I got there  
Waiting at the train stop  
Hoping that the rain stop  
The pain throbs at the front of the skull  
I should have took the day off  
Took it for a pay off  
The brainwash is insufferable  
I'm on purpose, coffee in a thermos  
Squint like Clint tryna spot me in the cursive  
Missing persons, lost in your costumes  
Blood, moon and a boombox full of volume  
If I had the authority I would probably  
Make everybody throw they're hands in the sky  
And everything I said in this song would be classified  
And all of y'all would be captured alive

I might've showed up when the party start  
I might've got high with your bodyguard  
I might've passed out at the airport bar  
Everybody wanna see a falling star  
I might've thrown up in a rental car  
I might've woke up in a reservoir  
I might've got robbed at Mardi Gras  
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Once upon a time in the next few days  
I gotta wake up and get out of the shade  
I might put on a beat down pair of Chucks  
My old swimming trunks  
And Amir says nothing in my earbuds  
Just me and my beer gut  
I absorb it before I get deported back to orbit  
Over the winter I remain indoors  
I want the summer in my city to feel like a rain forest  
And you know we should skinny dip  
In the middle of the Mississip  
Do a couple of spins and shit, synchronicity flips  
A three-sixty finish, Twin Cities bitch  
And I don't care 'bout what y'all think  
Dressed up like a cop, stuck up the bank  
The police came in some Russian tanks  
And I'm in jail with nothing to drink

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I want a smack machine on the party bus  
Your flag is green, in God we trust  
You were born in sin, we were born in debt  
I guess this is about as feel good as it gets  
I want Wonderbread wrapped in rubber bands  
It's not too much to understand  
I wanna color the world but only got one Crayon  
Reach for the sky, try to touch my hand

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