

Keep Marchin

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Still trying to figure out what I find comforting
And who's gonna take account for all this suffering?
It's not always gloomy I'm assuming if you sing too,
It might give me the power to wake up again
Let's be honest, it's kind of hard to find beauty here
And a cobweb of a longleg, solace it would appear solid
Mr. blockhead with a wooden spirit
Tell the doctor we're all dead and it's looking serious
I've been at shows where the acted like they couldn't hear it
So I substituted my saliva for truth serum
This crooked look is piercing, it could burn a hole through you
I see through your two-faced ways despite the both of you
Askin' for a penny in a mechanical city
Black phantom of the back alleys, poet of the square smokers
Rappin filthy where the animals with guilty pasts
Ration out their fat yellow bellies? the share holders

Damn it's cold here
Will the people start dancing when the smoke clears?
I need a reason to keep walkin
Daydreamin of the evil in my walkman
Say a prayer for the people in the audience
Say a prayer for the people in their coffins
And keep walkin

Vanish through the alleyways (ghosts)
Past the green room
And have drink tickets to the point where I can't perceive truth
If god is in the building then I can't see you
Even if they put their hands up in the air that won't redeem you
It's the place where they start fables
They spend money on jack and coke but are flat broke when they hit the merch table
Now we hand out for the wolves and the people that are hungry
And won't sacrifice records to get some cheddar with their lunch meat
I just pray for that some day, around here we get more rain than we ever get a sun break
It's never enough to get something and I wish I could say that I was humble enough to be blessed at some king
But it feels like hip hop's dead, I don't know who killed it
The poison in the pen or in the heads of who built it
If I don't know the ledge how can I expect that the children won't jump to their death when they question what real is?

There is cold here
Will the people start dancing when the smoke clears?
I promise that I will leap first
Just a starving artist surviving off eating my words
Say a prayer for the people in their coffins
Say a prayer for the people in the audience
Keep walkin