

MORAL OF THE STORY

Music by Miles Douglas
& Max Miller-Loran
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

Vocals

Piano

And the mo - ral of the sto - ry is

Vocals

and the mo - ral of the sto - ry is
WORK! 'Til your arms fall off til your abs get hard and your bone's all soft just

Vocals

and the mo - ral of the sto - ry is
WORK! 'Til your hands go numb and they cramp and the fans in the stands go dumb

VERSES

Pno.

[RAP]

8x then chorus

THE MORAL OF THE STORY
(based on 'Ready or Not Here I Come' by the Delfonics)

Chorus:

And the moral of the story is
And the moral of the story is (Work!)
till your arms fall off
till your abs get hard and your bone's all
soft (Just WORK!)
till your hands go numb
and they cramp and the fans in the stands
and the go dumb

Verse 1:

I write till my fingers look like a bouquet of
roses
you gotta bring yourself your flowers now in
show biz
focus it's Quiet Coyote come on let's go kids
everybody get together with a study buddy
and then talk about then fuck that I don't
give
Because it's so big and explosive
but a lotta people don't live, they don't ever
get a motive
if you got a goal you gotta hold onto it that
what hope is
If I didn't have it I would ask you where the
rope is
work is my church and so the studio's the
closest
I spit it sick until my cootie flow's the grossest
don't be so pissed just be focused on your
own shit
cause we Supercalifornialisticsexyandwe-
knowsit
you're not my biness, I go for number one,
not a top five finish
you can have a chicken pot pie
but I'm thinking that I'm gonna have another
can of Popeye's spinach
I'm Rottweiler, pop my collar when I pop my
fur
you're on my nerves, but mark my words
gotta put a leg up and then mark my turf

Verse 2:

Work until I'm black and yellow black and
yellow, worker bee
I just work until I'm black and blue and bur-
gundy
Burgundy, work until I earn that rich mahog-
any
honestly, can't you tell I'm working, bitch
don't bother me
show some modesty, if you're watching me
a bitch is anybody in my way it's not misog-
yny
But if yer blockin me I will soon defeat you
I will build a bridge above you, or I'll tunnel
underneath you
I will eat you and excrete you and I'll feed
you to the flowers
If I need to I'll go through you and absorb
your fucking powers
I put in hour after hour let's be crystal clear
I'm gonna get there if it takes a day or fifty
years
I'll fingerbang my fears, I'll fucking punch a
dragon
Even with the Himalayas in my way it's gon-
na happen
Cause waiting doesn't work, and praying
may not come through
And hoping doesn't work. So I will be the
one to (work)

Outro (repeat):

And maybe someday you might see me in a
glossy photo
No weirdo's rocked the bells as hard as me
since Quasimodo