

# Funny Papers

Mac Miller

Did no one ever teach you how to dance?  
Nobody ever taught you how to dance  
Well, well everyone knows how to dance  
There's only so much time  
Yeah

Somebody died today I, I saw his picture in the funny papers  
Didn't think anybody died on a Friday, some angry banker  
Some kind of money trader, recently divorced  
Was drunk drivin' down the highway  
And drove off the bridge to his wedding song  
Blew out the bass in his speakers, you can still hear his treble goin'  
The hospital was useless and everything was quiet but the music  
Recently I only meet peace when in deep sleep  
Been the same dream, world safe, smile on her face  
Waitin' on the other side, I wonder if he'll tend to the other side  
Yeah, what your eyes see too naive for and that'll screw you  
Still bet it all on the glory, hallelujah  
I heard the answer in the gibberish of a normal drunk  
All he said was he's in no rush

If I could just pay my rent by Tuesday  
I bet I'd be rich by April Fools day  
The moons wide awake, with a smile on his face  
As he smuggles constellations in his suitcase  
Don't you love silence?  
Everything quiet but the music, everything quiet but the music  
Do you love silence?  
Everything quiet but the music

Somebody gave birth to a baby boy  
I saw his picture in the funny papers  
Eleven pounds, named after his Uncle Gabriel  
His mother cried with her lips against his soft face  
Watch him bring these bright eyes into this dark place  
Oh, sweet, sweet oblivion  
Way before the information gets settled in  
I swear to God I never wanna sin again, but I fear that  
Trouble's on it's way  
Yeah, that line goes where age don't surrender  
By mistakes, I misplaced, all of my remembers  
Baby there's a little vacation in the dresser  
Take one for depression and two for your temper

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Don't you love silence

Oh shit he comes the ice breaker  
It's danger when he's bringin' out the lightsaber  
The words awesome but he talkin' outta turn often  
I blew the fuck up, then became the worlds problem  
Bad hygiene, all about that gross life  
Hate to see somebody fuckin' up their own life  
Roll the dice, put a twenty on midnight

I have a feelin' we gon' win tonight  
'Cause when the snakes start slitherin', you spot the chameleons  
You realize you surrounded by reptilians, shit  
I ain't an innovator, this a motherfuckin' illustrator

Why does it matter, at all, woah, woah