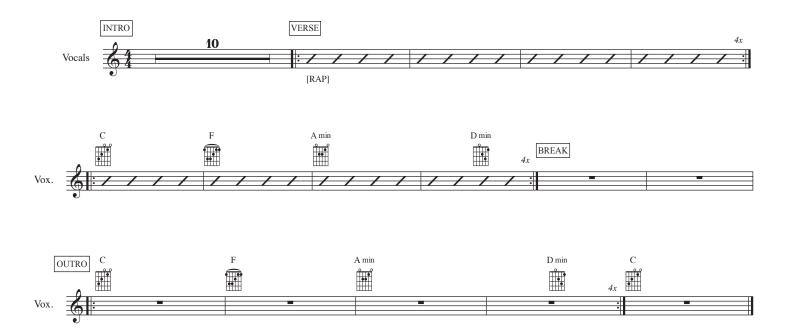
# **FIREWORKS**

Music by Daniel Joseph & Kush Mody Lyrics by George Watsky



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

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

a Volvo car seat

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 [OOoooooohhh!!!]
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



## **Cardboard Castles**

# 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 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

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

Until there just ain't nothing left
But who would lend a hand cause...

# **MORAL OF THE STORY**

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



# 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

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 burgundy

Burgundy, work until I earn that rich mahogany

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 misogvny

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 gonna happen

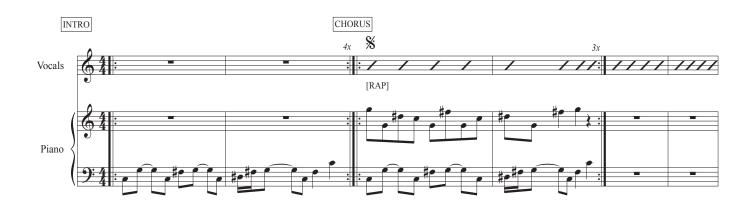
Cause waiting doesn't work, and praying may not come through

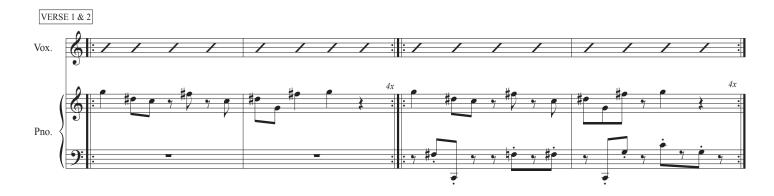
And hoping doesn't work. So I will be the one to (work)

# **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









# **Cardboard Castles**

# **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

# Verse 1:

sticks

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 motherfuckin earth explodes Boom.

Chorus: Sorry, not sorry (x7)

#### Verse 2:

this

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 hoodie 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

# KILL A HIPSTER ft. Chinaka Hodge

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



# **Cardboard Castles**

# 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! When I smack your ass fast with my backpack 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 copping 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

# HEY ASSHOLE ft. Kate Nash



# **Cardboard Castles**

# 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

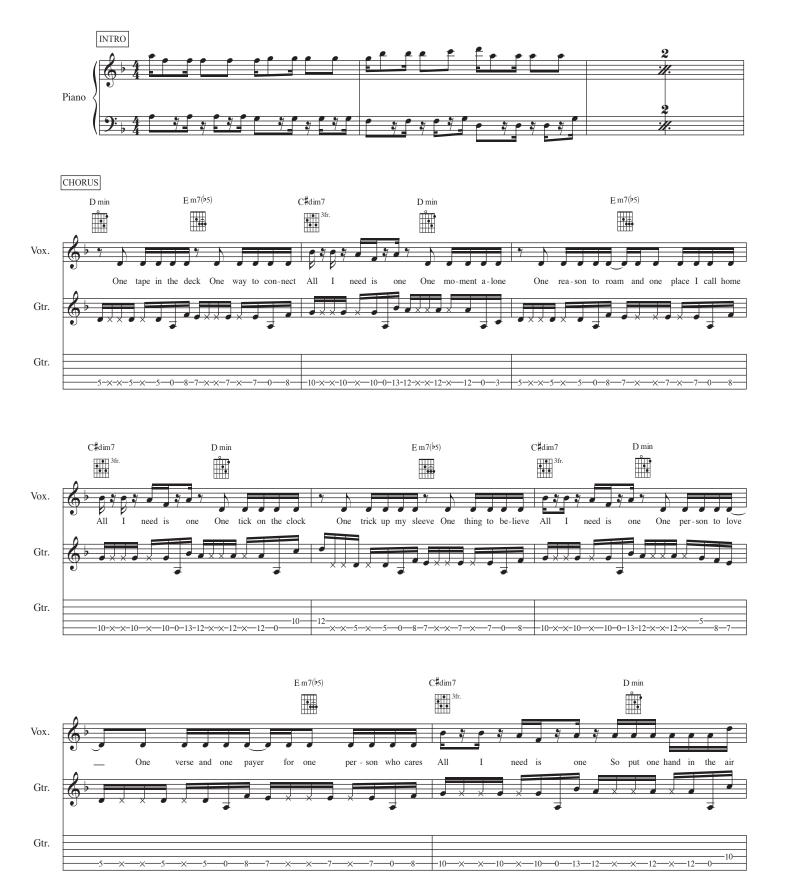
In a moment of silence
I look under my eyelids
And I'm checking my mileage
I been using a pool of water as a mirror but
not for style it's
So I can reach in and pimpslap my reflection
for acting childish
Spent a half an hour
sitting at the bottom of my shower
letting the water run over my body and dammit 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



# **Cardboard Castles**

# **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 freakishly

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 Janales

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 collapsed 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

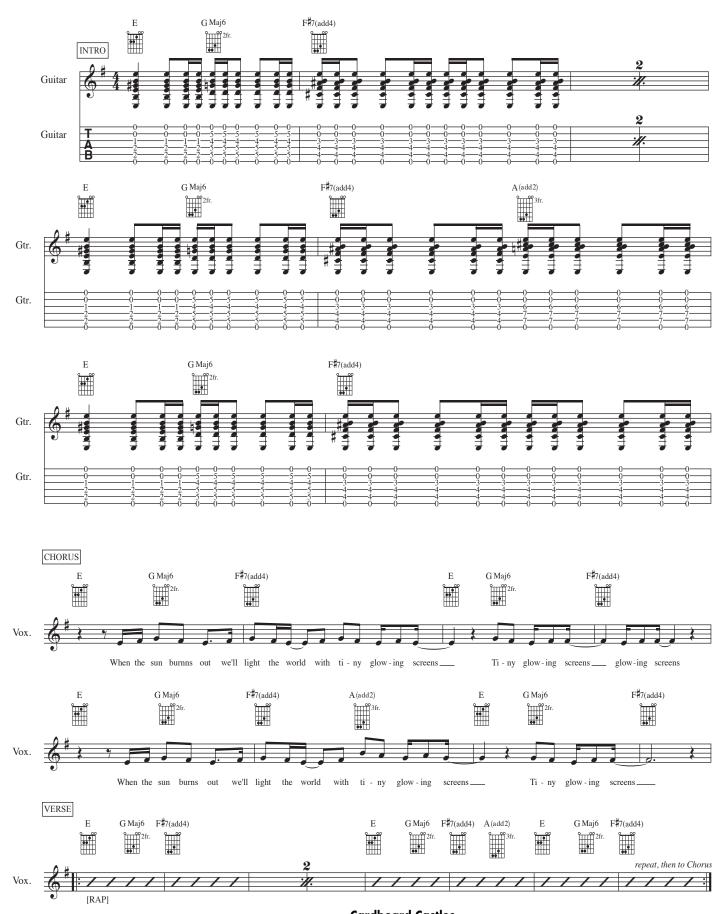
time isn't a sacred cow and I'm willing to take it down to the final minute and second, milking my last one

Going up for a take and I'm itching for action

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

# **TINY GLOWING SCREENS PT. 1**

Music by Kush Mody Lyrics by George Watsky



Cardboard Castles

# **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

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 Before 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 zombie 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

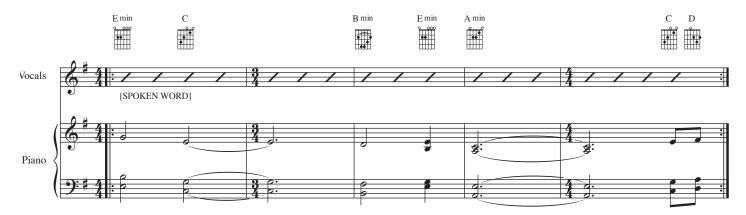
It's either heaven or hell and I can't make heads or tails

# **Bridge (repeat):**

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

# 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 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

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

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



# **Cardboard Castles**

# **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 window 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-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 couple 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

# **DEDICATED TO CHRISTINA LI**

Music by Miles Douglas Lyrics by George Watsky



**Cardboard Castles** 

# **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 my 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

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

# THE LEGEND OF HARDHEAD NED ft. Dylan Saunders

Music by Daniel Riera Lyrics by George Watsky



# **Cardboard Castles**

# THE LEGEND OF HARDHEAD NNED 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 clearina

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

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!

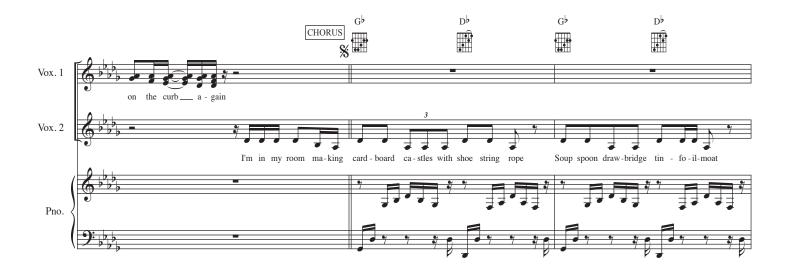
Narration: Oh But Ned, sweet Ned wouldn't get out of line. And the bouncer pushed him, and pushed him. But to catch his balance, Ned, hardheaded, upside down Ned did what Ned did best. He just spun. And he spun. And he spun!

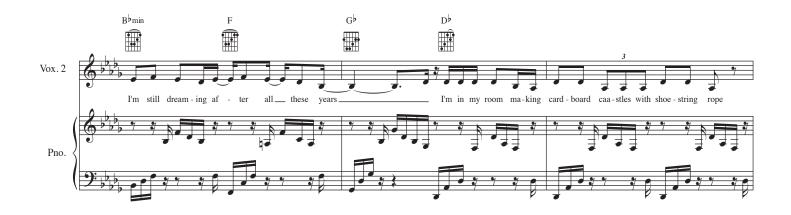
(crowd shouting) Go Ned, go Ned, go, go, go Ned (repeat)

**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.









# **Cardboard Castles**

# **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 tinfoil 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 Dollarmart

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 landlords

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

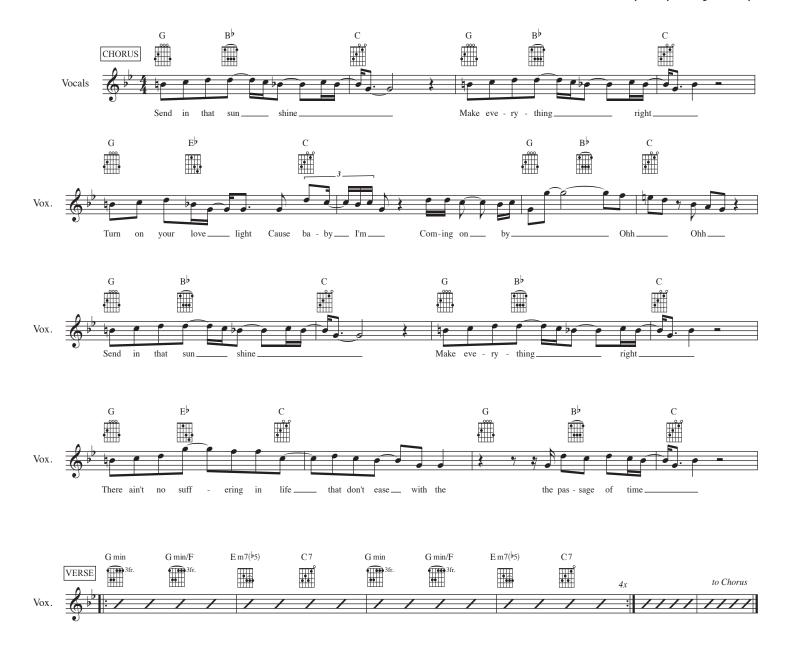
we get our toes chopped off and a foot of manure

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

# **SEND IN THE SUN**

Music by Daniel Joseph Lyrics by George Watsky



# **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

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

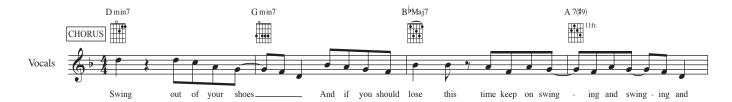
you you went away forever to a new place

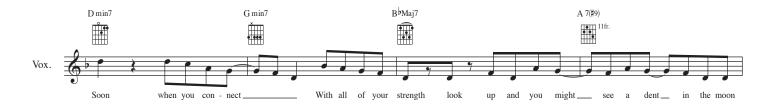
you left behind a lot of blue faces and bouquets and loose ends like shoelaces but my friend, it's too late so all my lightweights and barflies, let's raise a pint each time a star dies

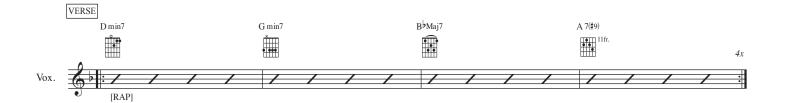
and toast the memory of hard lives/filed on the interstellar hard drives and archives

# **DENT IN THE MOON**

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







# **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

#### **Cardboard Castles**