

GRASS IS GREENER

Music by George Watsky
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

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

Vox.

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*

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)

All You Can Do

©2014 George Watsky

All Rights Administered by Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP)

All Rights Reserved