

Midnight Heart

Watsky

Well I've made enemies along the ride
I'm afraid I could never be satisfied
But each way that I turn I face ahead

Straight through to your midnight heart
Straight through to your midnight heart
Now you know your soul is dark
Straight through to your midnight heart

You don't know the name of like half of these folks
And they'll be sprinting for the exit the minute you're broke
A bunch of bobblehead muppets to laugh at your jokes
Wipe your ass and come and give your ego a stroke
I had to break it to you- sorry buddy it was time you knew
Nothing you ever said was funny, man the punchline's you
One time for the palm trees and the sunshine
Two times for the two-timers being unkind
Confined to a small mind, but the fault's mine
I always keep on crawling back across the San Andreas faultline
I keep on climbing underground to sweat out all my principles in darkness with you in this salt mine
Where we're all blind, I should fall back, I know all signs say that I should halt
But I golf clap for this false crap
But from now on counterfeit suckers suck on my ball-sack, alright?

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I know you know it's way too late now and your soul is dark
Yeah motherfucker I see through you to your midnight heart

It's tough to care about stupid bullshit all of the time
So I gotta say I'm glad that's your job and not mine
Everybody's got a topic at the top of their mind
A choice of how you wanna let your life be defined
(is it honeys?) sleeping around is your taste?
(Is it money?) are you the paper you chase?
(Kinda funny) You said that I've been playing safe
If you got the bravest voice say that to my face
(is it your career?) pretty shitty to hear
But I took a difficult look in the mirror, and I checked in the rearview
Objects are never what they appear
The past tends to look crooked from here
The mask- that I put on out of fear, the tracks that I didn't put out
The facts that I kept out of my ear
The slack that I cut people who didn't deserve it is tragically clear
No no no not this year
I'm not done changing yet. I'll get these old knees checked
I can't bend over for someone I don't respect

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I'm afraid I could never be satisfied
But each way that I turn, I look ahead