

Headphones

Watsky

I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)
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When I look at who's around
And it feels like two's a crowd
I don't run and hide
I just smile real wide
And I turn my music loud

It's not practical to react to bull
I was thinking too hard and I cracked my skull
It's natural, erase all doubt
If I take my phones off, then my brains fall out
So you can shout. Empty out your throat on me
It just looks like you're lip synching ObLa Di
ObLa da, every time you go, "blah blah
Blah" I'm hearing "life goes on" like it's your mantra
So talk shit, but when it's prone to go down
You're afraid of your own bull like rodeo clowns
I stay low to the ground, I stay plugged in
And when my dome needs love, phones hug my skin
But Earbuds don't count, they're headphone loopholes
I want 'em bigger than a couple sideways soup bowls
And if you're saying next to nothing
Make like my playlist and get to shufflin'

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