

Never Let It Die

Watsky

I'll never it die, I'll never let it die, I'll never let it die 'Cause it isn't the fashion, the cash, and isn't the trashing
hotels
It's the pit of passion you feel, in the moment you crashed and you fell
Then get up and you're smashing it well, like it was a pistachio shell
And you gotta be gnashing your teeth, and be giving em hell
'Cause to love is a radical act, give your brother a pat on the back
And if you get a panic attack, feel like you're at the back of the pack
An opinion's exactly that. If they say that your magic is black
Just do what you do when you do what you do, keep on pulling that rabbit from hat
You might think that you're ruined. You might think you're defeated
If you love what you're doing you've already succeeded
But there's gonna be bleeding, when another one bites that dust
So get ready to beat it, cause maybe it might be us, and I'm telling em
That the journey is oh so slow and we wanna say "no no no"
'Cause to make it is difficult, but we go go go
And my father was telling me that I better be ready ride on through
'Cause I know that it's tough, but it's gotta be somebody, so then why not you? I'll never it die, I'll never let it
die, I'll never let it die Carry the spark as we're marching into the darkness
I don't care if they're marking where they bury my carcass
I'm working in this circus and searching for purpose
Learning from the bird who's perched on top of the church and chirpin a sermon
You want that early worm? Be the determined sparrow
Flying in loops around the sternest scarecrow
Once cupid hit me with his burning arrow
He lit the lava in my churning marrow
So when I'm tested I remember I've been blessed
With that tender ember resting left of center in my chest
And yes, if you fuck with us you'll see my game face
'Cause no matter who you pray to when you say grace
And no matter where you come from in this great space
Every single person is escaping from the same place
So if you got a flame that's blazing hot within
Take a deep breath and feed it oxygen I'll never it die, I'll never let it die, I'll never let it die So I was really
interested and loved folk music
And then when I was in seventh grade, in the fall of 1963
I started getting interested in politics
This was about a year after my dad died
And I think it was a real way to connect with him
With my memories of him I'll never it die, I'll never let it die, I'll never let it die Tore the pages from their

Torahs. Hurlled torches at their doors
So they departed Polish ports and boarded boats to court the green lady with that copper torch who rose up
gorgeous off the shore
Endured that stormy weather for me
Ellis Island, hellish journey
Maggots in the hard barley
Some shot off their own toes so they couldn't be forced to march in the Tsar's army
Bodies pitched in ditches, singed and bludgeoned
Burned the children in the ovens by the dozens
Burned the witches in New England by the coven
They burn the different ones, so clutch your cousins close
'Cause such is life, it's cuts and strife, stitches, punches, knives and hungry crows
Nothing guarantees survival
And we won't stop this terror sticking flowers in the barrels of their rifles
We fight the hatred with the light
And when they think we'll fold and wave that bright rag
We won't surrender
We'll wipe the blood up with the white flag

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