Cannonball

Watsky

I don't know what was wrong
But I wasn't as strong
I've seen daisies hold cannonballs above them
But if this was a dream
I still know that I've seen
Fields of daisies hold cannonballs above themI'm so far from perfect
You still loved me when I so far from deserved it
If I'm so brave why does looking you in the eye take every ounce of my courage?
I hang my face to the linoleum and count the freckles on the floor
All of us, all of us are a galaxy of tiny little storms
The good and evil in me wage a bloody civil war
The missiles whistle through me then the rebel pistols roar
I shiver and the final slivers of my chivalry retreat my shriveled core
I can't imagine the I'll ever be happy like before
Before, before
We're sitting in a field in Golden Gate Park off Fulton and 4th
And I've never felt less alone
Just a block from the home I've outgrown
Five feet and forty years to the right from where dad proposed
An inch above this casserole of stones, grass and mud
rusty needles, lost guitar picks, Indian tombs, and dinosaur bones
Everything happened all at once
And the world is spinning like a hubcap, and not just because of the drugs
We hugged and laid there in each others' arms all night
Even when the sprinklers cried on us we didn't mind
We had the rest of our lives to be dry
So we stayed until the edges of the sky turned light
I would have stay until our hair turned white
The mosquitoes arrived to feast on time
Got drunk at our expense, we didn't mind
We let them bite, we kept on kissing and obliged
Say "bottoms up, you've only got til Tuesday so enjoy the ride!"
And I couldn't imagine that I would ever be unhappy again
And I whispered in your ear that this moment is already a poem
That I just figured out my first tattoo was going to be of bug bites
Decided I'd commemorate their bloody drink by printing three circles on my ankle
Perfect and pink in permanent ink
The beautiful wounds that will keep me, you and this moment forever linked
To remind me when I fail myself, when I fail everyone around me

When I misfire and come tearing through your walls
When the cocktail of humiliation and pain poisons my veins
And this carnival of carnage, this mansion of garbage, this parking lot of carcasses
This heartbreak party drains the spirit that remains
That I have been a part of something worthwhile
To remind me of the pleasure your pulse
The measure of your breath
The rise and fall of our fortunes and our chests
These spectacular triumphs and flops
That even if that moment meant nothing to the universe,
It's the closest thing to God I've got
I'm so far from perfect
So far it's been worth it

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