

CARDBOARD CASTLES

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocal 1

Out on the curb a - gain On the curb a - gain I've come to learn it's hard and firm out

Vocal 2

Vox. 1

on the curb a - gain Out on the curb a - gain On the curb a - gain I've come to learn it's hard and firm out

Vox. 2

CHORUS

Chord diagrams for G^b, D^b, G^b, and D^b.

Vox. 1

on the curb a - gain

Vox. 2

I'm in my room ma-king card - board ca - stles with shoe string rope Soup spoon draw-bridge tin - fo - il - moat

Pno.

Chord diagrams for B^bmin, F, G^b, and D^b.

Vox. 2

I'm still dream - ing af - ter all these years I'm in my room ma-king card - board caa - stles with shoe - string rope

Pno.

CARDBOARD CASTLES

Chorus:

Out on the curb again
On the curb again
I've come to learn it's hard and firm
Out on the curb again

Hook:

I'm in my room making cardboard castles
with shoestring rope
Soup spoon drawbridge
tin foil moat
I'm still dreaming after all these years

Verse 1:

Because if we don't build it who will?
I do things on a shoestring that you couldn't do
for a cool mil
I run with no laces, and when I fall I start
to build my Taj Mahal with shit I found at Dol-
larmart
This life's our greatest project. The journey's all
an art
But I built my perfect nest, and it's bout to fall
apart
Again and again and then I just I make it twice
as high
And I give my tower teeth, and I watch it bite
the sky
Because I might just cry if I don't keep it moving
I focus on what I can make and not what just
got ruined
Cause every stone will crumble down to dust, to
dust, to dust
And I say love thy neighbor, and I say fuck thy
hater
There's nothing I can't solve with duct tape
and construction paper
I don't want a BandAid, I'll only rip it off, I'll
rip it off

Verse 2:

I know someday I'll pass, and maybe then
rest
I'm laying on my back. Heaven's my bench
press
Cause my imagination is crazy as Glen Beck
A cloud is floating by in the shape of a rent
check
And when the world ends, that's what I'll
plan towards
Then I'll trust girlfriends and maybe land-
lords
Cause I been played but I'm looking for
more
I say, what would I gain if took it to court
Cause if people were perfect then there
wouldn't be war
we stay pushing but once we get a foot in
the door
we get our toes chopped off and a foot of
manure
I still gotta believe people are good at the
core
Cause if we weren't, what's at stake?
Why would we stay to break what we make
And create all these beautiful mistakes
when they blow our house down let's draw
on the walls, the walls, the walls

Cardboard Castles

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