

FIREWORKS

Music by Daniel Joseph & Kush Mody

Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

10

VERSE

[RAP]

4x

C

F

A min

D min

4x

BREAK

OUTRO

C

F

A min

D min

C

4x

Vox.

It's hard to be living
 You gotta play the cards you were given
 You think it's simple but it god damn isn't
 It's tougher now than breaking out of Shawshank prison, and
 As you're hittin your prime
 People say you been committing a crime
 But I won't quit till ilm home, I'll chip the limestone a bit at a time
 Wait! I'm a pale ass pale
 middle-class straight white male
 I won't have an alibi the day I fail
 cause if I ever went to jail, mom would pay my bail
 in a [boom boom] heartbeat
 Mom and dad have given me a lot more
 than a pat on the back and I gotta thank em
 for loving me from moment I was strapped in
 a Volvo car seat
 When I needed a pep talk
 I couldn't remember to wreck shop
 writer's block, staring at my laptop desktop
 or sleeping in my rental in a turnpike rest stop

Shit in storage, living from a suitcase
 thinking "this is how a silver spoon tastes?"
 cause you can make a dream possible
 but it'll never be easy, no matter what you chase
 If you wanna poke fun then do so
 I'll do it for you, it's no crime, I'm
 like if the dude from Juno grew a Jewfro
 and liked to rhyme [OOooooohhh!!!]
 So tell me that I'm not a rapper
 tell Rudolph he can't pull sleighs
 tell Pluto it's not a planet
 and he'll probably keep spinning in the
 same old way
 on and every, every day/ right around the
 sun, wanna feel the rays
 You do it cause you love it like nothing else
 in the universe and fuck it, it's embedded in
 your DNA

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STRONG AS AN OAK

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Guitar

Guitar

C Am F/C C

Gtr.

Gtr.

F/C Am F C/E Dm7 C

CHORUS

Vox.

Eve - ry thing is a o kay 'Cause I'm strong as an O A K an OAK!

C Am F C

Vox.

but mo - ney don't grow on trees and I'm B R O K E BROKE!

F Am F C/E Dm7 C

VERSE

Vox.

[RAP]

C Am F C F Am F C/E Dm7 C

1. 4x then chorus
2. 4x then bridge

BRIDGE

Vox.

Eve-ry thing's A__ O Eve-ry thing's A__ O So when I say day__ O you say eve-ry thing's A__ O When I say day__ O

C Am F C F Am F C/E Dm7 C C Am

STRONG AS AN OAK

Everything is A-OK
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 mo-
ment 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 cous-
in, 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 Cam-
el 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 climb-
ing 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 Every-
thing's A-O

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MORAL OF THE STORY

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

CHORUS

E^bmin **B**

Vocals

And the mo - ral of the sto - ry is

Piano

E^bmin **B**

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

E^bmin **B**

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

E^bmin **G^b/D^b** **B**

[RAP]

8x then chorus

Pno.

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

UGLY FACES

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

INTRO

CHORUS

Vocals

Piano

4x

[RAP]

3x

VERSE 1 & 2

Vox.

Pno.

4x

4x

PRE-CHORUS

Vox.

Pno.

Sor-ry not sor-ry

Sor-ry! Not sor-ry.

D.S.

FINAL CHORUS

Vox.

Pno.

UGLY FACES

Hook:

Back in the day
Daddy would say
That if I kept on making ugly faces and I
wasn't careful it'd stay that way
Oh great! Wow, no shit
Ooh, hooray, that's so sick! [Oooh! Ack!
Brrrr]
With a little bit of luck maybe one of those
sticks

Verse 1:

I'll be feeling a hella of a lot of swell from
the second that I step in I'll be smelling like a
big cheese
Everybody better be ready to get it get it
cause I'm getting nekkid if you really want a
strip tease
and the babies in their highchairs taking off
their bibs and their mommies all be ripping
out their wig weaves
And the pretty people in the oil paintings
on the wall are popping molly and they're
stripping off their fig leaves
better burn your clothes
it'll curl your toes
Kissing women and they turn to toads
I'm pimping Kermit's hoes
And I'm sure that every girl is a pearl and
the world is a perfect globe
But when I'm joking around with my little
cousin and he pulls my finger then the moth-
erfuckin earth explodes
Boom.

Chorus: Sorry, not sorry (x7)

Verse 2:

Everybody been in it to win it kickin in for a
minute and chilling but you're tardy it's why
I gotta kill it and then hit the pretty people
building with my party trick, I
think I'm gonna walk out of the door, hop in
my DeLorean and I'm gonna soar
cept that it's a subaru, and I'm yelling hood-
ie hoo!
hanging out the window like I'm Marty Mc-
Fly
a lot of the chickens in the flock wanna
squawk and they get obnoxious
and all I hear is bawk bawk
And I'm not got wanna talk shop
better put a sock in it if you gotta cock block
and be toxic and knock us and all we wanna
do is rock rock and be raucous
I'm not gonna ever stop if you think I'm
chopped liver in the crock pot cause I am a
boss hog and I want the top spot and I got
this

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KILL A HIPSTER ft. Chinaka Hodge

Music by Daniel Riera & Dominic Villeda
Lyrics by George Watsky & Chinaka Hodge

INTRO

A min

A min

E aug

Vocals

Piano

Guitar

Guitar

A min

G

F

E

Vox.

Pno.

Gtr.

Gtr.

CHORUS

A min

A min

E aug

Vox.

to Bridge after 3rd Chorus

SAVE YOUR HOOD!

A min

G

F

E

Vox.

end after 4rd Chorus

Wrote con-gress It did no good Read scrip-ture It did no good You could take a pic-ture or knock on wood Fuck that Kill a hip-ster SAVE YOUR HOOD!

KILL A HIPSTER
ft. Chinaka Hodge

Chorus:

Rent's up (That shit's no good)
Starbucks where the skate rink stood
It's a fixture (it does no good)
(I know) kill a hipster (Save your hood!)
Wrote congress (it did no good)
Read scripture (it did no good)
You could take a picture or knock on wood
(fuck that)
kill a hipster (Save your hood!)

Verse 1:

I'm getting Hummus, hummus
I'm getting Hummus, hummus
I'm at the park playing dodgeball
Drinking San Pellegrino like it's crystal
Yeah, I like fancy alcohol
Living no rules—Calvinball
You wanna brawl? Ho please
I sprinkle you with some goat cheese
I get it straight from the fuckin farm
I even put goat cheese in my lucky charms
I'm at the taco truck looking like a mack
I roll my Rs hard like I'm busting off a gat
It's like, "hola mama, I'm your papa"
May I please have dos Horrrrrrrrchatas?
I'm like brap brap brap!
When I smack your ass fast with my back-
pack strap

Verse 2 (Chinaka)

Pencil to the neck, razor to your innertube
Bullet to your disrespect, I hate your hipster
attitude
Your whole chassez, acting like you own us
with your whole passé
Dance around the issue patna, no plié
But you'll get broke for that French shit, so
cassé
And you can put that in your lit mag and
your Tumblr blog
Eat it with the bacon off your farm fresh hog
Sip it like Kombucha, hope your last meal
suit ya
Do-gooder types, commuters on bikes
Brooding 20-somethings with the coolest of
"likes"
You be loving on my city like johns
Rubbing on her titties leaving money in
palms
Our rumbling guts can only hunger so much
Plus we redundantly blunted in lieu of giving
a fuck
We'll cut you for the scratch
Leave in on a tee
And if we've done it properly you're cop-
ping it from Treat, cause

Verse 3 (George):

It's clear I've become one of em
Kill me please if I'm one of em
I walk the block like I'm hot shit
I gentrified the corner store just buying hot
chips
But now I'm caught red-handed
With this land so make me a dead bandit
And if you see me sipping at an open keg
Put me down like a horse with a broken leg

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HEY ASSHOLE

ft. Kate Nash

Music by Aaron Carmack
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

F F Maj7 D min D min7 B \flat (add2) 6fr. F

Vocals

Hey ass-hole See the sun is shi - ning But you are not smi - ling — And I don't know why

Piano

C(add4) F F Maj7 D min

Vox.

— And I don't know why — And I don't know why — I'm an ass-hole 'Cause the sun is shi - ning

Pno.

D min7 B \flat (add2) 6fr. F C(add4)

Vox.

But I am not smi - ling And I don't know why — And I don't know why — And I don't know why

Pno.

HOOK

F F Maj7 D min D min7

Vox.

— I know I'm oft - en told That there's a pot of gold But I don't see no fuck - ing rain - bow and my cof - fee's cold

B \flat (add2) 6fr. F C(add4)

Vox.

I know I should be grate - ful I know I'm good and a - ble But I don't have the strength to get up from the kitch - en ta - ble

HEY ASSHOLE

ft. Kate Nash

Chorus (Kate)

Hey, asshole
See the sun is shining
But you are not smiling
And I don't know why, and I don't know why,
and I don't know why
I'm an asshole
Cause the sun is shining
But I am not smiling
And I don't know why, and I don't know why,
and I don't know why

Hook:

I know I'm often told
That there's a pot of gold
But I don't see no fucking rainbow and my coffee's cold
I know I should be grateful
I know I'm good and able
But I don't have the strength to get up from the kitchen table
This kind of shot comes once
Another opportunity of a lifetime just slipped away
And that's the fifth this month
but when you take a punch
Don't you ever forget
Why you get up and you put one foot in front of the next

Verse 1:

Got the power of my will
I don't wanna to win a mil
But I'm looking at window sill
Gotta take a bitter pill
Gonna pay for what I did to my head and my heart'll foot the bill
Got a foot in my mouth and because I'm kicking myself I developed a habit of knocking out my front tooth
Looking uncouth
want to hear the truth

Give it to me straight, 151 proof
Telling myself it'll happen when I'm happy but
I'm climbing up a ladder that has got no end
Hung up on a rung I'll never make it to the top,
I'm looking at the bottom and I must descend
All I want to do is buck this trend
Everybody need a buck to spend
And I'll be working on myself, til I work on someone else,
til I get there Ima just pretend

Verse 2:

When I'm in a crisis
In a moment of silence
I look under my eyelids
And I'm checking my mileage
I been using a pool of water as a mirror but not for style it's
So I can reach in and pimpslap my reflection for acting childish
Spent a half an hour
sitting at the bottom of my shower
letting the water run over my body and dammit I wanted to get up but I didn't have the power
I don't have the answer anyway (yay yay yay)
Don't want to panic but I gotta come clean because the plan of the planet is just mean
Knew if was tough, but dammit it's obscene
I been huffing and puffing up to the top of the summit and I'ma rough it if I have enough steam
I'll keep on coming and coming until I'm coming with the stamina of a salmon who's heading upstream

Nah nah nah nah nah

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ALL I NEED IS ONE

Music by Miles Douglas & Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time. The right hand plays a melodic line of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (Bb), and the piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

CHORUS

D min E m7(b5) C#dim7 D min E m7(b5)

Vox.
One tape in the deck One way to con-nect All I need is one One mo-ment a-lone One rea-son to roam and one place I call home

Gtr.

Gtr.

5-x-x-5-x-5-0-8-7-x-x-7-x-7-0-8-10-x-x-10-x-10-0-13-12-x-x-12-x-12-0-3-5-x-x-5-x-5-0-8-7-x-x-7-x-7-0-8

C#dim7 D min E m7(b5) C#dim7 D min

Vox.
All I need is one One tick on the clock One trick up my sleeve One thing to be-lieve All I need is one One per-son to love

Gtr.

Gtr.

10-x-x-10-x-10-0-13-12-x-x-12-x-12-0-10-12-x-x-5-x-5-0-8-7-x-x-7-x-7-0-8-10-x-x-10-x-10-0-13-12-x-x-12-x-5-8-7

E m7(b5) C#dim7 D min

Vox.
— One verse and one payer for one per-son who cares All I need is one So put one hand in the air

Gtr.

Gtr.

5-x-x-5-x-5-0-8-7-x-x-7-x-7-0-8-10-x-x-10-x-10-0-13-12-x-x-12-x-12-0-10

ALL I NEED IS ONE

Chorus:

One tape in my deck
One way to connect (all I need is one)
One moment alone
One reason to roam
One place I call home (all I need is one)
One tick on the clock
One trick up my sleeve
one thing to believe (all I need is one)
One person to love
One verse and one prayer
For one person who cares (all I need is one)
So put one hand in the air

Verse 1:

It used to be I'd get afraid and I'd drive
Going forward's always been the only place
I can hide
With no direction I would speed a hundred
miles down the coast until I lose the ghost
that's chasing me but never arrive
I know night's scary, but we're alive and the
pipe's cherry
and I've got a stack of papers like a library
I'm driving seeking a beacon of light freak-
ishly
all I needed was a speaker that might speak
to me
but my CD system is so janky a cone dangles
And it dances on its chord like it's Bo Jan-
gles
You can work it if you hold it at the low
angle
But when the bass hits it grows tangled
Come on right speaker! I'll take everything
you give me
But don't pity me, there's people living on a
single kidney
In my shitty car I'm living large and mashing
through my city
sitting pretty I know
That I'm ready to go

Verse 2:

For beautiful babies in Vegas down to their
last chip
For all my ninth life kittens hittin catnip
for heavy drinkers thinking they were never
jack shit
You're thinking that's it, but hit a backflip
You got a cracked rib or, maybe a bad liver
you got a bad hip or even a bad temper
but if it's last supper, one legged mad leper
put on that glass slipper, you ain't no half
stepper
this ain't no last breath, it's only one col-
lapsed lung
we're holding up the bank with nothing but a
cap gun
down to your last blank
down to my last drop
up in the gas tank
we better have fun
time isn't a sacred cow and I'm willing to
take it down to the final minute and second,
milking my last one
Going up for a take and I'm itching for ac-
tion

All I need is one
I should remind myself that
All I need is one

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TINY GLOWING SCREENS PT. 1

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Chords: E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4)

Guitar

Guitar TAB

Chords: E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4), A(add2) (3fr.)

Gtr.

Chords: E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4)

Gtr.

CHORUS

Chords: E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4), E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4)

Vox.

When the sun burns out we'll light the world with ti - ny glow - ing screens ___ Ti - ny glow - ing screens ___ glow - ing screens

Chords: E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4), A(add2) (3fr.), E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4)

Vox.

When the sun burns out we'll light the world with ti - ny glow - ing screens ___ Ti - ny glow - ing screens ___

VERSE

Chords: E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4), E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4), A(add2) (3fr.), E, G Maj6 (2fr.), F#7(add4)

Vox. [RAP]

repeat, then to Chorus

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TINY GLOWING SCREENS PT. 1

Chorus:

And when the sun burns out/
We'll light the world with tiny glowing screens
Tiny glowing screens, glowing screens
And when the sun burns out
We'll light the world with tiny glowing screens
Tiny glowing screens, glowing screens

Verse 1:

I've seen a person go to shows and raise lighter
app
But if you're at my concert please don't ever try
that crap
Let's set fire to the heavens
Turn the muh'fucking speakers to 11, this is
Spinal Tap
The future might defeat me, the internet can eat
me
it really tastes like chicken when I bite the hand
that feeds me
And I say me me, me me, play my CD, CD
Yes indeedy deedy
we be greedy and it's tragic that we yawn
we got every gadget but don't care there's
magic in our palm
Cause it's been getting so hot, I can feel the
slow rot
But let's not die before we get to fuck a robot
Because we all need something to live for
something to live for

Verse 2:

There was a time before the pot really got
strong
Before the hippies got jobs talking long long
Before the people talked in English out in
Hong Kong
Before the holy Dalai Lama had a dot com
Before God's dad got in on with God's
mom
before he made us pretty things on which to
drop bombs
Before the war crimes
the rich and poor times
I'm talking in the land before The Land Be-
fore Time
but then the planet lost its baby fat and got
crazy
and we've acting like some fraidycats a lot
lately
Something'll kill us like cigarettes or the
commies maybe
or maybe AIDS or scabies, rabies or zom-
bie babies
Even the KGB, pray we be free from ADD,
wade in and bathe in Hades
no army or Navy's saving me
And I can't tell our little victories from epic
fails
It's either heaven or hell and I can't make
heads or tails

Bridge (repeat):

Are we useless? No excuses
We took the piece sign, reduced it to deuces

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TINY GLOWING SCREENS PT. 2

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

E min C B min E min A min C D

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 exist
 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 write
 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 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

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SLOPPY SECONDS

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

F#min A D

Piano

VERSE 1

F#min A D C#min 4fr.

Vox.

Pno.

HOOK

F#min A D C#min 4fr.

Vox.

Cold piz - za Tie - dye shirts Bro - ken hearts Give 'em here Give 'em here

F#min A D C#min 4fr.

Vox.

Hand-me-downs gim - me gim - me Left - o - vers gim - me gim - me Slop - py se - conds Give 'em here Give 'em here

CHORUS 1 & 2

F#min A D C#min 4fr.

Vox.

I ___ don't care where you've been how ___ ma - ny miles I ___ still love

F#min A D C#min 4fr.

Vox.

you I ___ don't care where you've been how ___ ma - ny miles I ___ still love

(repeat 2nd Chorus only)

SLOPPY SECONDS

Verse 1:

Fuck you if you love a car for its paint job
love you if you love a car for the road trips
show me the miles on your arms and the pink scar
where your doctor had to pull out all the bone chips
cause you were pressing on the gas just a bit hard
Right in the moment when the road curved a bit
sharp
and when you woke up somebody was unclipping
your seatbelt and pulling you from the open win-
dow of your flipped car

Hook:

Cold Pizza
Tie-Die shirts
Broken Hearts (Give em here)
Handmedowns
Leftovers
Sloppy Seconds (Give em here)

Chorus:

I don't care
where you've been
How many miles
I still love you

Verse 2:

Show me someone who says they've got no bag-
gage
I'll show you somebody who's got no story
nothing gory means no glory
So baby please don't bore me
we won't know until we get there
the who, or the what, or the when, where
my favorite sweater was a present that I got a cou-
ple presidents ago and I promise that I will rock it til
it's threadbare, bet on it
every single person's got a couple skeletons
so pretty soon in this room it'll just be me and you
when we clear out all the elephants
me and you and the elements
we all have our pitfalls
the beer is flat, the cabs have been called
and everybody and their mama can hear the drama
that's happening behind these thin walls

Verse 3:

My pattern with women isn't a flattering image
but I don't want to run away because I said so
I don't want to be the guys to hide all of my
flaws and I'll be giving you the side of me that I
don't let show
everything in fashion that has ever happened's
always coming crashing down, better let go
but in a couple years it will be retro
You rocked Mark echo
My shirts had the gecko
cause in the past man, I was hopeless
but now it's why my little cousins look the dopest
Woop woop fuck the fashion po-po
have a stale donut, I don't need no tips
Fuck a five second rule, that's a plan i never
understood
it's September in my kitchen in a Christmas
sweater drinking cold coffee on the phone with
damaged goods

Bridge:

And there is not a single place that I would
rather be
I'm fucked up just like you are and you're
fucked up just like me

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DEDICATED TO CHRISTINA LI

Music by Miles Douglas
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Guitar *Solo*

VERSE

Vox [RAP]

CHORUS

Vox [RAP]

BRIDGE

Vox *4x*

This one goes out to__ Chris - ti - na__ Said this one goes out to__ Chris - ti - na__ Said this one goes out to__

Gtr. *Palm mute*

OUTRO

Gtr. *Solo* *loop and fade out*

Chord diagrams: E^bmin7, A^bmin7 4fr., D^b, G^b6

1. 4x then to Chorus
2. 4x then to Chorus
3. 4x then to Bridge

1. to Verse
2. to Verse

DEDICATED TO CHRISTINA LI

Verse 1:

The first time I went back to homeroom from the hospital
I thought that being more embarrassed was impossible
But God, the second time it really turned my stomach
Now I'm the kid who collapses and then spazzes out in public
This time was in a bowling alley, the first was in the yard
And kids in middle school just watched me trip and kicked me hard
Except this girl named Crissie Li, who flips around at her desk and gives me the world's biggest Disney Card
Wrote "best wishes," and "kisses" where she signed it
3 feet by 2 feet, I coulda hid behind it
I didn't like the pity from Christina Li though
I'm thinking "Crissie, can't you see I'm busy being emo?"
Cause I think I mighta like heard that she sorta liked me
And since she wasn't cool enough I guess I took it lightly
had braces and glasses and wasn't Mrs. Popular
And so I didn't really give a thought to her

Chorus (x2):

A heart breaking sounds like guitar strings snapping
It's the notes of the songs that'll never happen
and the wind in the leaves is the sound of ghosts clapping
But a heart breaking sounds like guitar strings snapping

Verse 2:

There's holes in my memory- it isn't photographic
There's holes in my yearbook but the cut-out folks were plastic
Ten years pass, I don't cross paths with half the people from my class again till we meet at Crissie's open casket
those who chose to ask it probably knew
I could have dug in deeper if I'd wanted to
But you couldn't tell a thing was off on the surface
And I didn't know she was sick until I heard about her service

She was born with a heart defect, used to the cold knife
She'd been in and out of hospitals her whole life
She knew the whole time, and never said why
She felt my pain herself and helped me hold my head high
The nicest folks are those who know the throes of crisis
though I know it's crime to twist her life to fit my own devices
Why's it so hard to mourn, and then try to learn by this
But lights that burn shortest
Are the lights that burn brightest

Verse 3:

Our 8th grade yearbook page for dedicating songs wasn't long, even in a school eleven hundred strong
The yearbook advertised for months, but when it's said and done
Crissie bought six, the third most of anyone
Alvin got "Your Faith in Me" by Jessica Simpson
Pebbles got Richard Marx's ballad "At the Beginning"
It feels like sloppy poetry the way her life would end
after sending Mariah Carrey's "Any Time You Need a Friend"
but corniness is honesty that's wrapped in cliché
And most slow jam lyrics aren't shit I'm brave enough to say without a smirk
But before she went to dirt she left us finally
"I will remember you" to Geoff, Mike, Bry and me
You can plot if you must
say it's obviously fate, or explain that God is just
But all I know is that until my body's dust
I will try to think of her as much as Crissie thought of us/

Outro:

This one goes out to Christina

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THE LEGEND OF HARDHEAD NED

ft. Dylan Saunders

Music by Daniel Riera
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals: [NARRATION]

Piano

Chords: A min, E min, A min, E min

VERSE 1

Vox. [RAP]

Pno.

Chords: A min, E min, A min, E min, Dm9, E min7, Dm9, E min7

Vox.

Pno.

Chords: G 9sus4, A 9sus4, Dm9, E min7, A min, E min, A min, E min

BRIDGE

Vox. [NARRATION]

Pno.

Chords: A min7, D/A, F/A, G 9sus4, D min7, G

THE LEGEND OF HARDHEAD NED

ft. Dylan Saunders

Narration:

Once upon a time in a remote Tasmanian trailer park, there was born a baby boy by the name of Nedson Willbry. One day when Ned was a baby, his crackhead teen mum got real distracted watching Teen Mum on the telly and dropped Ned right on his noggin. The little bean stopped squirming, and his mum thought he was surely done for. So mummy brought the tiny bundle to the forest during a terrible storm and left him for dead in a field of pumpkins... and wolves...

Verse 1:

But just then lighting struck
and a cry cut through the night light like a siren on a fire truck
Ned survived by the slightest luck, he wasn't a dead baby, Neddy was alive as fuck!
It was a miracle we're hearing
The creatures of the evening came creeping to the clearing
Too see this little man nugget
soon to be immortalized in poetry just like the man from Nantucket
But as the little babe was grown
they gave to him their home
And raised him as their own
He roamed and trapezed from the tallest trees
He got his steez from the wallabies
they all loved him
but the Tasmanian Devils loved little Neddy more than all of em
They taught him how to spin like a fan
Till Ned spun himself into fine young man
But one day like a sick disease
loggers crept in and chopped the eucalyptus trees
They smushed the cuddly forest creatures
And turned em into body wash and sneakers
But Ned escaped and yelled angrily
You abandoned me
you killed my family
But God dammit, I can't use your pity
And he snuck onto a ship bound for New York City

Narration: Ned's voyage led him to the deepest, darkest, dankest bowels of that ship. He met all kinds of seedy characters on that voyage, like old Japanese men... and their wives... He had meals of fresh cut sashimi, pumpkin pie, and all kinds of delicious breads and cookies and cakes. When he was on that voyage he knew what lied ahead, so he kept his sights set on New York City. And before he knew it, he'd arrived...

Verse 2:

Ned almost drowned. He kissed the ground
But his Guts were churned up in this town
Where down was up and up was down
So the boy from Down Under flipped right around
Ned did a cartwheel and stopped halfway
And he walked on his palms from that day
But cityfolk treated Ned like a freak
"That handwalking lumpheaded Yeti can't speak"
One night walking home Ned was quite shocked
He saw a B-boy spinning on the sidewalk
He couldn't stop, wouldn't stop
staring and those limbs, spinning like a wooden top
sweeter than puddin pop, Ned was home at last
And every night he'd watch em dance through the glass
Of the club, and he'd wait there in line for his chance
But the bouncer said, freak, you can't dance!

Narration: Oh But Ned, sweet Ned wouldn't get out of line. And the bouncer pushed him, and pushed him. But to catch his balance, Ned, hardheaded, upside down Ned did what Ned did best. He just spun. And he spun. And he spun!

(crowd shouting) Go Ned, go Ned, go, go, go Ned **(repeat)**

Narration: Everyone in the club came out to watch what is now widely regarded as the greatest fucking head spin of all time. And legend has it Ned's still out there on Bleaker Street on the curb, spinning to this very day.

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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

Chorus chords: G^b, D^b, G^b, 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.

B^bmin F G^b 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

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SEND IN THE SUN

Music by Daniel Joseph
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

G B \flat C G B \flat C

Vocals

Send in that sun _____ shine _____
Make eve - ry - thing _____ right _____

G E \flat C G B \flat C

Vox.

Turn on your love _____ light Cause ba - by _____ I'm _____
Com - ing on _____ by _____ Ohh _____ Ohh _____

G B \flat C G B \flat C

Vox.

Send in that sun _____ shine _____
Make eve - ry - thing _____ right _____

G E \flat C G B \flat C

Vox.

There ain't no suff - ering in life _____ that don't ease _____ with the
the pas - sage of time _____

VERSE

G min G min/F E m7(b5) C7 G min G min/F E m7(b5) C7

Vox.

4x *to Chorus*

SEND IN THE SUN

Chorus:

Send in that sunshine
Make everything right
Turn on your love light
Cause baby I'm coming on by
Send in that sunshine
Make everything right
Cause there ain't no suffering in life
that don't ease with the passage of time

Verse 1:

If stars died of old age
They wouldn't explode, they'd burn out with a
slow fade
But stars escape life with a gun shot
which makes me think they stick a pistol in their
sun spot
bite the barrel, squeeze the trigger
might have cared once, but the obstacles seem
bigger
And they're stuck behind a giant 8 ball
the milky way is star brains smeared across the
space wall
You know the red giant in sector two?
yeah, Hector, true, was a depressing dude
I think he thought nobody thought about him
And now that I think about it, I'm liable to
guess it's true
Everybody wants the sun to come and cure
their rough moods but suns need love too
I give out energy and don't receive. I'm tired
now, I'll go to sleep
And when this is the coldest solstice, maybe
folks'll notice me

Verse 2:

Goodbye Maggie, Goodbye Jules
I wish you'd stuck around, you wise fools
cause friends they tend to come and go the
way the ocean ebbs and flows but there's
reminders in the tide pools
But when the standing water's putrid
who am I to say a choice you made was
stupid?
But there's a whole bunch of us who loved
you fucking stuck here pointing fingers at
ourselves for something you did
you you you you you packed your problems
in a suitcase
you you you went away forever to a new
place
you left behind a lot of blue faces and bou-
quets and loose ends like shoelaces but my
friend, it's too late
so all my lightweights and barflies, let's
raise a pint each time a star dies
and toast the memory of hard lives/ filed on
the interstellar hard drives and archives

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DENT IN THE MOON

Music by Kush Mody, Miles Douglas
& Pat Dimitri
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

D min7 G min7 B^bMaj7 A 7(#9)^{11fr.}

Vocals

Swing out of your shoes _____ And if you should lose this time keep on swing - ing and swing - ing and

D min7 G min7 B^bMaj7 A 7(#9)^{11fr.}

Vox.

Soon when you con - nect _____ With all of your strength look up and you might see a dent in the moon

VERSE

D min7 G min7 B^bMaj7 A 7(#9)^{11fr.}

Vox.

[RAP] 4x

DENT IN THE MOON

Chorus:

Swing, out of your shoes
And if you should lose this time
Keep on swinging and swinging and soon
When you connect
With all of your strength
Look up and you might see a dent in the moon

Verse 1:

Yeah, you see them craters?
That was cause a kid said there'd be none
greater
In ten years Hammering Hank was at the plate
launching balls into space saying see ya later!
skinny as a toothpick but he got a nack
watch him swing a broomstick at a bottlecap
watch him rinse and repeat til he's on the map
going from the cheap seats to the autographs
Papa put a bat in my hand and all he said was
never ever rock a Dodger hat
And whether you win or you didn't you gotta
be getting dirty and we better send your jersey
to the Laundromat
it was in the cards
I knew someday I'd be a big league star
playing second base for the giants wearing
number 9
rocking knee-high socks if I just worked hard

Verse 2:

We had our 6th grade baseball tryouts on
the basketball courts so the fastball- had
hops
we didn't have a grass field and so coach
hit us grounders off the asphalt- I dropped
a lot and so he hit em faster and I took em
off my ankles yelling that's all you got?
and when I saw my name on the roster I
went insane like I was sniffing bath salts, i'm
not-here to play soft
I'll go beastmode on a piñata and bite it's
motherfucking face off
until it rains candy out of it's neck-hole
I don't go flexing my pecs, or get swole
I wasn't the fastest
And when I moved it kinda looked like I was
running through molasses - true
it's silly to give a shit about a game but
earth is a little ball that's just spinning on its
axis - too

Verse 3:

I wasn't cut out for the bigs, guess I been a
fool
and middle school was just a bit of cruel
ridicule
but when you step into the ranks of the man
it's like they push you from the high dive to
a kiddie pool (thanks)
It's time to ballroom waltz that plank
We're little minnows in a small shark tank
You try to swim without getting blood in the
water, but you're all heart and guts like a
ballpark frank
Never an all star
I had to keep score
If I were perfect I would quit and join peace
corp
I'm not a hero, if I didn't try my doubts eat
at me like I'm a carcass on the sea floor
(yeah)
So say this shit is too corny
it tastes better to me than, 'ooh poor me'
I'm just trying to sing a different tune
and then fit into a world that didn't have
room for me

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