

Just Thinking

Slightly Stoopid

Ya know that lovin' ain't enough to make the world go round.
You know that lovin' ain't enough to make the world renowned.
It's just enough to make you move and want to feel the ground.
When you're down and you're out and you know
Because we're holding on to lovin'.
The type of feeling that make you want to implode
Or like a time bomb ticking explode.
Or it's a feeling that you wanted to know,
About the world how does it know,
Because we're holding on to lovin'
Because we're holding on to lovin'.
Yeah,

Yeah ayeeh,
Using caution when I'm approaching,
Got to obtain perfection.
Using art to act as a cushion,
Which measures my main obsession.
My inner direction came into possession,
Dressed as positive vibes.
There is never a question I feel like I'm blessed,
To just be part of the ride.
The feeling is hard to describe,
Call it the faith or call it the drive.
No matter the space or the size,
This magic will happen in front of your eyes.
And whether you're dead or alive,
Late or way ahead of your time,
You do possess the power to change,
The negative forces that enter your mind.
See love is a seed as soon as it leaves,
You feel the emotion and passion.
Somebody can feel when something is real,
And not just a little bit caption.
We live in a primitive fashion,
Logic is distant we give in to passion.
So we can get lost and thrown off course,
And keep it from preventing from crashing.
I know what your asking,
What if the world was undermined is it worth this?
Can it be reached if I can dig deeper,
Or am I just scratching the surface?
Well I was just thinking of ways,
Of singing the meaning and making the phrase.
Because trying to personify love,
Is harder than writing with ink on a page.