

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

Verse 1: 4x
Verse 2: 6x

Vocals

[RAP]

Piano

Ad lib fill

CHORUS

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

to Verse

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

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 limp 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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