

Tiny Glowing Screens, Pt. 3

Watsky

You're officially welcome to grab your crotches
Synchronize your watches and pour us a couple scotches
People still as statues can't catch you, turn pockets empty
If they're packed with plenty move some to ones lacking any
while I take a crack at hacking the bank to jack em to cover high debts
You're screening floating bullets with a butterfly net, if there's any screaming
pause it and cut out sound, deposit the slugs underground
I'm positive that we don't fuck around
no we go scooping up the diesel that's leaking a sinking tanker
forever stuck at anchor like beetles get stuck in amber
halted like the thaw of the iceberg that shoulda sank her
halted right beside the temperature spike and the spread of cancer
and all my peoples' engagements and babies my friends are making
We quit getting lamer, days quit getting later, life quits being labor, quick—
you should come through to our party, dude bring your crew bring your an arm
y
youth is inside of the heart, the future can never harm me
We're never tardy (freeze, freeze, freeze)
Late or early don't worry we'll wait cause we're in no hurry to see the pearly gates

I sit outside and watch the pigeon shit and tiny airplanes hanging in the sky and then I
hit a McCartney show and trip off how his arm is superglued to his guitar and then I
enjoy the lovely view and stand there for a month or two, my headphones looping Love Me Do on repeat
Paul might not die if we try to wall off this diorama, we'll buy all the time we want and then spend it all to

Move this crowd—to join as converts to the church of blessed concerts and then conjure up some conversation
Yes, I'm proud—my country is my heart and so in every combination we all represent a common nation
That is how—I know that all we lepers and we shepherds join together now in holy congregation, everybody
Stop right now!

I want to hear the church bells ring
I want to see the fog roll in
I don't mind the muddy water
I don't mind the ocean wind
Show me I'm alive right now
Even if you gotta prick this skin
Open up your eyes [x4]

Some days I throw my hands up like this shit right here is hopeless
but today I throw my hands up like this shit right here's the dopest
I'll never sew my family's holes up saying hocus pocus
So I focus love on what is whole and chase my magnum opus
There's so much more life before I leave this skin behind me
Right now I'm feeling finer than Aaliyah in the 90s
Yeah, today I'm feeling firmly like my faith could never burn me
like I'm apt to move that mountain just by glaring at it sternly
Then San Francisco used to seem bigger than Jupiter

From the view of an atom, the human body's a universe
how impossibly big it be this symmetry
this brutality and beauty and synergy
and beyond what we'll live to see, I know nothing limit me
just take everything ever, and we are that times infinity