

Talking to Myself

Watsky

One day you opened up your eyes inside of you
Inside a world inside a universe you didn't get to choose
You didn't get to pick the rules or pick the past or set the pace
Or cast the cast and crew you didn't get to pick your starting place
And though it was a race you didn't understand
You simply lined up on the blocks and when the pistol popped you ran
And when you tripped and dropped you picked yourself up off the ground
And picked your scabs you knew you had to pick a plan to end what you began
As you got older there were days of cold surrender
Days of shrugged whatevers folded in with days of shocking splendor
But as time advanced the lovely days were covered up from view
By an advancing melancholy haze that hovered near the dew
Yet there were moments
There were these pure arresting moments when you stepped outside your head
Outside your pain outside control, outside the bullshit, out of body, out of rage
Outside the need to get it, get it, you will never get it, that's okay
Have you felt a little off today
Had a lot to say
But wound up talking to yourself?
Have you hunted for a kindly ear
But couldn't find one near
And wound up talking to yourself?
Had a little spot where you been going through a lot
Wanna shove it to the bottom but a trouble gonna bubble to the top
Then the bubble gonna pop and the hustle never ever gonna stop
Cause you get up in the morning get ahead then get to bed and then you do it all again until the moment that you
drop
You need a plot, what you wanna witness with this life you got
You kicked and fought tryna get up in your skin and pick this lock
That ticking clock lets you know that bitch you got these situations witchu
Issues someone fit to quick should sit you should down to talk
Ever wonder who's the crazy the one, people walking to work as if nothing is off
But if a person really got it they would be cracking a bottle on somebody's head and looting from shops
Are there times you're alone now when nobody's home but you walk around muttering under your breath
second shit saying goddammit goddammit goddammit just whispering soft
Do you ever get lost, deep in your thoughts, tripping when you think about the cost of seeing this through
When you tie your stomach into knots that you don't know how to undo
But do you ever have another moment after that, when you can see
There's no one way this has to be? Or maybe that's just me

Songwriters

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