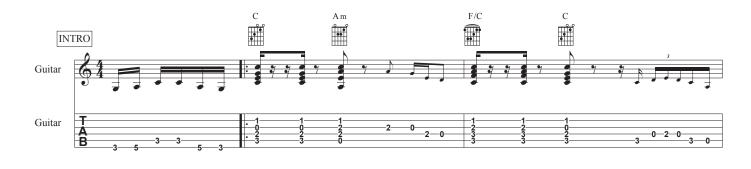
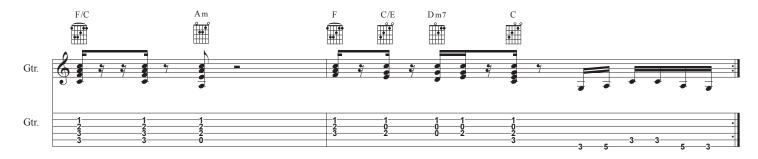
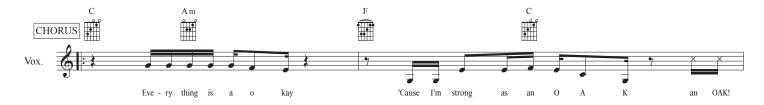
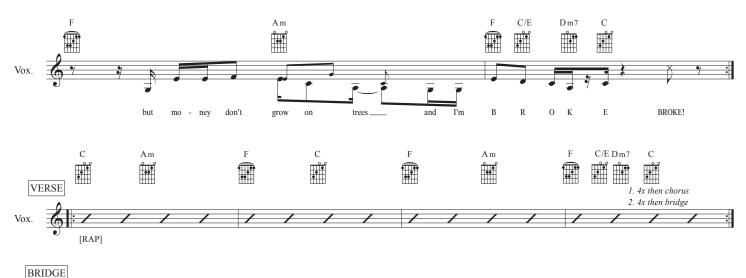
STRONG AS AN OAK

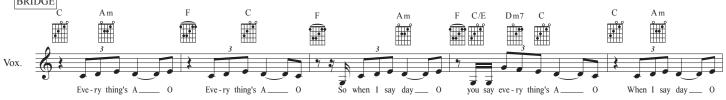
Music by Kush Mody Lyrics by George Watsky











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Because I'm strong as an O-A-K (Oak!) But money don't grow on trees (nope) And I'm B-R-O-K-E (Broke!)

Verse 1

Them rims them rings them things, you can bring em out

I just had my debit card declined at In N Out The line is flipping out, giving me evil eyes Fuck the soda, re-run it with just the cheesy fries

cause I don't think money is THE devil I'm not sinking, I'm just kicking it at sea level I got my floaties on

I'm focusing on all the wonderful stuff with the force of Obi Wan

Kenobi bro, I'm broke although I won't be woebegone

Cause even though my bank account is low or overdrawn

I'm down to mow yer lawn

I'm getting open I'm soaking up every moment and so we should make a toast we won't be sober til the BROKE of dawn Because beer is cheap/ and because love is

free

I'm buzzin feeling like every friend is a cousin, G And someday we'll be reminiscing on some wasn't we

Just so down and out

But we were happy then 'cause...

Verse 2

Why should I sit on my ass on the couch and be asking why life isn't equal? with lesser possessions I'm light as a feather and so I can fly like an eagle Cause everyone dies and I wonder why leaders in power would lie to their people be planning like they could be fitting a Camel up into the eye of a needle but dammit I'd settle for fitting a 94 Camry inside of my driveway I'm sick of the image I'm living my life and I'm doing it my way I'd rather be making the choices I'm proud of than chasing mountain of money But if that mountain comes to me, I'm climbing it Got a brick and I'm laying it down got a shovel, I'm breaking this ground because I'm in red, but it's only a color that I will be painting this town Because when I make it then I dedicate it to the friends I stayed with who would do me favors even lend me paper when I couldn't pay for a little takeout And to the fact that whatever you think that it means I be here and I'm living my dreams And it's cause of the people I leaned on when I came apart at the seams So gimme the moon And gimme the spoon I'm licking it clean Until there just ain't nothing left But who would lend a hand cause...

Bridge: Everything's A-O/ Everything's A-O/ So when I say Day-O/ You say Everything's A-O