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Watsky

Thereâ€™s 7 billion 46 million people on the planet
And most of us have the audacity to think we matter
Hey, you hear the one about the comedian who croaked?
Someone stabbed him in the heart, just a little poke
But he keeled over â€˜cause he went into battle wearing chain mail made of jokes
Hey, you hear the one about the screenwriter who passed away?
He was giving elevator pitches and the elevator got stuck halfway
He ended up eating smushed sandwiches they pushed through a crack in the door
And repeating the same crappy screenplay idea about talking dogs 'til his last day
Hey, you hear the one about the fisherman who passed?
He didnâ€™t jump off that ledge
He just stepped out into the air and pulled the ground up towards him really fast
Like he was pitching a line and went fishing for concrete
The earth is a drum and heâ€™s hitting it on beat
The reason thereâ€™s smog in Los Angeles is â€˜cause if we could see the stars
If we could see the context of the universe in which we exist
And we could see how small each one of us is
Against the vastness of what we donâ€™t know
No one would ever audition for a McDonalds commercial again
And then where would we be?
No frozen dinners and no TV
And is that a world we want to text in?
Either someone just microwaved popcorn
Or I hear the sound of a thousand people pulling their heads out of their asses in rapid succession
The people are hunched over in Boston
Theyâ€™re starting app stores and screen printing companies in San Francisco
Theyâ€™re grinning in Los Angeles like theyâ€™ve got fishhooks in the corners of their mouth
But donâ€™t paint me like the good guy â€˜cause every time I write
I get to choose the angle that you view me and select the nicest light
You wouldnâ€™t respect me if you heard the typewriter chatter tap tap
Tapping through my mind at night
The same stupid tape loop of old sitcom dialogue
And tattered memories of a girl I got to grind on in high school
Filed carefully on rice paper
My heart is a colored pencil
But my brain is an eraser
I donâ€™t want a real girl, I want to trace her from a catalogue
Truth be told Iâ€™m unlikely to hold you down
'Cause my soul is a crowded subway train

And people keep deciding to get on the next one that rolls through town
Iâ€™m joining a false movement in San Francisco
Iâ€™m frowning and hunched over in Boston
Iâ€™m smiling in Los Angeles like Iâ€™ve got fishhooks in the corners of my mouth
And Iâ€™m celebrating on weekends
Because there are 7 billion 47 million people on the planet
And I have the audacity to think I matter
I know itâ€™s a lie but I prefer it to the alternative
Because Iâ€™ve got a tourniquet tied at my elbow / Iâ€™ve got
A blunt wrap filled with compliments and Iâ€™m burnin it
You say to go to sleep but I been bouncing off my bedroom walls since I was hecka small
Weâ€™re every age at once and tucked inside ourselves like Russian nesting dolls
My mother is an 8 year old girl
My grandson is a 74 year old retiree whose kidneys just failed
And thatâ€™s the glue between me and you
Thatâ€™s the screws and nails
We live in a house made of each other
And if that sounds strange thatâ€™s because it is
Someone please freeze time so I can run around turning everyoneâ€™s pockets inside out
And remember, you didnâ€™t see shit

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