

# Fortunate

## Atmosphere

I highly doubt that y'all think about sex  
Anywhere near as often as I think about death  
Go ahead and shout at the top of your lungs  
But don't wake the baby up, we got a lot to get done  
That little light indicates a connection  
And if it's all the same I'd like to make a suggestion  
See, if everybody on this comet agreed  
We could set the clock to whenever we want it to be  
I just might just modify the mileage  
I don't know much, but I'm confident the fight's fixed  
So high that I feel like a pilot  
Falling out the sky full of brilliant brightness  
Hurry up, stir me up  
You gotta learn the words before the whole Earth burning, but  
We wouldn't even need to recognize your birthday  
If you were the center of the universe in the first place  
If I had feathers I would fly away  
If I felt fresher in fur I would hibernate  
If I ever figured out how to communicate  
Maybe then we could accumulate  
For now face the wall, I ain't the same as y'all  
A real friend wouldn't make you take the fall  
Sometimes life'll try to break your balls  
With the long list of missed wakeup calls  
You know I wanna feel special  
Walk around the festival carrying a big stuffed animal  
I try not to make a mess though  
Gotta stay sensible, ain't nobody coming with the antidote  
I wanna watch you grow  
And I wanna leave the planet better off than it was handed to me  
And I don't know, there's possibility  
So I settle for selling my soul to the slaves of the land of the free  
I don't wanna leave my family tree behind  
I don't anyone to miss me like I miss you  
But I don't wanna take up too much time  
I'm not trying to run away from the line we drew  
The sunshine seems to feel so seamless  
The soldier is a dreamer and a realist  
And history sealed this  
Thought me that a hero ain't nothing but a field trip  
Nah, I know you're down to do something profound  
Put a stick in the ground to prove you was around

No amount of time will ever be considered enough  
I'm trying to tether it up and live forever through love  
We're not lucky, but we're fortunate  
I'm pretty sure of it  
And all the life we wasted trying to make some bread  
Might've been better spent trying to raise the dead

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>