It's Gonna Be Okay, Baby

You're gonna move to New York And experiment with communism Go down on a girl After reading her some Frantz Fanon And you'll go out of your way Trying to find some place you can hide and get high You're gonna think about suicide Yeah, you're gonna call your mom

It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay

You're gonna cut off your hair With dull scissors from the desk in your dorm room Learn by trial and error That threesomes are more sad than fun You're gonna move to LA Guess you're running away from the patterns you have And the decisions that you've made Yeah, you're gonna sit in the sun

It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay

You're gonna smoke cigarettes On the ground beside the pool at Stardust You're gonna get obsessed With a boy who's hooked on heroin You'll have some all-time nights Dancing outside with LCD on the speaker And you're drinking dark pink wine Yeah, and you're gonna lose those friends

It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay

You're gonna fall in love With a girl, which you were not expecting You're gonna start a band It's just her, another friend, and you And then you get freaked out You say something about how you just can't commit And you move into your aunt's house Yeah, and all your dreams come true

It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay

You're gonna come to depend

MUNA

On the sex of a sadistic stranger You're gonna learn to pretend Yeah, you lie about it to save face Until the morning you awake In the deepest of pain that you've even been in And you admit you've gotta quit him Yeah, you're gonna learn to pray

It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay) It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay)

You're gonna start to call friends You're gonna start to call yourself an addict You finally read "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance" You're gonna clean out your drawers You're gonna feel much more like God is a mystery And Jesus is a metaphor Yeah, you're gonna tell your reflection

It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay) It's gonna be okay, baby It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay)

It's gonna be okay It's gonna be okay