

Moral of the Story

Watsky

[Hook]

And the moral of the story is
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(Work!) till your arms fall off
Till your abs get hard and your bone's all soft
(Just WORK!) till your hands go numb
And they cramp and the fans in the stands go dumb[Verse 1]
I write till my fingers look like a bouquet of roses
You gotta bring yourself your flowers now in show biz
Focus it's Quiet Coyote come on let's go kids
Everybody get together with a study buddy
And then talk about the fuck that I don't give
Because it's so big and explosive
But a lotta people don't live, they don't ever get a motive
If you got a goal you gotta hold onto what hope is
If I didn't have it I would ask you where the rope is
Work is my church and so the studio's the closest
I spit it sick until my cootie flow's the grossest
Don't be so pissed just be focused on your own shit
'Cause we Supercalifornialisticsexyandweknowsit
You're not my biness, I go for number one, not a top five finish
You can have a chicken pot pie
But I'm thinking that I'm gonna have another can of Popeye's spinach
I'm Rottweiler, pop my collar when I pop my fur
You're on my nerves, but mark my words
Gotta put a leg up and then mark my turf[Hook][Verse 2]
Work until I'm black and yellow black and yellow, worker bee
I just work until I'm black and blue and burgundy
Burgundy, work until I earn that rich mahogany
Honestly, can't you tell I'm working, bitch don't bother me
Show some modesty, if you're watching me
A bitch is anybody in my way it's not misogyny
But if yer blockin' me I will soon defeat you
I will build a bridge above you, or I'll tunnel underneath you
I will eat you and excrete you and I'll feed you to the flowers
If I need to I'll go through you and absorb your fucking powers
I put in hour after hour let's be crystal clear
I'm gonna get there if it takes a day or fifty years
I'll fingerbang my fears, I'll fucking punch a dragon

Even with the Himalayas in my way it's gonna happen
'Cause waiting doesn't work, and praying may not come through
And hoping doesn't work. So I will be the one to (work)[Hook][Outro]
And maybe someday you might see me in a glossy photo
No weirdo's rocked the bells as hard as me since Quasimodo

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