

HERCULES

Music by Daniel Riera
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO F#min

Vocals: Uh Uh

Piano: [Piano accompaniment]

CHORUS B min B m7/D C#

Vox. 1. I know I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 2. I Hope I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les Be-cause it's wi-red in my ci-cui-try
 3. I know I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les I hope I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 4. My mo-ther loves me more than Her-cu-les My pa-rents work har-der than Her-cu-les

Pno. [Piano accompaniment]

F#min

Vox. And if I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les You'll see I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 But when it comes to stack-ing cur-ren-cies I'd like to be as strong as Her-cu-les
 Be-cause it's writ-ten in my his-to-ry I know I'm just as strong as Her-cu-les
 But if I think of this as bur-gla-ry I know I'm strong-er cause of Her-cu-les

Pno. [Piano accompaniment]

VERSE F#min B min B m7/D C#

Vox. [RAP]

F#min F#min

Vox. D.S.

HERCULES

Hook

I know I'm just as strong as Hercules
Because it's wired in my circuitry
And if I'm just as strong as Hercules
You'll see I'm just as strong as Hercules

Verse 1

In 1638 they came from Sweden
Ship shape settlers late looking for Eden
The Delaware tribe wasn't really keen on leaving
So they "bought em out" or slaughtered them quick and
got to breeding
1659 they built a fortress
Stationed soldiers, and gave them horses
But now their forces were losing their resources
Moving in the living quick as moving out the corpses
Started changing courses, when we got the Quakers
And they been running town since Cromwell met his
maker
They didn't take pay cut, Quakers got their cake up
The paper came triangulating, trading with Jamaica
Now in the 1700s they took care of biz
Built the families through some noble marriages
Still in Willmington, doing what their parents did
Living up on 7th street in Mansions they inherited
1800 and in step the du Ponts
Irenee du Pont was fleeing the war in France
He made the jaunt cause apparently murder rate
Was higher for gentle people spitting on the third estate
He started working late, he had grand design
And when we cut a couple fingers off the hands of time
The du Ponts were running under Delaware like panty
lines
They built a mill for small explosives on the Brandywine
But gun powder's just as temperamental
As the rich kids with CEO potential
It's essential to compete for our emergencies
Which brings me to a company called Hercules

Verse 2

Hercules Gunpowder started kind of small
DuPont had it all, were sparkling wall to wall
They were ballin' in the fall of 1899
When T.C. du Pont crawled up the Brandywine
Now Thomas Coleman, started as a coal man
In the mines in Kentucky with his old man
Joined whole fam, and flipping the strip tease
Went from fig leaves all the way to big cheese
Never got on his knees for the love it won him
From couple of brothers, Lewis and Russell Dunham
They were running shit with Coleman's muscle
Lewis wasn't clueless

But Russell's on his hustle
Now brother Lou, was Coleman's true blue man
T.C. would have an idea and Lou drew plans
DuPont had seventy percent of GDP
When it came to gun powder and TNT
They bought even bought Hercules
"Scandalous!"
Said the government, so brought on anti-trust
Litigation, and they split business up in three
Into Atlas and DuPont, and Hercules
But certainly they were busting heads
Put in work at Hercules, then made Russell prez
In 1912 up the road from Dover
My great great grandfather Russ took over

Verse 3

Russell Dunham, we said Daddy D
Or sugar Daddy D to half the family
Ran Hercules as an affable property
Slap on the wrist from capitalist democracy
And so between TC and Papa D
A bit improperly they adopt a monopoly
And instead of dotting the i's and often crossing the T's
They take a walk in the trees, and talk and pocket the
cheese
And when Russell dropped to his knees, his heirs cashed
out
Every generation after the shares passed down
(So where's that now?) Split between six ladies
And my mother had the stocks till the 1980's
If Stonewall pays my phone calls
If San Juan fills my Scantron
If every molten shower out in Okinawa fueled by smoking
powder
Pays my broken power send my folks the flowers
If it's irrelevant to my intelligence
Gimme a shotgun, I'm dropping these pink elephants
I'll take a tranquilizer shot and sell the sedatives
Out in Delaware I'm well aware the fella lives
(And what if Iwo Jima)
All the skeletons in my closet are dead relatives
(And if the Fall of Saigon)
And then I grow up to be another screw up
(And if the Tet Offensive)
But if I blow up
It'll be cause they blew up

Watsky

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