

Younghusband

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
I'm joining a false movement in San Francisco
I'm frowning and hunched over in Boston
I'm smiling in Los Angeles like I've got fishhooks in the corners of my mouth
And I'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 it's a lie but I prefer it to the alternative
Because I've got a tourniquet tied at my elbow / I've got
A blunt wrap filled with compliments and I'm burnin it
You say to go to sleep but I been bouncing off my bedroom walls since I was hecka small
We'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 that's the glue between me and you
That's the screws and nails
We live in a house made of each other
And if that sounds strange that's because it is
Someone please freeze time so I can run around turning everyone's pockets inside out
And remember, you didn't see shit

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