

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