

SEIZURE BOY

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

F7sus4



INTRO

Vocals



[RAP]

Piano



VERSE

B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



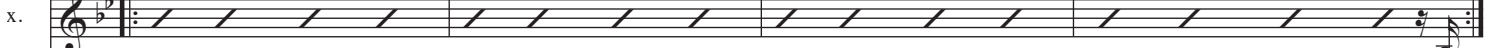
E^b



D^b



Verse 1 3x
Verse 2&3 4x



[RAP]

It's



CHORUS

B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



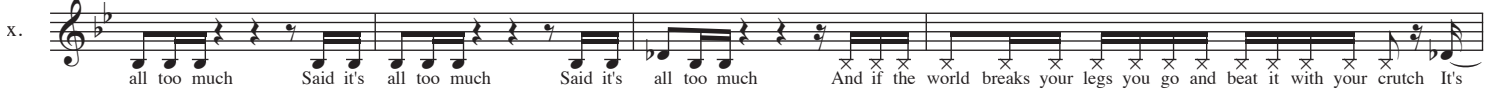
D^b



E^b



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



B^bmin7



D^b



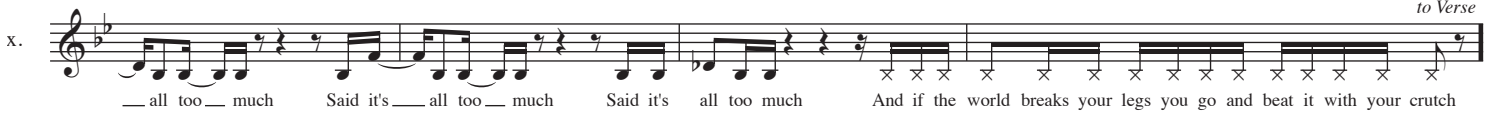
E^b



D^b



to Verse



Watsky

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SEIZURE BOY

Verse 1

The first thing that happens is the world goes black
You just hear a little snap when your neck rolls back
You don't bite your tongue off or foam at the lips
But before you hit the ground there's a moment of bliss
It's like toking a spliff, it's like shedding your skin
It's better than the best train wreck there's even been
You have to let it in, as much as it's upsetting
To wake up with bruises you don't remember getting
You don't remember how the hell you ended up indoors
You don't remember whether you were wetting your gym shorts
In front of Amanda, the girl you're after
Who already thought you were a fucking disaster
It's not like a last will, it's making me laugh
Unless you get your next one while you're taking a bath
I'm seizing the mic fast at middle school dances
I'm done being seized and I'm seizing my chances

Hook (x2)

I said, "It's all too much"
I said, "It's all too much"
I said, "It's all too much"
And if the world breaks your legs you go and beat it with
your crutch

Verse 2

Maybe true, I got baby blues, you got navy blues
Paid your dues, name the tune, name a hue: what shade
are you?
I see Purple People Eaters more than world leaders
And I've jumped a couple hurtles, burned some sneakers
through the meters (copacetic)
Please, get the medic, let it breathe
And I'll be the baddest motherfucking epileptic I can be
I would grieve, asking why's it me sleeping in the ER
with an IV in my arm and my V card hurting
saying, "God fuck if I'ma die a virgin"
I'ma grab the first nurse working, flirt and draw the cur-
tain
So who's perkin Doctor Phil's Pills
Tyler Durden Still ill
Thrillville, Uma Thurman hurting in the Kill Bills
This is to my sick kids, time to flip this shit
Depakote, Adderall, Ritalin, pixie stix
I don't give a fuck what you ridin' to the setting sun
Use it as a weapon when it's said and done

Verse 3

Say that I'm crazy or call it a pitfall
I'll win a game of bloody knuckles hitting a brick wall
It's pinball hitting the limit to smash that glass
Taking a minute to sit in the whip and then I'm gonna
mash on gas
'Cause I'll be crashing that impasse with fat ass syntax
Skinny motherfucker off a bucket of Slimfast
You ever had a Gran Mal seizure in gym class?
Had whiplash back when life was dishing out pimp
slaps
Fed up and we've all been better but I'm set to step up
Never let up 'cause the fall is just the setup now to get
up
Regret'll never get the better of me with a sawed off
When I'm having trouble talking someone knocks my
writer's block off
If my eyes glaze and my knees drift south
And you ever think to stick a credit card in my mouth
I take Mastercard and Visa for my risk rewards
I'm not biting my tongue, why don't you bite yours?

Watsky

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