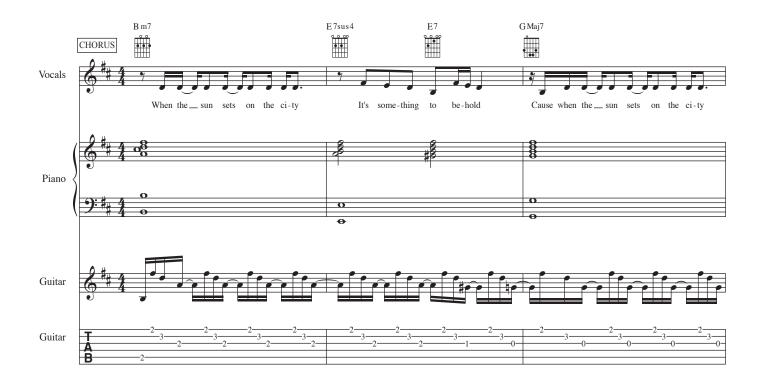
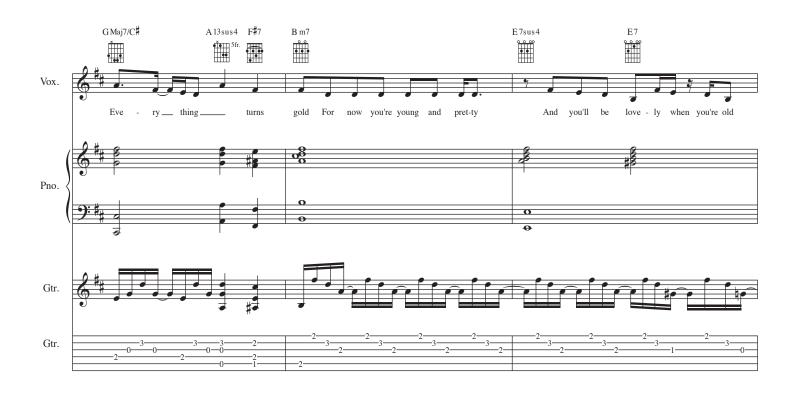
## **EVERYTHING TURNS GOLD**

ft. Gift of Gab & Mieka Pauley

Music by Max Miller-Loran Lyrics by George Watsky, Timothy Parker & Mieka Pauley





### Watsky

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# EVERYTHING TURNS GOLD ft. Gift of Gab & Mieka Pauley

#### **Chorus:**

When the sun sets on the city
It's something to behold
Cause when the sun sets on the city
Everything turns gold
For now you're young and pretty
And you'll be lovely when you're old
Cause when the sun sets on the city
Everything turns gold

#### Verse 1

The frog in my throat was the size of a mutt
The fat toad ate the butterflies in my gut
The dog in me knows that it's a bitch in dark black
So I spit the frog out and I took my bark back
Till that i'd been afraid of night
My cradle never stayed in sight
It might have all abated if I played it right
I hated tryna find and face a place I didn't dare
go

Diving with the worms and liking looking like a scarecrow

Do a mellow jig instead of tripping off a dollar I'll just skip the yellow brick with wicker sticking out my collar

It's all or nothing i'll be cultured when I'm older Fuck a parrot, I don't care I'll feed the vulture on my shoulder

(Polly want a collarbone?)

Try the lake for fish

Or just say yes to yesterday break it and make a wish

I ate dirt as a baby, I did it for the flavor In a couple years i'll let the dirt return the favor

#### Verse 2: Gift of Gab

Yeah, I used to consider the riches and the props And the houses and the fame and the fortune, everything

Seems when you get here, there seems more desirable

All that old fear (?) doesn't leave, it's inside of you Everything material, it passes like the night'll do Into day, Came and went away

Mental states annoyed with a attitude of zero gratitude that may destroy

Beneath the lies is truth though

You seek and find the proof

Only place to be is here
Dig in, peep it how the roots grow

From out of nowhere into nothingness and back

Constantly expresses everything and everyone

And acting as a thread

Arm Leg Leg Arm Head

Karma that you spread

May be relived again after you live again after you're dead

Until you merge into the blissful field of mighty power

But time is an illusion, all of it's within you now

#### **Bridge**

The sun is going down, drink another round Play until you fold, paint the city gold Remember what you've heard, don't say another word

Until you shake your bottle up and spray a little on the curb

Remember what you own, take the sunset home If no one's out right now, I hope you know you're not alone

Try to find some nights to watch the shining lights Park see the city sparkle out on diamond heights All those attractive glass spires that we love to stack higher

I'm starting grass fires when my car backfires after four flat tires

Rolling off road to avoid the bad drivers

Coming back home and I climb the walls into the sky on tall risers

To make it all brighter, blaze your lighters up Raise your cider cup and let's pull an all-nighter