

ALL YOU CAN DO

ft. Jimetta Rose

Music by Vicky Nguyen
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE

D min7 E min7 F Maj7 G 7sus4 A 7sus4 D min7 E min7 F Maj7 G 7sus4 A 7sus4

Vocals [RAP]

Piano

Ad lib fill

Verse 1: 4x
Verse 2: 6x

CHORUS

D min7 E min7 F Maj7 G 7sus4 A 7sus4 D min7 E min7 F Maj7 G 7sus4 A 7sus4

Vox. All you can do is all you can do is all you can do is all you can do is

Pno. Ad lib fill

to Verse

ALL YOU CAN DO
ft. Jimetta Rose

Verse 1

Happy's not a faucet that'll flow when a handle
is turned
I wanna handle my shit, but it hasn't occurred
I need the stamina, keep on like my grandma-
ma
When I'm not on camera I gotta be a man of
my word
And be a greater guy, not some thin-as-paper
guy
Like the times that Georgie Porgie kissed the
girl and made her cry
Saying "see ya later, bye." Shit I say is pretty
strange
Coming back for Christmas and we bitch on
how the city changed
Fuck it, man, we're changing too. Look at what
we're going through
Mama used to buy me shirts she said that I
would grow into
But it's draping on me like an apron or a cape,
a great tsunami wave of cotton that I'm caught
in that she bought at Ross—I know the cost of
it was probably awesome but my style is sorta
sloppy
I'll fit it when I blossom like a California Poppy
The tears are freezing on my cheek in Boston
out in Copley
And I don't really know why, no I don't really
know why

Chorus

All you can do is all you can do is all you can
do is all you can do is...

Verse 2

So pour that liquor out. I never chickened out
But if got to make a second pick I'd take a
different route
But a grip of my decisions pretty Mickey
Mouse
I tried to join the 27 Club, they kicked me out
It was like I'm limpin into heaven while my dick
is out
And there's Amy Winehouse sittin on a cloud
and drinking stout
But she spits it out the moment I come gliding
in
She's all like, "come on Joplin, who the fuck
invited him?!"
Hide all of the Heinekens!" No, they don't
know my name
My heart is lowkey broken so I'm takin Novo-
cain
And Jimmy Morrison (the Doors), and Brian
Jones, you know, the Stones
are joking, toking on a roach playing poker
game
I know that I'm a bastard. The walls are ala-
baster
Jimi plays his Stratocaster jamming out with
Kurt Cobain
They're playing Purple Rain, or maybe Purple
Haze
And Kurt says, "How the fuck they let this jerk
in with his hurtful ways?"
I try to jump and spread my wings like I'm a
bird of prey
But I hit the earth and break a mothafucka's
vertebrate (hey)
I guess I'm fucking up the blueprint for success
Woke up in the hospital with Jimi's footprint
on my chest
This recklessness, no common senses
I Kamikaze, there's consequences
I don't condone it, but I did it, I'ma own it
I've been living for the moment gotta go (go!)

All You Can Do

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STAND FOR SOMETHING

ft. Anderson .Paak

Music by Pat Dimitri
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

Vocals

G

C

G/B

I ne - ver been a one to play it cool I ne - ver been a fan of fan -

A min

E min

G

- cy shoes I on - ly wan - na stand for some - thin' _____

C

G/B

I don't care if they _____ ap - prove They don't know what I've _____

A min

E min

G

_____ been through I on - ly wan - na stand for some - thin' _____

VERSE

[RAP]

Gtr.

Gtr.

3-3-3 3-5-3 3-3-3 3-5-2 2-2-2 2-3-5 5-5-5 5-7-3

Gtr.

Gtr.

3-3-3 3-5-3 3-3-3 3-5-2 2-2-2 2-3-5 5-5-5 5-7-3 5-7-9 7 3-5-3 3-3-3 3-5-2

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STAND FOR SOMETHING
ft. Anderson .Paak

Chorus

Never been the one to play it cool
I never been a fan of fancy shoes
I only want to stand for something
I don't care if they approve
They don't know what I've been through
I only want to stand for something

Verse 1

What was I thinking when I headed to SoCal?
Everybody gotta order the low-cal or no-cal meal
I don't even enjoy guilt
I think the city turned my semen to soymilk
But I'm a motherfuckin hypocrite
Acting like I never give a shit
But now I think about it maybe a tad bit
Cause pretty baby I be ready to admit
I'm thinking maybe I will never be Brad Pitt
Want the celebrity? You gotta be bat shit
To want to be a piece of meat, we treat em as cold cuts
But go nuts when we see em wiping their own butts
And the crowd goes wild
But we don't smile if you got no style
Gotta be kidding me, giving the pretty people the key to the city
I don't even know

Verse 2

We struttin
Ain't nobody gotta tell us nothing
Because a rose is a rose and I am what I am
And I wear it like campaign button
I don't want a side eye
I say bye bye
Roll up another one and hand me a Mai tai
Because the people who be running the show
Are kinda like the season how they come and they go
And we'll be living while they looking for parking
And we'll be digging while they woofing and barking
They kicking in the door and hoping to barge in
But this is what you get there's nothing to bargain
If it's a hundred to one and we're under the gun
I'm not gonna be groveling for the governor's pardon
Don't gotta suck in your gut if you want to guzzle a Bud
I'm about it baby, you can party with us

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BET AGAINST ME

Music by Jose Rios
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals 2 bars of drum groove

[RAP]

VERSE

Vox

Gtr.

Gtr.

1.

2.

BRIDGE

B min D C#min 4fr. D E C#min 4fr.

Vox

Pno.

The musical score is written for three parts: Vocals, Guitar (Gtr.), and Piano (Pno.). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The Intro section consists of two bars of a drum groove, indicated by a box labeled 'INTRO' and '2 bars of drum groove'. The Verse section follows, with the Vocals part marked '[RAP]'. The Verse is divided into two lines, each with a first and second ending. The Bridge section is marked 'BRIDGE' and includes guitar chords: B min, D, C#min 4fr., D, E, and C#min 4fr. The Piano part provides accompaniment for the Verse and Bridge, featuring a mix of chords and single notes.

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BET AGAINST ME

Verse

You will if you didn't feel it before
Ever since I was a kid never really been bored
Swinging from building to building with my
umbilical chord
But they don't know what I really endured
They say Godzilla been summoned but we're
not running
Attila the Hun is coming, we're killin his horde
Spilling my innards, I fell on my sword
And now my blood is filling up from ceiling to
floor
I'm swimming though it, I'm swallowing fluid
Knew I had to do it so I grew like a million gills
Cause evolution is kill or be killed
Your Mrs. isn't equipped to be having kids
Have her listen to what I'm spitting
It's like sniffing fertility pills
This illegitimate village idiot bridging original
shit with digital
Catching a carrier pigeon, sticking a chip in his
wing and hitching a ride
But there's a glitch in the system inside
Got this ambition, I'm keeping the freshest fish
in my kitchen
I catch em quick when get em to bite (right)
This kind of killing could fill a pelican bill
And my delicatessen will keep my recipe tight
(right)
You kinda Gollumy, go ahead try to follow me
But if you're solid we build a colony, bruh
Calling Me Maybe, they popping molly
these babies are sniffing like they're chuggin
some quality phó

Paul Watsky interview

...I'm playing with the house's money now,
cause I thought we were on our way out
during the Cuban Missile Crisis. I was, ah,
in my late teens—I fell asleep waiting for the
missile to fall dead center on my apartment,
crash through the ceiling, and that was gonna
be the end of everything. And I was amazed
when I woke up the next morning and I was
still alive...

Chant (x2)

If you want to lose your home (Bet against me)
And every penny you own (Bet against me)
You want to eat your words (Bet against me)
You want your feelings hurt (Bet against me)
You want your ego bruised (Bet against me)
If you like to lose (Bet against me)
If you love regret (Bet against me)
You want to die in debt (Bet against me)
If you want to shed tears (Bet against me)
You want to lose ten years (Bet against me)
If you got too much wealth (Bet against me)
If you fuckin hate yourself (Bet against me)

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WHOA WHOA WHOA

Music by Miles Douglas
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

Piano

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

CHORUS

Vox.

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

Whoa whoa ___ whoa What do you take us ___ for?

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

Whoa whoa ___ whoa What do you take us ___ for? ___

VERSES

Vox.

D min C/E F C B \flat G m7

[RAP] 8x then to Chorus

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WHOA WHOA WHOA

Chorus

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what do you take us for?
(x2)

Verse 1

I'm a phenomenon, and I gotta bring pain in
the Octagon
When I wanna spit game at a soccermom
I get it quicker than the left lane on the Auto-
bahn
Fast—like Ramadan—and I battle young Pad-
awans all the damn day
I'm getting nekked and I'm hopping on a
wrecking ball
So hot I get that mothafucka a la flambé
I go to Miley's house
I see that Miley's home
I play Miley's ribcage with my dick like it's a
xyliophone
Yes, that was highly fucked up but my skills are
highly honed
And if I was highly hyphy I might be more wide-
ly known
Se la vie, better pay my fee
They kick it in Seattle in a Patagonia jacket
They get it in the Bay in a plain white tee
Hey mami! You a PYT!
Wanna see me speak? Then I go (go) go (go)
go (go)
Every time I get a beat you know I gotta beat it
up
I bend it then I break it and I chop it then I eat
it up
And PETA would never approve of the way I
been treating the music
I bleed it, I bruise it
I kick it to the curb and then and I'm sipping on
my bourbon
I be freaking it, doing it, keeping it moving
I'm picking apart the muscle when I'm thinking
about the hustle but I'm nice

Verse 2

I'll jump the freeway median, I'm savage
Cause my mode is that I'm meaner than the
average
Like my teacher taught me when I heard the
crowd applaud
I thought I was an atheist until I realized I'm a
God
It could hurt a bit when I murder shit
In a moment I'll be tying off a tourniquet
When I burn em and I hit em in the sternum
I don't even gotta enter but I'm gonna win the
tournament
That's what I'm all about
Do what I gotta do and never gonna pout
And I hope that it woulda been the end of it
and i'm out
But they never tend to give me the benefit of
the doubt
Ever since I was a little I kid I know that I've
been looking for the hot hot spotlight
And if you really wonder what I think about
the competition, they were not not not tight
I been reading my scripture
Every photobomber wanna be in my picture
And ya betta bet i'm living every single day
like it's the mothafuckin Catalina Wine Mixer
Bada bing bada boom
When I walk in I'm the king of the room
And I get it locked in like a king in a tomb
When I spit a toxin and they cough on the
fumes
Cause I'm back in the nick of time and attack-
ing a fickle mind
I'm a jackal I'll rip his hide I'ma tackle him,
pick a fight
I be Dracula set to bite in the black of the bit-
ter night and I'm out. Poof.

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INK DON'T BLEED

ft. Anderson .Paak

Music by Jairus Mosey
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1 & 2

Vocals: [RAP]

Chords: F#min7, D7, C#7, F#min7 (4x)

CHORUS

Vox. I can't change the past but A man's got - ta man up It's

Pno.

Vox. hard to be - lieve Psh Some-times I get the best of me Now I'm

Pno.

Vox. do - ing what I can but I'm a man ___ not a damn chump I can

Pno.

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INK DON'T BLEED

ft. Anderson .Paak

Verse 1

Some got hits about the racks that they earn
Say there's Benjamins and Jacksons in their pocket to burn
But when they shoot the video producers pass around a
bucket full of rented jewelry for them to rock and return
I know a straightedge rapper who acts like a shepherd-
er
A vegan on the mic who's screaming that meat's murder
But when everybody's sleepin, he be creepin
slugging back the whiskey, hating himself and sneakin a
cheeseburger
There's a pop idol at the top of the charts
and when her record's being cut, she's on the beach in
St. Barts
while a session singer who didn't have the face to make
it
signs a nondisclosure agreement and belts out her parts
It's hard, cause I got bars that are big-uppin Woody
Allen
But maybe he's a predator who's digging in his talons
There's a balance, and often I don't know how to feel
In a fake and tainted world, seek the real

Chorus

Now, I can't change the past but a man's gotta man up
It's hard to believe. Sometimes I get the best of me
Now, I'm doing what I can but I'm a man, not a damn
chump
I can say it if you need, but I'd rather let the ink bleed

Verse 2

We dismiss our heroes' skeletons no matter how grim
My fans saying "I'd be honored to be injured by him"
Well fam, this branch is thin, but I'll go out on a limb
to say she didn't love her ulna poking out of her skin
being pumped full of morphine and tied to machines
They cut off my jeans, I heard her in the ambulance
scream
She's in school to do tattoos and mighta had nerve
damage
So I coulda cost a girl a chance at her dream
Meanwhile he pops painkillers, until the dude is numb
Knew I was a stupidass, just not that I'm a ruthless one
Youth is easily influenced so should you be rooting for
me
if I touch a thousand lives but on the way I ruin some?
The rule of thumb is all publicity's your advantage
but human lives are not collateral damage
bandage the wound and then vanish, blank as the new-
est of canvases
When they zoom in the cameras give em the truth

Verse 3

Megachurch leaders sleeping with male hookers
Mayors hitting crackpipes with their cookers
Each week a crooked politician gets caught
We're not shocked when they're cheaters
These days we're shocked when they're not
Are they the person you thought? If they're perfect and
hot
often we blame the victim, scoffing, "they deserved
what they got"
Actors sweep it under the rug and resume with the plot
but they're amateurs and we can see the boom in the
shot
If perception is reality then this could be a shocker:
I've done my share of fucked up things that didn't get
on Gawker
Lots of tiny indiscretions way beyond the public eye
that if you saw would out probably out me as a compli-
cated guy
Mike says you gotta separate the person from the art
But if the art's about that person you can't pull em apart
So you better watch the choices that you makin now
because
they aren't something that matter, they're the only thing
that does

Outro (x4)

Everything they say conflicts with everything I do
But I must admit I did it so I guess it might be true

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RIGHT NOW

ft. Lisa Vitale

Music by Pat Dimitri
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

VERSE

Vox.

C F(add9) G Am11

1, 2, 3. 4.

[RAP] Re -

PRE-CHORUS

Vox.

C F(add9) G Am11

mem - ber - ing the days ___ that felt ___ so ___ long ___ I bet you miss me We spent the

C F(add9) G Am11

whole day drea - ming our minds ___ made ___ up We're mak - ing his - tory ___

CHORUS

Vox.

C F(add9) G Am11 C F G A min

Right now is right ___ now Too loud to die ___ down Right now is right ___ now No o - ther time ___ now ___

1. to Verse
2. to Bridge
3. Fine

BRIDGE

Vox.

C F(add9) G Am11

Push-ing off of the ground to - night I be up in the clouds to - night Look-ing o - ver my town to - night

Vox.

1. 2.

In the sha - dow we found the light In the sha - dow we found the light Re
(continue Bridge under Pre-Chorus)

D.S. al Fine

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RIGHT NOW

ft. Lisa Vitale

Verse 1

It's '86 when my mama has me
30 seconds later when the doctor slaps me
15 years til I get my permit
And then 4 more til we're in the backseat
Of a taxi, crazy youngfolk
and then sun came up but none woke
It's 4:20 when I make that dumb joke
I was saying something like blah blah blunt
smoke
And then it's later in the afternoon
in my backyard when we write this tune
2 days later when I pen the verses
Probably 8 months til you first heard it
So punch the clock, adjust your tie
Spike the punch and touch the sky
Life is hard and then you die
So let's all go hard tonight

Chorus

Remembering the days that felt so long
I bet you miss me
We spent the whole day dreaming, our minds
made up
We're making history
Right now is right now
Too loud to die down
Right now is right now
No other time now

Verse 2

If time is money a second's a penny a minute's
buck a couple years are a milly I'm getting
really really filthy
Bitch, get me a bathtub!
I'm filthy rich, watching my pennies stack up
I shower in a typhoon
If time is dimes then I'm a tycoon
I'll glue em together and the climb to the moon
Climb to the moon! Climb to the moon!
We on today, Today, Matt Lauer
Every 24 we going like Jack Bauer
Hear the bell ringing I'm thinking it's that hour
Turning on my light and I set it to max power
Let's keep it going and going, I'm talking mo-
ment to moment we live the high and the low
And then when we're broken like cracking
open a coconut we pull ourselves together
again and we gotta go

Bridge (x4)

Pushing offa the ground tonight
I be up in the clouds tonight
Looking over my town tonight
In the shadow we found the light

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MY FIRST STALKER

Music by Max Miller-Loran,
Brandon Paak Anderson, & Jose Rios
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE

Vocals

[RAP]

D A/C# B F#A# D A/C# B F#A#

Vox.

D A/C# B F#A# G#min 4fr. F#A# B min F#min To Coda

CHORUS 1

Vox.

G F# B min G F# B min G

You're cree-ping out my neigh - bors When they grab the pa - per You pro-'bly think I'm in - side Like some kind of sa - vior Sol-ving world

F# B min E7 G7 D.C. al Coda

hung - er Wor-king on Su - do - ku And fil - ling in the num - bers Po - lish-ing my ha - lo Ooh I bet you won - der

CHORUS 2

Vox.

G F# B min G F# B min G

Frank-ly I am flat - tered We all want to mat - ter Do you see when you pass by That we let the grass die? I'm late with the

F# B min G F# B min G

rent check We park on the lawn like we're a bunch of fuck - ing red - necks I'm just watch-ing Net - flix Jerk-ing off to

F# B min G F# B min E7

por - no I have a sub - scrip - tion And I got a sus - pi - cion You think my life is diff - 'rent I get your con - fu - sion But you got some de -

G7 Bb7 GMaj9/A 3fr.

lu - sions Yeah I'm fuck-ing awe - some But I got-ta out you You pro-'bly think I'm in there writ-ing songs a - bout you Ah!

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MY FIRST STALKER

She freaked when she saw me
calmly eating my tamale
She followed me home from the diner
Now all day she be on me
on the other side of the street
You can see her through the blinds if you peek
With a book propped up on her knees and the
blue hair
What do you care when I'm home what I do
there?

You're creeping out my neighbors
when they grab the paper
You probably think I'm inside
like some kind of savior
Solving world hunger
working on Sudoku
and filling in the numbers
Polishing my halo
Ooh I bet you wonder

Life can be bogus
We all wanna be noticed
But we're the ones in the background fuzzy
when the ones in the front are in focus
And it's pretty difficult in general
when you really think a person is incredible
And I get it why you're setting em up on a pillar
But the bigger the tumble the bigger the pedestal

Frankly I am flattered
We all want to matter
Do you see you pass by
that we let the grass die?
I'm late with the rent check
We park on the lawn
like we're a bunch of fuckin rednecks
I'm just watching Netflix
jerking off to porno
(I have a subscription!)
and I got a suspicion
you think my life is different
I get your confusion
but you got some delusions
Yeah I'm fucking awesome
but I gotta out you
you probably think I'm in there
writing songs about you (ooooh!)

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THE ONE

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

Piano

VERSE

B \flat

G min

E \flat E \flat /F

Vox. [RAP] 4x

Pno.

Gtr.

with octave pedal, 8vb

CHORUS

B \flat

G min

E \flat E \flat /F to Verse

Vox.

One two three four two two three four three two three four four I don't be - lieve in the
two three four

Pno.

Gtr.

THE ONE

Verse 1

Everywhere I look it seems like everybody's
pairing off
I'm staring at the pairs like they were tits on
Lara Croft
Even all the dogs I see are clicking so terrific
picking out their favorite puppy's ass to sniff
and stickin with it
All the faker single ladies twerkin to Beyoncé
Every single one of em is somebody's fiancée
You never spilled your guts. You wanted your
say
Wait a couple years and try again when
they're divorcees
All the gentlemen are trynna get the pussy,
wanna make that pelvis scream
But when I hit it and I quit it then it never really
helps my self-esteem
We want some tonsil hockey, but we got hecca
cocky
Overfished the ocean, so we're running low on
tekka maki
sushi douchey dudes are saying 'do me' but
we're doomed
We run away from keepers and go creepin on
the goons
Most men and women full of crap, need a lax-
ative
Want the ass when I'm waxin it, Uncle Sam
how I'm taxin it
Do a backflip and try to land in it, then aban-
don it, pretty soon we're back to

Chorus

1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 3, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4
I don't believe in "the one"
2, 3, 4, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 4, 2, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4
There's no such thing as "the one"

Verse 2

Wonderland is where I'll find an Alice who is
radical
But I'm drunk on Facebook now and diving
down that rabbit hole
Checkin on my ex and soon I'm creepin on her
lover
And when the picture buffers I see her new
boyfriend's buffer than me
Got those upper pecs his fuckin V-neck
couldn't cover
My dick pretty lonely but my nuts still got each
other
I suffer, suffer from a habit, yes I'm an addict
But someone else is out there, it's just simple
mathematics
There's over 7 billion mothafuckas on the plan-
et and 4 billion of us are of legal age
That's 2 billion ladies, 4 billion tittays, and I
bet a couple of em aren't engaged
And I get it you've been looking for the one
but they been running trynna hide like Kony
And you're gonna find em if you're getting
back into the saddle, baby ride that pony
And if you never get over that early lover then
it sucks for you
Gotta admit that it's difficult to be watching
her with him but everybody want a love that's
true
I'm waiting, batin' patiently, yo I'm a catch
I'm losing my head, playing musical beds, and
looking for "the one" that match

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BOOMERANG ft. Arianna DeBoo

Music by Miles Douglas & Aaron Carmack
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

VERSE

Vox.

[RAP]

4x

CHORUS

Vox.

What I told you may - be half was true I know nei - ther of us have a clue

I'm al - ways com - ing back to you__ your boo__ your boo__ your boo - mer - ang__ I know nei - ther of us have the key

But I'm tel - ling you you have to see How you're al - ways co - ming back to me my boo__ my boo__ my boo - mer - ang__

to Verse

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BOOMERANG
ft. Arianna DeBoo

Verse 1

I hear a little patience what a man need
but bottling the feelings'll makes a man bleed
The words leave my mouth in a stampede
Watch em galloping, breaking records for land
speed
My heart pumps and my lips tend to obey
You're just so Bay, I hope you don't say "no
way"
now that I came back around to okay
And if you let me I will love you till we go grey
So be my do-ray-me-fa-so-la-ti-do
We'll hit El Faralito, and get a bomb burrito
I try to kill my ego when your subject appears
But I still think of you when I had a couple of
beers
I'll see you soon I got no use for a bucket of
tears
It seemed unlucky how we'd orbit each other
for years
We got our timing right and then I collided with
you
The wait is worth it in the moment we finally do

Chorus

What I told you maybe half was true
I know neither of us have a clue
I'm always coming back to you
Your boo, your boo, your boomerang
I know neither of us have the key
But I'm telling you, you have to see
How you're always coming back to me
My boo, my boo, my boomerang

Verse 2

You press my buttons like I were a Nintendo
Me and her up in a permanent limbo
It's like it's nothing when we're burnin the indo
The streetlights like a blur in the window
I got no cause to feel I was betrayed
It's just a symptom of the of the game we
played
We pull the hearts out of each others' chests,
pull the pins out of the hearts
and toss em back and forth like they're gre-
nades
Hot potato, hot potato, what did you do?
Blow my fuckin arm off and then kiss the boo-
boo
Hit me with a shovel, and then say "I dig you"
And be colder than an igloo
When you want me I don't want you, when I
want you, you don't want me
When I sing a tune and you sing it too then it's
"womp womp" in the wrong key
You always let me go and do my thang
But I'm always coming back again—boomer-
ang

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LET'S GET HIGH AND WATCH PLANET EARTH

Music by Brandon Paak Anderson



& Kelsey Miguel Gonzalez

Lyrics by George Watsky



CHORUS

Vox.   4fr.   4fr.

Why don't we get high and watch Pla-net Earth? Why don't we get high and watch

Vox.   4fr.  





Pla-net Earth? Why don't we get high and watch Pla-net Earth? Pla-net Earth

Vox.   4fr.   4fr. 



Pla-net Earth Watch it spin Watch it spin You and me Pla-net Earth







*1. To Coda
2. Fine*

VERSE

Vox.   4fr.   4fr. 


[RAP]



Vox.  4fr.     4fr.

Vox.   4fr.    4fr. 

D.C. al Coda

KEYS SOLO

Pno.   4fr.   4fr.

Pno.   4fr.   

Pno.  4fr.   4fr. 

D.C. al Fine

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LET'S GET HIGH AND WATCH PLANET EARTH

Chorus

Why don't we get high and watch Planet Earth? (x3)
Planet Earth, Planet Earth
Watch it spin, watch it spin
You and me, planet earth

Verse

And yes, yes, let's let's let's get some takeout
Press our hearts together like when kids make Barbies make out
Let's make out, no toothpaste
I only want to know how you taste
We don't need to tie no shoelace
And we don't need to pack no suitcase
To, to find a new place. Let our moment linger
We'll weave our hands together and then kiss this braid of fingers
Until the whisper, whisper of time's undying rivers
Come decorate our skin with crow's feet, spider-veins and fissures
But we won't cry, we won't cry, we'll step into that cyclone
Together when we're blinded and our minds erode like limestone
And all we can remember's how we make each other feel, then...

Paul Watsky

...Ah, the hippies, ah, were sort of wide-eyed with floppy pants and things like that. I thought there were some good things about what they were doing—a lot of good things, especially the sex...

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HAND OVER HAND

ft. Anderson .Paak

Music by Jose Rios
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

A min D E min C G/B A min D E min

Vocals

Guitar

Guitar

T
A
B

9 7 7 5 7

VERSE

A min D E min C G/B A min D E min 4x

Vox.

[RAP]

Gtr.

Gtr.

9 7 7 5 7

PRE-CHORUS

B min A min F E/G#

Vox.

Ne-ver need-ed a hand til you need-ed a hand__ You nev-er know how to walk un-til you un-der-stand__

Gtr.

B min A min F E/G#

Vox.

Could-a been an-y-tthing that you need-ed to be_____ How man-y more do you want? How ma-n-y more do you need?

Gtr.

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HAND OVER HAND

ft. Anderson .Paak

Verse 1

It's the American dream
But if you pull on the thread, it's gonna tear at the seam
See what I mean? We don't tend to scream
Baby, we just stare at the screen
Like it's a preacherman up at the pulpit
Some with the scars end up holding the bull-whip
Another angry kid unloading a full clip
And I could tie a pretty bow on this bullshit
But let's not lie for another second
We see the trouble, we're rubberneckin
No doublecheckin, if it's an issue we have to grapple
The words are caught in my Adam's apple
I make my body a happy chapel
Cause every person's a tabernacle
But there's no feeling you gotta hide
So let's all pray to the God inside, say it now

Chorus

Never needed a hand til you needed a hand
You never know how to walk until you understand
Coulda been anything that you needed to be
How many more do you want? How many do you need?
Still I wish I could break free
It's that same old simple song I still believe
How many more do we need?
Before it's hand over hand
Love over everything

Verse 2 (Anderson .Paak)

That's me with the long arm
Screaming at the top dog, spilling my blood on the cement
We willing to roll now, sick of getting mowed down
Fuck if I dope now, it'd kill me
Cause I'd rather be known for the dealing
Than known to be hooked on the feeling
How many more gotta go now? How many more gotta go down?
I'll stand in the rain witcha, just to get a little bit of glimpse of the plain picture
People need a pinch just to get em to wake up
You'll be in a ditch before I get you to wake up, say it bruh
Whoever said it wasn't fair, they was telling the truth
I'd be a liar if I said there was nothing to prove

Verse 3

They say we gotta know our role
Kiss the bottom of the totem pole
Set goals, and then go for gold
But we hibernate and hide inside our gopher holes
I wanna smoke a bowl, a hand on my dick while the other one is busy clicking the remote control
I'm no Dalai Lama of the sofa but I hear I gotta go to
where the sinners face the roasting coals
You say that your heart ain't got no holes, well bitch please
Let's all admit that we got souls like Swiss cheese
But wishing isn't gonna fill this abyss
And no hand over hand over fist riches is fixin what's missin
If I wanna kill this monotony
I know the answer is a light that I got in me
I got no university degree in philosophy
But I know that every baby's born with the lock and key

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TEARS TO DIAMONDS

ft. Raquel Rodriguez

Music by Pat Dimitri
& Brandon Paak Anderson
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

Pno.

A min7 G Maj7 C Maj B min7

CHORUS

Vox

E min D C 6 B min

1. They press our tear drops in - to dia - monds
2. They press our tear drops in - to dia - monds

They change our sor - rows in - to gold ____
But they can't change our hearts to stone ____

Pno.

Vox

A min7 G Maj7 C Maj B min7

They're gon - na turn our blood to ru - bies
They're gon - na turn our blood to ru - bies

We just need some - one we can hold ____
I know that we are not a - line ____

Pno.

Chorus 1: no repeat
Chorus 2: repeat and continue
Chorus 3: repeat and end

TEARS TO DIAMONDS

ft. Raquel Rodriguez

Chorus

They press our teardrops into diamonds
They change our sorrows into gold
They're gonna turn our blood to rubies
We just need someone we can hold

Verse 1

Got an issue but it's getting bigger and bigger
in the beginning it was something minor
Got a rat up in my kitchen and we gotta get rid
of it
so we're bringing in a tiger
There's something inside her
Thought you were blissful
I heard you did it with a pink-handled pistol
But sadness, it tend to latch on
and it won't let go like a pitbull
Don't even know if you left a note
Should we blame the Depakote?
Or vilify the Abilify?
You were trying to find your vanilla sky
Then you unravel
Face down on rock bottom fucking chewing
gravel
Because a human's so fragile. What can you
do?

Chorus 2

They press our teardrops into diamonds
They change our sorrows into gold
They're gonna turn our blood to rubies
We just need someone we can hold
They press our teardrops into diamonds
But they can't change our hearts to stone
They're gonna turn our blood to rubies
I know that we are not alone

Verse 2

I know it's sappy
But I want my family to be happy
Without becoming flatter than a sheet of paper
An army of zombies shuffling through a vapor
But I know folks who found something beautiful
And they credit the pharmaceuticals
For slaying the demons that they're running
from
It might have saved their lives and I'm one of
em
But there's a limit to the shit you can endure
You get a prescription and you're thinking that
it's pure
But baby maybe it's a problem when you got
a problem
and you get addicted to the cure
The spike ain't not mystery
We're any penny in a billion dollar industry
And there's a mothafucka on living on the hill
pushing pills
stacking bills off our misery

Bridge (x2)

Had a teaspoon that's full of pain
Got an ocean that's full of sorrow

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GRASS IS GREENER

Music by George Watsky
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vocals

CHORUS

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. Here Take my ca - reer Give me your health Let me have the love you share

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. I've been a-lone for a long time Picked the faint praise of strang-ers Ov-er one who tru - ly cares

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. He keeps the faith in a dark room Fin-gers twitch-ing like moth wings Ho-ping to mat-ter But he can't see how he mat-ters to you

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. You can't drink wine or cof - fee And you're stuck with a bo - dy That fights each small re-quest you make

To Coda

VERSE

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. [RAP] 4x the D.S. al Coda

A min C E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. Each ti-ny prayer you whis-per to your-self The ti-ny prayers you whis-per to your-self The ti-ny prayers you whis-per to your-self

OUTRO

E min G A min C E min G A min C

Vox. Harmonica solo Loop and fade out

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GRASS IS GREENER

Chorus

Here, take my career
Give her your health
Let me have the love you share
I've been alone for a long time
Picked the faint praise strangers
over one who truly cares
He keeps the faith in a dark room
Fingers twitching like moth wings
Hoping to matter
But he can't see how he matters to you
You can't drink wine or coffee
And you're stuck with a body
That fights each small request you make

Verse

I got that brown grass dogs come pee on
Your grass so bright it's neon
green and tie-dye and grows a mile high
We'll be betrayed by the seeds that we sow
Tiny blades grow and stab the earth from below
Your dying dreams bleeding out in the snow
You with the crumbling hips
She sees strangers eat oranges and clenches her fists
In these miles of highway
You're the prettiest pileup that I've ever glimpsed
I'm lost in the awful withdrawals
Grass seems much greener beyond these old walls
But my worries so small
When I walk through those hospital halls

Chorus 2

[Here, take my career [...] That fights each]
Tiny prayer you whisper to yourself
The tiny prayers you whisper to yourself (repeat)

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NEVER LET IT DIE

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

A min7 C G A min7

CHORUS

A min7 C G A min7

Vocals

CHOIR: I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die.

Piano

Vox.

A min7 C G A min7 A min7 C G A min7

I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die. I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die.

Pno.

VERSE 1

A min7 C G A min7 A min7 C G A min7

I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die, I'll ne-ver let it die. [RAP]

To Coda Fine 8x then D.S. al Coda

VERSE 2

A min7 C G A min7 F Maj7

[RAP]

4x then D.S. al Fine

Pno.

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NEVER LET IT DIE

Intro

Kush Mody. Anderson .Paak

Chorus

I'll never let it die, I'll never let it die, I'll never let it die (x4)

Verse 1

Cause it isn't the fashion, the cash, and isn't the trashing
hotels
It's the pit of passion you feel, in the moment you
crashed and you fell
Then get up and you're smashing it well, like it was a
pistachio shell
And you gotta be gnashing your teeth, and be giving em
hell
Cause to love is a radical act, give your brother a pat on
the back
And if you get a panic attack, feel like you're at the back
of the pack
An opinion's exactly that. If they say that your magic is
black
Just do what you do when you do what you do, keep on
pulling that rabbit from hat
You might think that you're ruined. You might think you're
defeated
If you love what you're doing you've already succeeded
But there's gonna be bleeding, when another one bites
that dust
So get ready to beat it, cause maybe it might be us, and
I'm telling em
that the journey is oh so slow and we wanna say "no no
no"
Cause to make it is difficult, but we go go go
And my father was telling me that I better be ready ride
on through
Cause I know that it's tough, but it's gotta be somebody,
so then why not you?

Verse 2

Carry the spark as we're marching into the darkness
I don't care if they're marking where they bury my car-
cass
I'm working in this circus and searching for purpose
Learning from the bird who's perched on top of the
church and chirpin a sermon
You want that early worm? Be the determined sparrow
Flying in loops around the sternest scarecrow
Once cupid hit me with his burning arrow
He lit the lava in my churning marrow
So when I'm tested I remember I've been blessed
with that tender ember resting left of center in my chest
And yes, if you fuck with us you'll see my game face
Cause no matter who you pray to when you say grace
And no matter where you come from in this great space
every single person is escaping from the same place
So if you got a flame that's blazing hot within
take a deep breath and feed it oxygen

Mom

...So I was really interested and loved folk music, and
then when I was in seventh grade, in the fall of 1963,
I started getting interested in politics. This was about a
year after my dad died, and I think it was a real way to
connect with him... with my memories of him...

Poetry section

Tore the pages from their Torahs. Hurlled torches at their
doors
So they departed Polish ports and boarded boats to
court the green lady with that copper torch who rose up
gorgeous off the shore
Endured that stormy weather for me
Ellis Island, hellish journey
Maggots in the hard barley
Some shot off their own toes so they couldn't be forced
to march in the Tsar's army
Bodies pitched in ditches, singed and bludgeoned
Burned the children in the ovens by the dozens
Burned the witches in New England by the coven
They burn the different ones, so clutch your cousins
close
Cause such is life, it's cuts and strife, stitches, punches,
knives and hungry crows
Nothing guarantees survival
And we won't stop this terror sticking flowers in the
barrels of their rifles
We fight the hatred with the light
And when they think we'll fold and wave that bright rag
We won't surrender
We'll wipe the blood up with the white flag

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SARAJEVO

ft. Dia Frampton

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1 & 2

Vocals: [RAP]

Vox.:

Vox.:

CHORUS

Vox.:

Sa - ra - je - vo Sa - ra - je - vo you're the al - tar that I pray

Vox.:

— to God is love — and love is all we have —

Vox.:

Sa - ra - je - vo Sa - ra - je - vo I will hon - or and be faith -

Vox.:

- - ful God is love — and love is all we have —

VERSE 3

Vox.:

[RAP]

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SARAJEVO
ft. Dia Frampton

Verse 1

And they wonder what our parents say
And they wonder how we'll raise our children
And they tell me that I'm living with a monster
And they whisper that she took up with a villain
But I don't see dragon's scales
And I don't see claws and fangs
All I'm looking at is arms that hold me
Brown eyes that understand
And when she closed those eyes one final time
no pipers came
But I know we got a love that's truer than a
military sniper's aim
But we won't die in vain
Tie that chain round my waist
And pull me from the bottom of the pit of hell
up to your final resting place

Chorus 1

Sarajevo, Sarajevo
You're the altar that I pray to
God is love and love is all we have

Verse 2

We were tryna run from the city
Had the hope and the pride of the kids
People wanna put up walls to divide us
Kinda fitting that we died on a bridge
Same souls, both sides of the banks
They say we're different and they're fillin in the
facts
But they put the same metal in the bullets
And they put the same bullets in our backs
Kinda love that we got is one in a mill
Ain't no God that I pray to would wanna kill
It's not God but it's fear and it's politics
And a Molotov that was lit with a dollar bill
Don't say that all is lost
Escape this holocaust
My God, Allah, my darling, star and crescent
and my cross

Chorus 2

Sarajevo, Sarajevo
You're the altar that I pray to
God is love and love is all we have
Sarajevo, Sarajevo
I will honor and be faithful
God is love and love is all we have

Verse 3

Where do we come from? Where do we go?
You could fill up the sea with the things I don't
know
But I know what I feel and I know when it's
real
And I hope that we heal
We're two drops of the blood and tears
over thousands of years of the clash of the
steel
I'm not blind to the cycle
We're pressed in spine of a Bible
They define the divine by the title
But what did Christ say? To be kind to my rival
You're my kind of revival
It's true ya, my favorite Hallelujah
You my you my favorite Hallelujah

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CANNONBALL

ft. Stephen Stills

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

G D min G D min B^b F C G F

Vox.

D A min D A min F C B^b F C

Vox.

CHORUS

G D min G D min B^b F C G F

Vox.

I don't know what was wrong But I was-n't as strong I've seen dai - sies hold can-non - balls a - bove them

D A min D A min F C B^b F C

Vox.

But if this was a dream I still know that I've seen _____ fields of dai - sies hold can-non - balls a - bove them

POEM

G D min G D min B^b F C G F

Vox.

[SPOKEN WORD]

D A min D A min F C B^b F C

Vox.

Loop through poem, then Chorus

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CANNONBALL

ft. Stephen Stills

Chorus

I don't know what was wrong
But I wasn't as strong
I've seen daisies hold cannonballs above them
But if this was a dream
I still know that I've seen
Fields of daisies hold cannonballs above them

Poetry section

I'm so far from perfect
You still loved me when I so far from deserved it
If I'm so brave why does looking you in the eye
take every ounce of my courage?
I hang my face to the linoleum and count the
freckles on the floor
All of us, all of us are a galaxy of tiny little
storms
The good and evil in me wage a bloody civil
war
The missiles whistle through me then the rebel
pistols roar
I shiver and the final slivers of my chivalry re-
treat my shriveled core
I can't imagine the I'll ever be happy like be-
fore
Before, before
We're sitting in a field in Golden Gate Park off
Fulton and 4th
And I've never felt less alone
Just a block from the home I've outgrown
Five feet and forty years to the right from
where dad proposed
An inch above this casserole of stones, grass
and mud, rusty needles, lost guitar picks, Indian
tombs, and dinosaur bones
Everything happened all at once
And the world is spinning like a hubcap, and
not just because of the drugs
We hugged and laid there in each others' arms
all night
Even when the sprinklers cried on us we didn't
mind
We had the rest of our lives to be dry
So we stayed until the edges of the sky turned
light

I would have stay until our hair turned white
The mosquitoes arrived to feast on time
Got drunk at our expense, we didn't mind
We let them bite, we kept on kissing and
obliged
Say "bottoms up, you've only got til Tuesday
so enjoy the ride!"
And I couldn't imagine that I would ever be
unhappy again
And I whispered in your ear that this moment
is already a poem
That I just figured out my first tattoo was going
to be of bug bites
Decided I'd commemorate their bloody drink
by printing three circles on my ankle, perfect
and pink in permanent ink
The beautiful wounds that will keep me, you
and this moment forever linked
To remind me when I fail myself, when I fail
everyone around me
When I misfire and come tearing through your
walls
When the cocktail of humiliation and pain poi-
sons my veins
And this carnival of carnage, this mansion of
garbage, this parking lot of carcasses, this
heartbreak party drains the spirit that remains
That I have been a part of something worth-
while
To remind me of the pleasure your pulse
The measure of your breath
The rise and fall of our fortunes and our chests
These spectacular triumphs and flops
That even if that moment meant nothing to the
universe, it's the closest thing to God I've got
I'm so far from perfect
So far it's been worth it

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