

St. Ides

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I think happiness went the other way
Sometimes you just have to wait
I never believed in God
But things got so fucked up
That I had to pray
I used to steal my Daddy's cabernet
Never thought it would turn into a rattlesnake
Thinkin', everything will be all right
If we could get thru the week
Maybe see another Saturday
All the while where we know where to go
Argue with the homies about who's gonna roll
Throw on Goodie Mob
Some food for the soul
Till it's two in the morning
When rain hits the windshield
And everything is still
Is it really a big deal?
One hand on the steering wheel
We'll be all right
I had a brown paper bag
St. Ides on that motherfucker
In the city where we smash
5-0 comin' then you know I'm running
Crawling broken fences, when shit gets hard
You know who your friend is
And when I lose perspective
When I go to a place where I lose reception
Let the silence pass by
Like you're living a past life
I can barely remember last night
And in the morning, swear its the last time
Where would I be?
Can't start over if you don't get a new ID
I know the devil fancies me Don't mean that motherfucker gets to dance with me!
Bought a house, some would call it home now (What?)
Times are moving kinda slow now (What?)
Watch the population grow wild (What?)
A bunch of people I don't know now (What?)
My city's changed and I'm zoned out
I thought about New York, maybe SoCal
Thru condos people can't afford now

Landmarks bulldozed and tore down
Overpopulated but can seem like a ghost town
Keep a little real ones with me
When it goes down
Conversely, think about Sloane now
Only reason I would ever leave my hometown
If I still drink, I would crack a 40 ounce
Parents left, moved away, sold the house
It's been hard to ignore now
Wish we could sort it out
Last couple sips, pour it out
St. Ides

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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