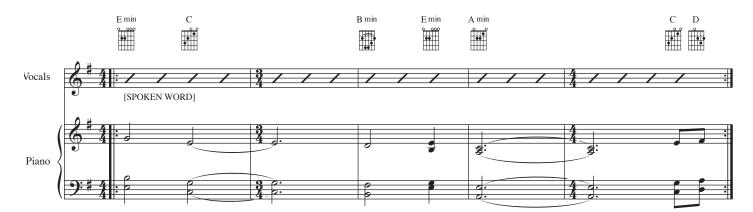
TINY GLOWING SCREENS PT. 2

Music by Kush Mody Lyrics by George Watsky



There's 7 billion 46 million people on the planet/ and most of us have the audacity to think we matter

Hey you hear the one about the comedian who croaked? someone stabbed him in the heart, just a little poke but he keeled over cause he went into battle wearing chain mail made of jokes

Hey, you hear the one about the screenwriter who passed away?

He was giving elevator pitches and the elevator got stuck halfway

He ended up eating smushed sandwiches they pushed through a crack in the door

and repeating the same crappy screenplay idea about talking dogs til his last day

Hey, you hear the one about the fisherman who passed? He didn't jump off that ledge

he just stepped out into the air and pulled the ground up towards him really fast

Like he was pitching a line and went fishing for concrete the earth is a drum he's hitting it on beat

The reason there's smog in Los Angeles is cause if we could see the stars

if we could see the context of the universe in which we

and we could see how small each one of us is against the vastness of what we don't know

no one who ever audition for a McDonalds commercial again

and then where would we be?

no frozen dinners and no TV

and is that a world we want to text in?

Either someone just microwaved popcorn

or I hear the sound a thousand people pulling their heads out of their asses in rapid succession

The people are hunched over in Boston

They're starting ap stores and screen printing companies in San Francisco

they're grinning in Los Angeles like they've got fishhooks in the corners of their mouth

but don't paint me like the good guy cause every time I

I get to choose the angle that you view me and select the nicest light

You wouldn't respect me if you heard the typewriter chatter tap tapping through my mind at night

the same stupid tape loop of old sitcom dialogue and tattered memories of a girl I got to grind on in high school filed carefully on rice paper

my heart is a colored pencil but my brain is an eraser

I don't want a real girl, I want to trace her from a catalogue

Truth be told I'm unlikely to hold you down cause my soul is a crowded subway train and people keep deciding to get on the next one that rolls through town

I'm joining a false movement in San Francisco I'm frowning and hunched over in Boston

I'm smiling in Los Angeles like I've got fishhooks in the corners of my mouth

and I'm celebrating on weekends

because there are 7 billion 47 million people on the planet and I have the audacity to think I matter

I know it's a lie but I prefer it to the alternative Because I've got a tunicate tied at my elbow

I've got a blunt wrap filled with compliments and I'm burnin it

you say to go to sleep but I been bouncing off my bedroom walls since I was hecka small

we're every age at once and tucked inside ourselves like Russian nesting dolls

my mother is an 8 year old girl

my grandson is a 74 year old retiree whose kidneys just failed

and that's the glue between me and you

that's the screws and nails

we live in a house made of each other

and if that sounds strange that's because it is

Will someone please freeze time so I can run around turning everyone's pockets inside out?

And remember, you didn't see shit