

Robin Williams

Noah Gundersen

One way or another, it's gonna make its presence known
From one monkey to another, you can't lose what you don't own
It's ok if you get anxious, just please don't call the cops
There's a couple things I'm sure of and a whole lot more I'm not

There's a sentimental value to the memory of love
It's a pretty looking rainbow, what does it remind you of
Is it somewhere there's a heart of gold that's never gonna rust
Or it's a hard rain honey but it's never gonna flood

Despite all my reservations, I've been doing this for years
Hoping that some magic touch would finally make it clear
But when it all comes crashing down, I'm still standing here

Looking at the same face, in the same place, just a different kind of mirror

Nothing lasts forever and every other trope
I guess it just depends on how much DMT you smoked
But when I think of Robin Williams at the end of his rope
It makes no difference what you're making, the reaper makes the final joke

So I gather my impressions of the universal sigh
And hope that someone's listening to their radio tonight
Though it doesn't really matter with so many come before
And who the hell are we fooling, no one buys records any more