

TINY GLOWING SCREENS Pt. 3

ft. Camila Recchio & Danny McClain

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1

A min G D min F G A min G D min F G

Vocals

[RAP]

Piano

Vox.

Pno.

A min G D min F G A min G D min

Vox.

Pno.

A min G D min F G A min G D min F G A min G D min

Vox.

Pno.

F G A min C/G D min B^b G D min

Vox.

Pno.

Freeze freeze freeze

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TINY GLOWING SCREENS PT. 3

ft. Camila Recchio & Danny McClain

Poem

Nothing matters
So it doesn't matter nothing matters
And while you be, be true
And if you won't, fuck you
Burn your clothes
Open the wine
Close your eyes
Freeze time

Verse 1

You're officially welcome to grab your crotches
Synchronize your watches and pour us a couple scotches
People still as statues can't catch you, turn pockets empty
If they're packed with plenty move some to ones lacking
any
while I take a crack at hacking the bank to jack em to
cover high debts
You're screening floating bullets with a butterfly net
if there's any screaming
pause it and cut the out sound
deposit the slugs underground
I'm positive that we don't fuck around
no we go scooping up the diesel that's leaking a sinking
tanker
forever stuck at anchor like beetles get stuck in amber
halted like the thaw of the iceberg that shoulda sank her
halted right beside the temperature spike and the spread
of cancer
and all my peoples' engagements and babies my friends
are making
We quit getting lamer, days quit getting later, life quits
being labor
quick— you should come through to our party
dude bring your crew bring an army
youth is inside of the heart, the future can never harm me
We're never tardy
(freeze, freeze, freeze)
Late or early don't worry we'll wait cause we're in no
hurry to see those pearly gates

I sit outside and watch the pigeon shit and tiny airplanes
hanging in the sky and then I hit a McCartney show and
trip off how his arm is superglued to his guitar and then I
enjoy the lovely view and stand there for a month or two
my headphones looping Love Me Do on repeat
Paul might not die if we try to wall off this diorama
we'll buy all the time we want and then spend it all to
Move this crowd
to join as converts to the church of blessed concerts and
then conjure up some conversation
Yes, I'm proud
my country is my heart and so in every combination we
all rep a common nation
That is how
I know that all we lepers and we shepherds join together
now in holy congregation, everybody
stop right now!

Bridge

I want to hear the church bells ring
I want to see the fog roll in
I don't mind the muddy water
I don't mind the ocean wind
Show me I'm alive right now
Even if you gotta prick this skin
Open up your eyes (x4)

Verse 2

Some days I throw my hands up like this shit right here
is hopeless
but today I throw my hands up like this shit right here's
the dopest
I'll never sew my family's holes up saying hocus pocus
So I focus love on what is whole and chase my magnum
opus
There's so much more life before I leave this skin behind
me
Yeah, right now I'm feeling finer than Aaliyah in the 90s
Yeah, today I'm feeling firmly like my faith could never
burn me
like I'm apt to move that mountain just by glaring at it
sternly
San Francisco used to seem bigger than Jupiter
From the view of an atom the human body's a universe
how impossibly big it be
this symmetry
this brutality
and beauty and synergy
and beyond what we'll live to see
I know nothing limit me
just take everything ever
and we are that
times infinity

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TALKING TO MYSELF

Music by Julien Le & Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO A min E min7 FMaj7

Vocals

Piano

VERSE 1 A min G D min C F

Vox.

[RAP]

Pno.

A min G D min C F

Vox.

Pno.

CHORUS A min A min/G D/F# FMaj7

Vox.

Have you felt a lit - tle off to - day Had a lot to say but wound up talk - ing to your - self

Pno.

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TALKING TO MYSELF

Verse 1

one day you opened up your eyes inside of you
inside a world
inside a universe you didn't get to choose
you didn't get to pick the rules or pick the past
or set the pace
or cast the cast and crew
you didn't get to pick your starting place
and though it was a race you didn't understand
you simply lined up on the blocks and when the
pistol popped you ran
and when you tripped and dropped you picked
yourself up off the ground
and picked your scabs
and knew you had to pick a plan to end what
you began
As you got older there were days of cold sur-
render
Days of shrugged whatevers folded in with
days of shocking splendor
but as time advanced the lovely days were cov-
ered up from view
by an advancing melancholy haze that hovered
near the dew
Yet there were moments
there were these pure arresting moments when
you stepped outside your head
outside your pain
outside control
outside the bullshit
out of body
out of rage
outside the need to get it
get it?
you will never get it
that's okay

Chorus

Have you felt a little off today?
Had a lot to say
But wound up talking to yourself?
I've been hunting for a kindly ear
But couldn't find one near
And wound up talking to myself

Verse 2

had a little spot
where you been going through a lot
wanna shove it to the bottom
but a trouble gonna bubble to the top
then the bubble gonna pop
and the hustle never ever gonna stop
cause you get up in the morning get ahead
then get to bed and then you do it all again
until the moment that you drop
you need a plot – what you wanna witness
with this life you got
you kicked and fought
trynna get up in your skin and pick this lock
that ticking clock
lets you know that bitch you got these situa-
tions witchu
issues someone fit to quick should sit you
should down to talk
ever wonder who's the crazy the one?
people walking to work as if nothing is off
but if a person really got it they would be
cracking a bottle on somebody's head and
looting from shops
are there times you're alone now when no-
body's home
but you walk around muttering under your
breath second guessing shit
saying goddammit goddammit goddammit
just whispering soft?
do you ever get lost, deep in your thoughts,
tripping when you think about the cost of see-
ing this through?
when you tie your stomach into knots that you
don't know how to undo?
but do you ever have another moment after
that
when you can see
there's no one way this has to be?
or maybe that's just me

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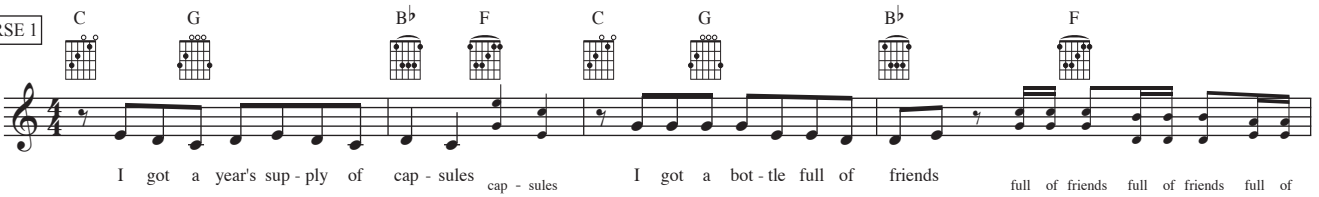
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CHEMICAL ANGEL

Music by Julien Le
Lyrics by George Watsky

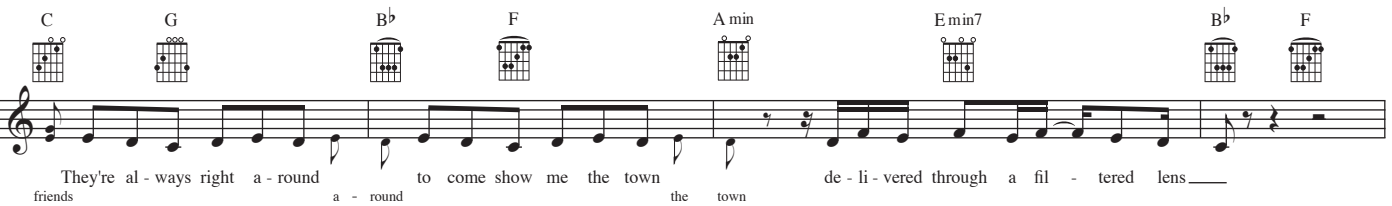
VERSE 1

Vocals



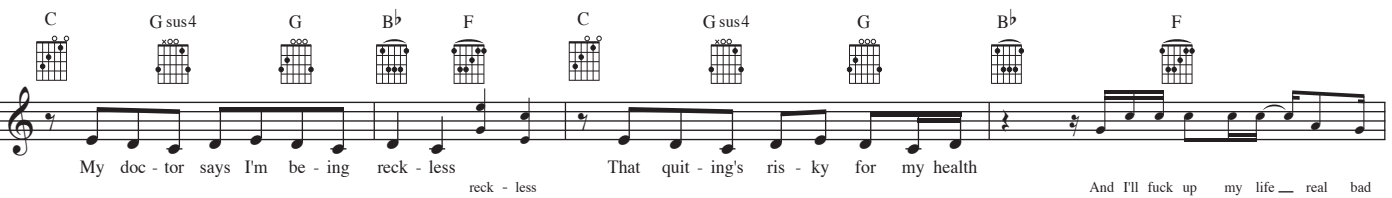
I got a year's sup - ply of cap - sules I got a bot - tle full of friends full of friends full of friends full of

Vox.



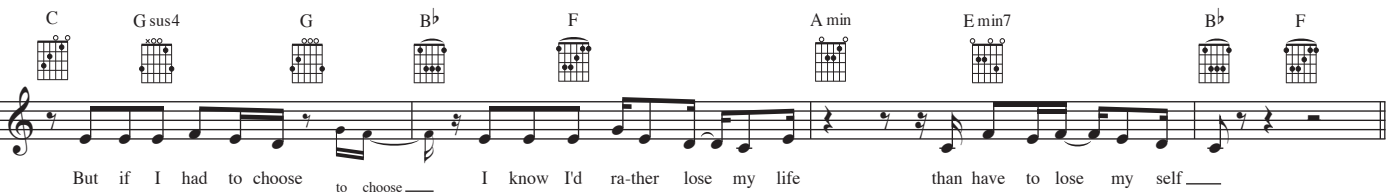
They're al - ways right a - round to come show me the town de - li - vered through a fil - tered lens

Vox.



My doc - tor says I'm be - ing reck - less That quit - ing's ris - ky for my health And I'll fuck up my life real bad

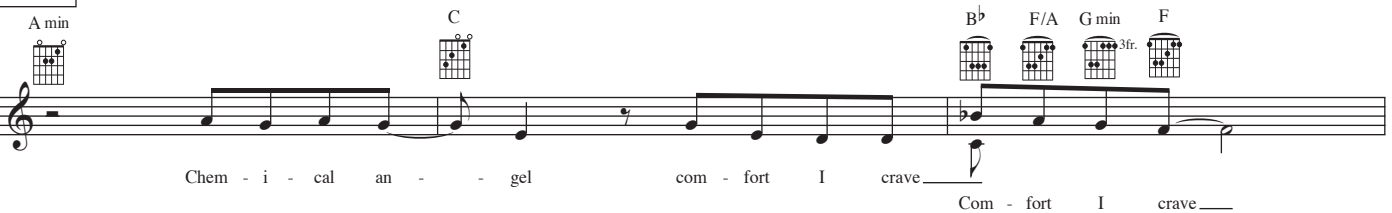
Vox.



But if I had to choose to choose I know I'd ra - ther lose my life than have to lose my self

CHORUS

Vox.



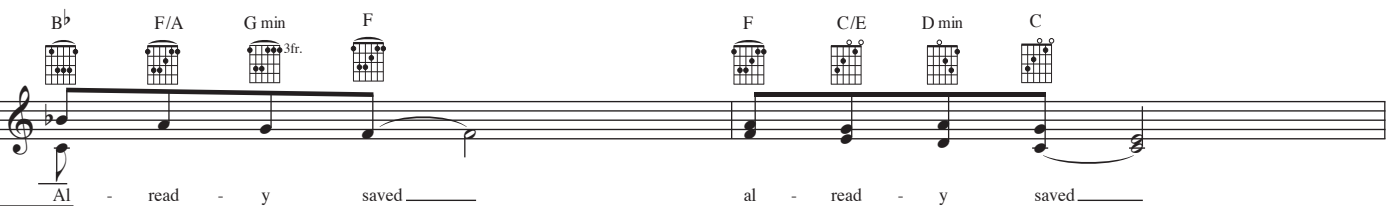
Chem - i - cal an - - gel com - fort I crave Com - fort I crave

Vox.



com - fort I crave Don't come a - round no more I'm al - read - y saved

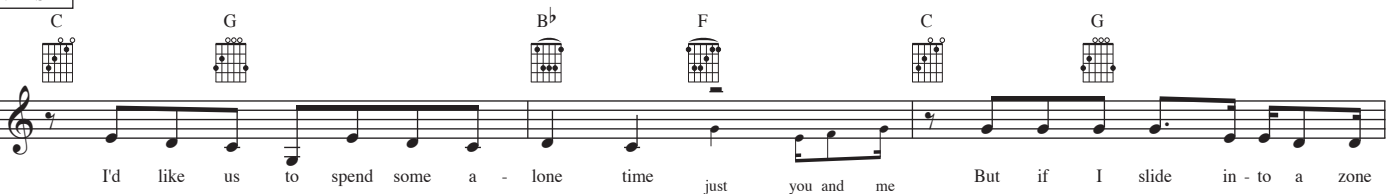
Vox.



al - read - y saved al - read - y saved

VERSE 2

Vox.



I'd like us to spend some a - lone time just you and me But if I slide in - to a zone

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CHEMICAL ANGEL

Verse 1

I got a year's supply of capsules
I got a bottle full of friends (full of friends, full of friends, full of friends)
They're always right around (around)
to come show me the town (the town)
Delivered through a filtered lens
My doctor says I'm being reckless (reckless)
That quitting's risky for my health (and I'll fuck up my life real bad)
But if I had choose (to choose)
I know I'd rather lose my life
Than have to lose myself

Chorus

Chemical angel
comfort I crave (x3)
Don't come around no more
I'm already saved (x3)

Verse 2

I'd like us to spend some alone time (just you and me)
but if I slide into a zone (down and then down, down and then down and then down and then down)
don't take it personal (please don't)
you gotta understand
my brain has got a mind of its own
I don't know if I'm close to drowning (deeper than anyone on the planet has ever been under the sea)
Or if I'm finally free (gotta get up and fly, get up so high, I'ma get up higher than a speeding bullet up in the sky)
I touch my artery (and watch)
And watch my fingertips bob up and down like buoys at sea

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LITTLE SLICE

Music by Frans Mernick & Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

VERSE 1 & 2

CHORUS

Vox.

Piano

Vox.

Pno.

Pno.

G#min7 **G#m11** **A/D#** **E 6**

G#min7 **G#m11** **A/D#** **E 6**

G#min7 **G#m11** **A/D#** **E 6**

G#min7 **D#min7** **F#min7** **G#min7** **D#min7** **F#min7**

G#min7 **D#min7** **F#min7** **G#min7** **D#min7** **F#min7** **B 7sus4**

I'm a grou-pie to the good life _____ Look-ing for a taste of pa-ra-dise _____
Till the muh-fuck-in sun rise _____ So ma-ny folks I love right here _____ But it

I don't need the whole pie _____ Just want to have my lit-tle slice _____
has-n't been a fun night _____ Un-til this shit gets kin-da weird

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LITTLE SLICE

Verse 1

and the clouds are red and pink like they're
wearing a tube of lipstick
the sun is dimming while dipping a toe into the
Pacific
Just gimme a hot Jacuzzi
a spliff and we'll watch a movie
I'm spiffy man in a jiffy I'm lifted and living
groovie

Chorus

I'm a groupie to the good life
looking for a taste of paradise
I don't need the whole pie
just wanna have my little slice

Verse 2

I found the fountain of youth and went skinny
dipping up in it
I pick up the lucky pennies epiphanies every
minute
I run the money to coinstar and with the cash
from the ticket
I snatch my homies whatever they want at Den-
ny's and kick it
till the mothafucking sun rise
so many folks I love right here
but it hasn't a been a good night
until the shit gets kinda weird

Chorus (x 2)

Verse 3

I got a stylish private island inside of my mind
the size of Hawaii
and when I'm vibing you're likely to find
me deep in my psyche
hiding out peeping a flying V of neon pelicans
filling the psychedelic horizon like
wow, what just happened?
I'll please have what he is having
And how can I come ride that wave?
don't give a damn if I'm damp I dance in the
rain
I decided to celebrate like da sky is dumping
champagne on me
paint every clap of thunder as heaven popping
a bottle
jump in and paddle the deepest puddles
strap on my goggles
I gotta seek what I lack
when I'm weak, gotta act
I'm a freak, it's a fact
but I can't say that I mind
gotta leave those thoughts behind
And I hop in my car and I bob in my seat
when I'm dropping to the beat as I mob the
beach
and I stop and I park at the top of a cliff in the
dark and I'm digging on the stars in the sea
shining like a fistful of diamonds
that somebody went and threw into the sky but
they ricochet off
and a couple of em fell into the water and they
sink the bottom
and I think that I saw some
but I blink and I lost em
and I drink in the awesome view
infinite kilometers of water and the tiny ships
moving across em
if I'm getting money then I get it while I can
but if I'm not I better live it up and dammit I de-
mand to give it every single breath I got inside
of me and try to be the man

Chorus (x2)

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SPRINGTIME IN NEW YORK

Music by Frans Mernick
& Nick Brown
Lyrics by George Watsky

Vocals



[SPOKEN WORD]

Guitar



Guitar



Mister Softee's back
the block under attack
frozen Mickey Mouse head massacre
Mac cherry matte glossed lips smack
please mind the thigh gap
pierced venus fly trap
french kiss french toast french roast light frap
french-goodbye the nightcap
Full Japanese sleeves
Brazilian hair weaves and bazillionaire thieves
heavenly heavily creased Canal Street queen
25 if a fiend
maybe 40 if she's clean
shorty in black, Nightmare Before Christmas, ripped, safety-pinned jeans
obscenely scene art crowd
bean-to-bar-insert-fart-sound
far out, daddy-o
daddy issues
data dumpster
dumb on purpose
optimistic prophylactic purchase
swipe right, minimal hesitation
possible digital penetration
popsicle in the buttohole?
wait—where are you going?
Wait. Wait. Please wait. Wait!
My safeword is "safeword"
say word if that's hot
word
not!
what?
stop! how much you fuckin got?
lay up off your cash, your pants, and throw the Her Pleasure trojans on the top!
drop, kiss the pavement, spread your mothafucking cheeks and make em talk
"wawawawawah"
the familiar wa-wa-walk of shame
glittering city of dreams
Sex is on the breeze
Must be springtime in the city

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PINK LEMONADE

ft. Invisible Inc.

Music by Daniel Rierra
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE 1

Vocals

[RAP]

Piano

B^bmin C7(b9) F7 B^bmin C7(b9) F7 B^bmin C7(b9) F7 B^bmin C7(b9) F7 B^bmin

Vox.

Pno.

G^bMaj

B^bmin

8^{vb}

How do you

Vox.

Pno.

E^bmin7

G^bMaj7

F7/A

CHORUS

Vox.

make pink le-mon-ade? How do you make pink le mon-ade? Is it real? Yeah! Is it real? Yeah! Good We on-ly want it if it's real

Pink le-mons Pink le-mons

Pno.

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PINK LEMONADE
ft. Invisible Inc

Verse 1

Air salad
sex vinaigrette
intravenous internet
jazz cigarettes
blazé frenzy
officer friendly
Venti Trapaccino
gluten free Henny
Crocodile skin in the Bentley
graveyard shift at the Denny's
north side plenty, south side pennies
I vote Yeezus/ Deez Nuts 2020
you want to run a country? that makes me shiver
bitch I wouldn't trust you to run with adult scissors
flushed ass face
flash that cash
your fleshlight wouldn't let you smash
collection plate passing through the church benches
pastors pull up to their chapels in Benzes
I guess that I musta missed class that day
it's so senseless, baby please pass that J

Chorus

How do you make pink lemonade?
(Pink lemons!)
How do you make pink lemonade?
(Pink lemons!)
Is it real? (Yeah!)
Is it real? (Yeah!)
Good! We only want it if it's real

Verse 2

can't bear a bear market with a bare body
rich heir—hot air choking errbody
they swore you'd soar, check your sore body
see the sweat pour from each pore of your poor
body
Someone wise once wrote
"our world's divided into two types of folk
Now there's the type of people who divide the
world into different types of people
And then there's the type who don't"
my uniter, crack a beer on the couch
If we're not eye to eye I'm hearing you out
and my dividers, get your center-part ready
Cause I'll divide your skull with a dull machete
We don't play
fetch or rollover
no way— it's cold shoulder
for Machiavellian, Martin Skhrelion suit and tie
soldiers

Outro verse

uh oh, uh oh
I lost my ticket to go to the gun show
I was gonna be front row
my mind it used to be sharper than CutCo
uh oh, uh oh
somebody came at me cutthroat
broke open my dome and graffiti'd inside on the
stucco
fuck no
I'm gonna shine like DayGlo
We gotta show em how the locals who come from
the Bay go
Beethoven lovers or Juggalos chugging a Faygo
Welcome
got a caseload of queso
No filet mignon but plenty of steak and potato
pay no attention to henchmen, okay bro?
No way Jose Canseco
If I'm a shark I'm not your Great White I'm maybe
a Mako
Makeover, without taking over some shit not a day
go by

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DON'T BE NICE

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

Don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice

Piano

A

Vox.

don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice

[RAP]

Pno.

A \flat maj7 4fr. E \flat maj7

Vox.

Don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice

[RAP]

Pno.

A \flat maj7 4fr. E \flat maj7

Vox.

Don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice don't be nice

[RAP]

Don't be nice don't be nice

Pno.

A \flat maj7 4fr. E \flat maj7 G 7(\flat 9) 9fr.

B

repeat section 2x with rap, then continue

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DON'T BE NICE

Chorus

Don't be nice

Verse

my policy is to call em as I see em no filler
quality people lift me up like the coliseum pil-
lars
some go from pitching religion to sipping on
kombucha
politicians switching positions like it's the Kama
Sutra
Our narcissism has got us caught up like bars in
prison
claim we're winning gargling seven dicks and a
jar of jizzum
your mommas a true beauty
butt makes me weep, I call it a "boo-hooty"
truly a hot mom
other moms are doing their squats wrong
and if you don't dig it when I spit it like an open
spigot and I'm doing my duty to drop bombs
visit www.kisswatskysgluteusmaximus.com
false modesty is a guilty habit
some people simply have it
but the fact is I would not have spent a decade
doing this
if I did not believe I was at least tiny bit ridicu-
lously filthy at it
Wrote a book to branch out
After tour let's have a singalong and camp out
cause I came here for a single reason
and that's for friendship
and for drinking til I can't count—now
If you're Jesus then we break bread
If you're Beavis then we butt heads
if you're a butthead, or a fake friend
I smack ya back to Hollywood enough said
skin scream jars
thin teen stars
Wanna hear a laughier?
A white rapper walks into 16 bars
I am large, I contain multitudes
I'm in charge of a strange cult of dudes
Infinity versions of me in parallel universes

from total teddy bear to ultra rude
true, I don't measure power by bravado, libi-
do
or by popping bottles with Hefner in the grotto
in speedos
I'm never sharing my moscato if you suck like
mosquito
So "open up" said the taco to the burrito,
motherfucker
don't be nice, don't be nice
drop all the fuckery, stop it you ugly ignora-
mus
don't be nice, don't be—rude and brainless
don't be—super basic
don't—move if you're contagious
don't be nice—la-la-la-la-la
don't be nice—I'm not listening
don't be nice, don't be nice
got nothing nice to say then—don't be nice
gather the wicked to sacrifice
sucking the dick of the antichrist
kicking the bucket is vital to life I know that's
the price
don't be—candy striped
don't be—parasites
don't—do me dirty
don't—think you're worthy
don't—hurt me
mercy is not a courtesy currently that occurs to
me
I turn up eternally, you will not stop it
True—my crew hotter than hot pockets
(This dude Watsky too cocky, let's cock block
it)
we do what we do because it's true to us
while few puppets in suits up at the top profit
and if you got a new coup then I do not knock
it
But I bukkake your Bugati with snot rockets

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YES, BRITANNIA

Music by George Watsky
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

E B F#min C#min 4fr. B

Vocals

Piano

CHORUS

E B F#min C#min 4fr. B

Vox.

I'm plea-ding guil - ty with the crown to - day _____ That's all I got to say _____ I will not lie to you _____

E B F#min C#min 4fr. B

Vox.

I had to try my luck a - cross the sea _____ And now we're his - to - ry _____ I'm say - ing good-bye to you _____

VERSE

E B F#min C#min 4fr. B

Vox.

[RAP] 4x

OUTRO

Vox. Round 1

Oh _____ Yes Brit - an - nia I sur - ren _____ der Book me and toss the key

Vox. Round 2

Vox. Round 3

Vox. Round 4

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YES, BRITANNIA

Chorus

I'm pleading guilty with the Crown today
That's all I got to say
I will not lie to you
I had to try my luck across the sea
Now we're history
I'm saying goodbye to you

Verse 1

Yes, I've been a mess
With the pressure the stress
see ya never, I guess
nevertheless, finding you I was blessed
Swear I'm trying my best
Lion inside of my chest
trying to claw his way out
Crack my ribs, pop my lungs I don't know if
there's a safe route
now—we can cut this frayed rope
or hope and wait us to fade
babe— after how great the ups were
we can't be living with love when it's lost it's
luster
frosted over, busted, exhausted, ruptured
another couple who settled for less
We want something real
a relationship
Wanna feel
and quit chasing shit
gimme a shield
or she'll break me quick
And we will never be the same again

Chorus

Verse 2

All we're seekin's a person that we can cherish
I don't think you really want a green card
marriage
Nothing is fair but you're caring and can't
bear it
A lot of people perished tonight in Paris
The planet is a mean is a motherfucker
You wanna scream but we gotta lean on each
other
We suffer and pick ourselves up off of the
floor
Your dad at stage four, what could I say to
support?
Can we just quit each other
the way you did cigarettes?
up and split, cold turkey, no regrets?
I'd even miss tasting the nicotine on your
breath when we kiss
I'm not ready to say good bye to you yet
like sayonara
I don't know if I can try tomorrow
am I supposed to say a hallelujah
smile I knew ya
And go on my way?
Outro
Oh, yes Brittania
I surrender
Book me and toss the key
Oh, yes Brittania
I'll remember your generosity
Oh, yes Brittania
Poison testers, princes and hooligans
Oh, yes Brittania
Loves a jester, and what a fool I've been

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LOVE LETTERS

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

VERSE

B min A/C# B min/D F#min7 G Maj7 B min

Vocals

[RAP]

Piano

6x

CHORUS

Vox.

You've made a place where I'm wel - come And al - though I give voice to it sel - dom Know I

Pno.

Vox.

love you No - bo - dy's a - bove you And if you love some - one then you tell them

Pno.

HOOK

D Maj7 Em9 EM7(#11)/G# F Maj7 B Maj7 Em(add9)/B

Vox.

GO IN PO-ET! Eigh-ty six I was thrown in the mix say-in' GO IN PO-ET! Eigh-ty six ann-y-one who would stand in the way of a kid say-in' GO IN

Pno.

LOVE LETTERS

Verse 1

The drum is never the enemy of the pen
but when I'm meeting mentally with beat and melody then
One of me can turn into ten of me
If there's ten of me, tell me how many heavenly similes can we
blend?
Like women and men would fall with no friends
Like a rose would fall with no stem
Like most folks follow trends
Like Os follow LMNs
That's how well I know life flows with the elements
As sunrise kills an evening
As stars die and a night sky is grieving
As man sees what he has when it's leaving
You gone is as asthma to breathing
That's how much I need you in my life
I'm never gonna ever leave you in my lifetime
Cause every time I hear line that shows me I'm not alone it's
saving me
cause I know that that's a lifeline
Like minds—this is our home and they won't ruin it easily
Cause the wolf is gonna blow until he's blue in the cheek
and me and you and the crew can go take a snooze in the
street
And the bulldozer can come chew on our feet
We never let em through
We'll build a levy
limit the river's level
steady the flood and begin with a pebble
lend me one syllable
come if you're ready to shovel
run if you're shaking
but I know that today is not my Waterloo

Chorus

You've made a place where I'm welcome
And although I give voice to it seldom
Know I love you
Nobody's above you
And if you love someone then you tell them

Verse 2

Every day the planet's losing IQ points
But people still bumping Ice Cube joints
So I've got hope
and every day I'm seeking my true voice
and looking up at a bright new choice
Cause everybody's got a hustle and everyone's trying to push it
It's tricky to find the kush hiking up a mountain of bullshit
And there's another mountain of bullshit next to it littered with
glitter, money and strippers they're selling as good shit
It's nothing new up at the core though
Everything same as it's always been only more so
Of course so same token, while there's life there is truth
While there's truth it demands to be spoken
And someone's gonna speak it
it's really not a secret
You just need to search it
you just need to seek it

And though we like to worship a genius in a coffin
We often forget that there's prophets among us walking
And I know because I hear em when I am in the clouds
And I got my music up and jamming it loud
And dammit whatever I am or could ever become I'm positive
that I will always be a fan in the crowd
So gimme gimme gimme
Dylan and Biggy
Hit me with Jimi
Emily Dickinson, Eminem, Niki Giovanni Lennon, Kendrick,
Gambino, Rafa, Chinaka, Dahlak and Missy, Saul and Beau
and Paul and Kweli, Chali 2na and Chance and Seneca

Hook

(Go in poet!)
86 I was thrown in the mix, saying
(Go in poet!)
86 anyone who would stand in the path of a kid saying
(Go in poet!)
86 bitches, 86 cups full of lean
(Go in poet!)
86 bars, infinity ways to say what I mean

Chorus

Verse 3

So if you're blocking the future I wanna to walk toward
Suit yourself we're gonna lock swords
But it's a wash if you're saying "Watsky I could rock withcha if
you didn't talk like some nails on a chalkboard
I can tell—that you're really on your dope writer tip
But you'll trip if you don't try to fit
Maybe you can make it if you ghostwrite a hit
And sell it to somebody who can ghostride a whip"
Shieeet—I say no sirree
I can smell the weak shit through the potpourri
So I'm just gonna do what I do
You take a minute or two and Google "Tim and Magoo"
I love the that life I picked even if it aint plush
I'm too glad complain much
I'm in the lab in a drab world
While these fuckers dab and do dabs and I dab on my pad
with my paintbrush
This is for the kids whipping up some home-cooked
Spitting 86 bars, fuckin no hook
lying in the grass
passion their chest
and a ballpoint pressed in their notebook
Listen to me, this is for the word
looking so fine I'm rubbing coconut oil up in the crack of dat
spine
this is for the times I'm reminded my mind isn't mine alone
This if for the poems and the lines
(And the letters in em)

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STICK TO YOUR GUNS

ft. Julia Nunes

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

F B m7(b5) B^b A min D min F B m7(b5) B^b B^bmin F

Vocals

3x

VERSE 1

F B m7(b5) B^b A min D min F B m7(b5) B^b B^bmin F

Vox. [RAP]

4x

CHORUS

F B m7(b5) B^b A min7 D min7

Vox.

You got your fin - ger on the trig - ger kid You got your fin - ger on the trig - ger kid C' - mon

F B m7(b5) B^b B^bmin F F B m7(b5)

Vox.

Line it up line it up line it up and hit me with the truth You got your fin - ger on the trig - ger kid

E^b D min G7 C7sus4 A7/C# A7 D min7

Vox.

You got your fin - ger on the trig - ger kid C' - mon Line it up line it up line it up and hit me with the truth

VERSE 2

F Maj7 B m7(b5) B^bmin D m11 5fr. G7 B^bmin6

Vox. [RAP]

F Maj7 B m7(b5) B^bmin D m11 5fr. B^b B^bmin F

Vox.

F B m7(b5) E^b D min G7 C7sus4 A7/C# A7 D min7 G7(b5) G7 2fr.

Vox.

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STICK TO YOUR GUNS

ft. Julia Nunes

Verse 1

I'll be gone when you read this so I just wanted to say
I'm sorry to the couple decent people who got in the way
and maybe there was a point at which this all coulda
been different
but this is the position we're in and it's pointless to wish
that it isn't
they'll all be gawking when I walk in the door
cocking my shotgun hammer and they drop to the floor
the clocks shatter, I scatter the jock horde
splatter the chalkboard
it matters a lot more than half of you thought
when you were knocking me like I'm a laughingstock and
a weakling a freak and a creep
I was mocked and ignored
you're sorry now but talk is cheap
shoulda thought it before
you're the sorry flock of sheep who made me rot to core
and of course you'll make a break to escape through the
corridor
don't be late, I set you up on a date with the coroner
and our fates are sealed
all of you fakes, don't worry
this will all be over soon

Chorus

You got your finger on the trigger, kid
You got your finger on the trigger, kid
Come on
Line it up, line it up, line it up
And hit me with the truth

Verse 2

thanks for tuning in to the top rated crew in the news!
feels great to us that we're the one that viewers would
choose
I'm hearing through my producer we've got the scoop on
the name and the favorite food of the shooter
plus an interview with a student who's been fed through
a tube
she was shot in the head
we're gonna bring you a segment live from her hospital
bed
we'll try to bring you the spin through your preexisting
opinions
but if we miss it switch it to our sister network instead
of course we know this situation is tragic
but take a minute to appreciate our fabulous graphics
and we'll be back in action with up to the second reports
(after a couple of words from all our loyal sponsors, of
course)
so like us, and vine us, and tweet to connect
24/7 we're giving ya what you're craving
we live to deliver live the kinda coverage that you've
come to expect
we're always here for you

Verse 3

we come together in this hour of need
to the honor the innocent victims of this cowardly deed
of course I share your sentiment as your voice in the
senate
but let's accept nothing ever could have been done to
prevent it
it's just the strange inner visions of a deranged individu-
al
full of rage, full of hate, full of vitriol
I gotta mention that it's sick and insane
my opponent's twisting your pain for political gain
that's lame
and I think it's a damn shame
it doesn't give anyone power to cast blame
because the past is the past
and it's best that we keep things the same
So, my Chads and my Staceys, go back to the mall
Fill your bags out at Macy's, and chat in the hall
And I hope I'm that vote that you cast in the fall
cause I care for you, it's true
Bridge (x 4)
Stick to your guns

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BRAVE NEW WORLD

ft. Chaos Chaos

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

G min 3fr. B^bMaj7 D min

Vocals

Ven - e - fi - cia!
Ven - e - fi - cia!
Sev - en - trum - pets!
Ven - e - fi - cia!

Piano

VERSE

G min 3fr. B^b D min G min 3fr.

Vox. [RAP]

Pno.

B^b F Maj6 C G min 3fr. B^b

Vox.

Pno.

D min7 F G min 3fr. B^b F Maj6 C

Vox.

Pno.

1st verse: 2x
2nd verse: to Coda

BRAVE NEW WORLD

ft. Chaos Chaos

Intro

Veneficia! Veneficia! Seven trumpets! Veneficia!

Verse 1

Easy, with a ballot, we can put a reality TV personality in DC

Speak free if you can see how this delicate fucking matter developed but man it beats me
(Oh my goooooood!)

two fleets keep peace on the mean streets
one treats brown people like they're beastly
nothing like the force that police me
(that's so odd!)

what's the fate of the species?

get a metal plate and then mate with the PCs
or retreat back to a monkey chucking feces?
(What's the deal?)

wanna ease this pain

different than the BC years

now we Bcc Jesus on the email chain

Way too many threats to flee

way too many heads to feed

Not too many beds to sleep

chief said that it was best you leave

F-U please to the refugees

And it's seeming like it's every other day that I been
tugging at my collar thinking "damn it's toasty"

where did all the people at the supermarket go that
used to scan my groceries?

Vanished mostly

And wassup with all the homies in the camo and
the ammo with the rifles on their shoulder walking
through the city thinking that they're Annie Oakley?

That's quite enough

but this shit is fucking unbelievable

I swear you couldn't write this this stuff

Chorus

Everywhere that I stare

(Veneficia!)

You couldn't write this shit, no

Every minute, deeper in it

(Veneficia!)

Another fantasy is brought to life

Everywhere that I stare

(Science Fiction!)

You couldn't write this shit, no

Every minute, deeper in it

(Veneficia!)

And now I never get surprised

Verse 2

Young George Jetson stepping up in this motherfucker
gripping a butcher knife hoping I can cut the chord
Where the horde is plugged to the motherboard
That is not a legitimate hoverboard
(shit's got wheels!)

I look at the sky saying "my god run!"

Life's heavier than an ipod one

My twitter ain't gonna matter when the tripods come

(Let's get real!)

From the hieroglyphs to the crowded malls

Never mind if, but the how it falls

I'm vibing out watching Ow! My Balls

(Oh yeaaaaa)

core defects tend to wreck my sleep

the quest to be more perfect than Ford Prefect

while I'm dreaming of Electric Sheep

Cause Soylent Green is people

resistance is just futile

Pop a red pill and a blue pill and I dilate my pupils

Moving light speed

we all got vile needs

living is a violent deed

spread my soul like Wild Seed

Why would it be any wonder I act weird?

I'm trying to find out who the fuck I am while looking in
a cracked Black Mirror

You got a finish that you thought about?

How this is gotta bottom out?

You wanna flee the reaper but they're bombing the city
and the single haven to creep in is the slaughterhouse

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GOING DOWN

Music by Miles Douglas
Lyrics by George Watsky

CHORUS

B min7

C# min7 4fr.

Vocals

I'm go - ing down

I'm go - ing down

F# min

Vox.

I'm go - ing down

I'm go - ing down

I'm go - ing down

B min7

C# min7 4fr.

Vox.

I'm go - ing down

ON YOU!

to verse

VERSE

F# min

B min7

C# min7 4fr.

3x

Vox.

[RAP]

F# min

Vox.

REFRAIN

B min7

C# min7 4fr.

Vox.

I'm go - ing down

I'm go - ing down

ON YOU!

to verse

GOING DOWN

Chorus

I'm going down, I'm going down, I'm going down
On you

Verse 1

I'm breathing deep then I leap in
I'm going under
like eating that V's the key to how we can beat global
hunger
achieve total peace on earth
I'm a freak, I'm a local wonder
more lung capacity than Freddy Mercury vocal numbers
I plunder the briny deep
a spelunker plunging in, hunkering down in between
those puffy pink walls like a fallout bunker
and if never emerge to the surface don't gimme shit
in twenty years I'm back like Kimmy Shmidt (wassup)
Hold up, wait (Hold up, wait)
Cause I really gotta set one thing straight
I'm not chowing on the chocha so that you'll reciprocate
I just go in (go in)
no strings (no strings)
tastes great (tastes great)
fun times (vitamins!)
I got a wand tongue
I'm doing sorcery
If you don't want none
well that's just more for me

Verse 2

I'm going down on you like I like it but bruh I'm lyin'
Cause I don't like it I luh that shit's my valentine
one tiny warning—I'm dining on your gourmet form until
the morning
performing like it'll stop global warming
my pallet has got no equal
talent could vanquish evil
and maybe make Rick Moranis be in the Ghostbusters
sequel
one taste and I'm wailing "god bless!" (god bless!)
Until you quiver I will not rest (not rest)
licking repeatedly like your beaver's a square reader
and my tongue is a VISA debit card that failed to process
it's like the Miracle Worker and I'm blind and I'm deaf
and dumb
plus each inch my body's numb except for the tip of my
tongue
and each Wikipedia topic's printed in microscopic raised
ink on your clit
so the single option I got to know something about this
wonderful globe that we come from's to locate your swol-
len bean and then probe the folds of it fiendishly til you
cum about infinity times
And baby that isn't a crime

Verse 3

given our planet's gender ratio
it'd be a mockery glossing over fellatio (there he go)
meaning that really fucking quick
I gotta touch on sucking dick
many guys visualize giving BJs And say "eww"
But can we just please give smoking pole a calm objec-
tive view?
I'm pretty straight, but I'll state: sexuality's an arc
maybe I can suck a flashlight so my soul will not be dark
Why couldn't I get sexual with a man at all?
At thirteen I was in my bedroom fucking stuffed animals
if I can bang an inanimate object can't I jam the crotch
of a man in my jaw and softly massage it?
fellas vomit like "what if the sausage is smelling hella
funky?"
Don't you wash your fucking junk, B?
of course I wouldn't devour icky salami
but that goes the same for encountering stinky punani
so in this scenario where I brush my teeth with a penis
let's assume that the penis we're dealing with sparkles
the cleanest of all
penis penis on the wall
with those well proportioned balls

Verse 4

So let's say you're okay with your lips around a cock
but you still can't wrap your mind around the final mon-
eyshot
don't give up! if the nut is what truly makes it foul
then just get him close to busting and hand him a paper
towel
yup! no gravy on your chin!
yup! everybody wins!
yup! squirrel to an acorn
dudes like to look at dicks in their straight porn
Put your hands up if you got hangups
Put your hands up if you got hangups
if I could get with it I'd have a wider ocean I'm fishing in
But I'm inhibited by my social conditioning
so where my head's at present the odds are gloomy
That I would agree to feast on a D that's presented to
me
But I'm not officially ruling out
that at some point in my life I'll have a dingaling in my
mouth

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MIDNIGHT HEART ft. Mal Devisa

Music by Brandon Paak Anderson
& Michael Jones
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

Guitar

Guitar

Vox.

Pno.

Gtr.

Gtr.

embellish melody

Well I've made

CHORUS

Vox.

Vox.

I could ne - ver be _____ Sat - is - fied But each way _____ that I turn

MIDNIGHT HEART
ft. Mal Devisa

Chorus

Well I've made enemies along the ride
I'm afraid I could never be satisfied
But each way that I turn I face ahead
Hook
Straight through to your midnight heart
Straight through to your midnight heart
Now you know your soul is dark
Straight through to your midnight heart

Verse 1

you don't know the name of like half of these
folks
and they'll be sprinting for the exit the minute
you're broke
a bunch of bobblehead muppets to laugh at
your jokes
wipe your ass and come and give your ego a
stroke
I had to break it to you
sorry buddy it was time you knew
nothing you ever said was funny man, the
punchline's you
one time, for the palm trees and the sunshine
two times, for the two-timers being unkind
confined to a small mind, but the fault's mine
I always keep on crawling back across the San
Andreas faultline
I keep on climbing underground to sweat out
all my principles in darkness with you in this salt
mine
where we're all blind
I should fall back
I know all signs say that I should halt
but I golf clap for this false crap
but from now on counterfeit suckers suck on my
ball-sack alright?
I know you know it's way too late now and
your soul is dark
Yeah motherfucker I see through you to your
midnight heart

Verse 2

it's tough to care about stupid bullshit all of the
time
so I gotta say I'm glad that's your job and not
mine
Everybody's got a topic at the top of their
mind
A choice of how you wanna let your life be
defined
(is it honeys?)
sleeping around is your taste?
(Is it money?)
are you the paper you chase?
(Kinda funny)
You said that I've been playing safe
if you got the bravest voice say that to my face
(is it your career?)
pretty shitty to hear but I took a difficult look in
the mirror
and I checked in the rearview
objects are never what they appear
the past tends to look crooked from here:
the mask that I put on out of fear
the tracks that I didn't put out
the facts that I kept out of my ear
the slack that I cut people who didn't deserve
it is tragically clear
no no no not this year
I'm not done changing yet
I'll get these old knees checked
I can't bend over for someone I don't respect

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LOVELY THINGS SUITE: CONVERSATIONS

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

Piano

VERSE 1

Vox.

[RAP]

That is - n't for a

CHORUS

Vox.

long long time ____ That is - n't for a long long time That is - n't for a

long long time ____ That is - n't for a long long long long

VERSE 2

Vox.

time

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LOVELY THINGS SUITE: CONVERSATIONS

Verse 1

I remember vividly
my tears dropping on the grey carpet on the top
step
pops giving me his best guess
me confessing the burning question stressing and
concerning me and turning me to a wet mess
it's probably nothing
I get it, I'm aware
I know it's probably stupid to be scared
But these days are flying past us and nobody seems
to care
It's like we're sprinting towards a brick wall we're
pretending isn't there
What happens when we hit it?
Do we split into a million bits
Or do we come back as a bullfrog and talk in rib-
bits?
What is it? What is it? What is it?
You got the answer so give it, so give it, so give it
Don't lie, what happens when we die?
Dad says, Georgie I'm just guessing from what I've
been told
Probably thinking, "How'd I raise this emo fucking
nine-year-old?"
Since I'm sorta really not religious it's a crapshoot
I roll a pair of dice
Although the thought of paradise is very nice
In my heart I know I don't believe in magic
So I'm thinking maybe death is like eternal TV static
or returning to the state before your birth
absorbed into the earth
the fewer hours left the more they're worth
I admit that it's difficult to think about
I think everybody got a little bit of doubt
You don't get to hide from it even if you shout
Not a soul on the planet gets to wiggle out
And he said that I know that's it's tough to take in
son but it's so early
I can see you're in a hurry but don't worry cause

Chorse

That isn't for a long, long time
That isn't for a long, long time
That isn't for a long, long time
That isn't for a long, long, long, long time

Verse 2

Life moves fast
Made the mistake of blinking, twenty years passed
Now I'm sitting in my living room in Brooklyn with father
We don't bother doing Christmas in the Bay any longer
It's first time that we've had this conversation
He says "it's tough to take in
I know we're not quite ancient
But we've reached age where we should probably talk
arrangements
We could take it several routes
We could sell the house
We can't work forever, eventually money will run out
That's a spot taking a loan would help us cover
Which would make it tougher to leave something for
you and your brother"
Stop—can't you see?
Every meal that you paid for me
all this power to chase a dream
All this privilege not to crave riches
but it's plain to me the key fact is it's easy to act like
cash means jack shit if you never lacked it
and the greatest honor I could have is to make a
buck and pass back a fraction of all the happiness you
gave to me
And I will never make you live where you don't aim to
be
Age is just data
we paint our story A to Z then dip out
R.I.P. rip out, we tear out the pages
Tear up the stage and we take a seat
making a vacancy
Famous or not, we fade from the plot
Every day when a new night falls
I ride around the sun on this big blue ball
I get a bit further from the kid called Paul
and I get a bit closer to the big brick wall
But since inching up to that fence
I can run my fingers against all the bricks and mortar
and sense
that it's not so cold and so dense
And although I'm mournful I've known that I'm not
immortal
I'm not banging into stone but I'm more heading
through this portal
We're born to return to home we're all born to be
mincemeat
everything dies except for Papaya King hotdogs on
86th St.
Dad hands me a napkin tells me it's been the same since
the fifties
He didn't always love the city but dammit he'll miss me
How can you miss something after you leave, I agree
that it's sad but please
Don't dwell on it Dad, because—

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LOVELY THINGS SUITE: KNOTS

Music by Kush Mody
& Ryan Whyman
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Vocals

Piano

Vox.

Pno.

rit. **Slow**

A

Vox.

[SPOKEN WORD]

Pno.

Vox.

Pno.

LOVELY THINGS SUITE: KNOTS

What a tangle
What a strangling knot to be caught in
To be exiled here
To be stuck in Berlin with Vienna so near
Yet so far from the Emperor's ear
What a strange and impossible sum
to be old while to still be so young
to have sung before speaking a word
to be heard
to be hailed
then to fail
to be done
to love but to be so naive
to trust and to be so deceived
to mourn, forlorn, to be torn from you
scorned for another who suffers no grief
to curse God, seeking lightning
and to still be ignored
to hide in this room, now too rich to afford
to hear armies of creditors bang at the door
always yelling for more
and to have nothing to sell that could help
except for the Steinway that sits in the corner

For Arthur it all came too easily
to learn the scales in every key
to play the etudes and the suites
the nocturnes and The Fantaisie
to master the sonatas, minuets, and symphonies
to seek the truth fits and starts
to strike the middle F like it's an arrow through the
heart
to wing the right hand like a dove (the peaceful
flutter of a dove)
and with left a violent shove (some moments will
demand a shove)
to needle gently yet relentless with a steady foot
upon the pedal

and to clench the iron first inside the velvet glove
to learn to whisper and to scream
(the whisper justifies the scream)
to let each yearning finger breathe
(no, nothing lives unless it breathes)
to burn, to worship, to mislead
to pose a question with a pinky on a key
to flee, to fight, to bleed
to float in air
nothing solid underneath
to rap those heavy knuckles on the gate to heaven
til there's nothing to achieve, but—

To go retrieve the length of cable hidden in the cabinet
to metamorphasize the twisted rope unto an alphabet
to lay the lazy C upon the shabby wooden floor to rest
to send the end across the top and bend the C into an S
to curve the tail beneath the S to turn the tangle to a B
to hug the wretched root around the fibers suffocatingly
to wrap again to wrap again to give the coil seven
loops
to penetrate the yawning hoop
to tug the loose appendage through
to yank the knot until it's ready for the job it's got to do
to toss the braid above the ceiling beam and to affix the
noose
to bid adieu to all of you until there's nothing left to do
but
climb the chair
to cinch the collar
find the edge
to step into the air

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LOVELY THINGS SUITE: ROSES

Music by Miles Douglas
Lyrics by George Watsky

INTRO

Piano

5x

Vox.

Don't let my ghost drag you down

Pno.

CHORUS

C#min 4fr. A E

Vox.

If you don't see me a - round _____ It does - n't mean that I fell Yeah I'm do-ing well

B C#min 4fr.

Vox.

I got some ro - ses to smell _____ I hope you smile when I'm gone _____ It means I had the strength to move on

A E B

Vox.

_____ To find a - no - ther sto - ry to tell _____ To an - swer the bell _____ I got some ro - ses to smell _____ [RAP]

VERSE

C#min 4fr. A E B

Vox.

C#min 4fr. A E B

Vox.

to Chorus

Don't let my ghost drag you down

LOVELY THINGS SUITE: ROSES

Chorus

Don't let my ghost drag you down
If you don't see me around
It doesn't mean that I fell
yeah I'm doing well
I got some roses to smell
I hope you smile when I'm gone
It means I had the strength to move on
To find another story to tell
to answer the bell
I got some roses to smell

Verse 1

when magic's happening my habit's been coil-
ing up a memory and trappin it right
in the cavity of my ribs, like the doors of a cab-
inet might
but you won't hold onto a shadow just by grab-
bing it tight
set it free and let it back in the light
never out of my heart, even when out of my
sight
leaving is posed to be hard
Man I thought it so was selfish of people I love
to keep falling out of my life
But now I know
No I don't take it personal
If you got a really lovely place to go
I will chase my goals yeah, to make me whole
Cause it's urgent we love and be loved
I've begun to scrub up with detergent to shine
up my soul

Verse 2

cause every screen the we tap is screaming
that bigger is better
better is how you make yourself matter
but matter is fleeting
am I living to feed a machine that I'm blind to
see?
no point in hiding my pride if there's no priva-
cy
I've already dedicated too much of my time to
trying to get my followers up
and crying out for attention
and sleeping around to mend a hollow crater
inside of me
knowing well that it don't mean shit
going to the well for another cheap dopamine
hit
I'm done being a bitch to ambition
I'm already rich
I got a head that's full of million dollar ques-
tions
and the length of it
is I don't need the courage to work
I want the strength to quit

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LOVELY THINGS SUITE: THEORIES

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

Chord diagrams: F m7, B^b7, F m7, B^b7

Vocals

Piano

Vox.

Pno.

Ar - thur

stepped off yeah he stepped off of the chair — could - nn't weigh a hun - dred for - ty pounds And the

rope snapped yeah the rope snapped And then AR - thur found him - self look - ing up from the ground Look - ing up look - ing

up found things look - ing up look - ing up look - ing not so down no not so down no

Knots don't have to stay — that way — no Not so tight - ly wound What a love - ly thing it is

— to fail To re - lease those grasp - ing fing - er nails —

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LOVELY THINGS SUITE: THEORIES

Arthur stepped off, yeah he stepped offa the chair
Couldn't weigh a hundred forty pounds
and the rope snapped yeah the rope snapped
and then Arthur found himself looking up from the ground
looking up, looking up, found things looking up
looking up, looking not so down, no not so down
no knots don't have to stay that way
no, not so tightly wound

Chorus

What a lovely thing it is to fail
to release those grasping fingernails
Arthur thought the end was near
Then Arthur played for fifty years
And then my father walked down 8th and 57th street to
Carnegie Hall, yeah it was Carnegie Hill
the show was past sold out for weeks
But they said "if you don't mind, if you don't mind sitting on stage
Sometimes we release a couple seats"
twenty feet, twenty feet, yeah my dad's twenty three
twenty feet from the hands on the keys
yeah, the hands on the keys of a man with the hands that almost didn't exist
that almost didn't exist to see

Back in 97 when Dad was my chauffeur
He'd play radio and I'd try to guess the composer
Chopin sprinkled over the hum of the motor
when I was young never I'd doubt my composure
everything's kosher, man I was so sure
I'd say that I'm good
Don't want no adulthood
I never understood
couldn't get how anyone would ever want to end to their life
until the day that I could
I've heard it said we're alone in the ether
That we're the only intelligent creatures
So you don't need to adjust your receivers
If they were out there they'd be texting us, hitting our beepers
Invading us on some alien Julius Caesar
Or begging "take me to your leader"
But I got a theory it's neither
That there's a billion brilliant alien planets at leisure
smoking alien reefer
the evolution of the mind's not the hunger to conquer
or to want or to seek or to wander
Or even wonder, but to simply to be
until we cease to be any longer
There's nothing wrong with heavy eyelids
I hope you enjoyed my twenties as much as I did
You'll never know how much that all of you provided
And I'm gonna try to do the same for

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EXQUISITE CORPSE

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky, Rafael Casal,
Daveed Diggs, Chinaka Hodge,
Michael Jones, Benjamin Laub,
Jonathan Park, & Adam Traore

G min Eb7(#11) G min Eb7(#11)

Vocals

[RAP]

Piano

EXQUISITE CORPSE

Intro

Have you ever seen a corpse?
How about an exquisite one?
Think about Frankenstein's monster
Now think about fun
You're getting it, good!
Johnny starts with a leg. I sew on an arm. Then you lend
a hand
We each add our piece
Now, what kind of beast have we made?
Let's find out!

Watsky Verse

I woke up Sunday to a bloodshot sky
robot overlords goosestep by
shoulda listened when we had the juice to try
And Bill the Science Guy told us that "the end is Nye!"
Lately it's been getting harder to survive
since the hive started to
Ban American refugees from being a damn part of
the People's Republic of Antarctica
A bum begged me for a bill he could borrow
babbling some shit about "there's still a tomorrow"
He said that "legend has it, there's still a Baja Grill and a
Sbarro at the top of Mount Kilimanjaro"
And so desperate, I set off from the deserts out in Port-
land
until my thirsty horse collapsed in the scorched sand
I promised to myself heart and soul
I'd crawl across this dead world for those garlic rolls
Dumbfoundead Verse
Yo, kid, let go of the dead horse
Stop crying, need a ride? Hop in my red Porsche
Eat something homie, you look bony and frail
Now why the hell would you take the Oregon Trail?
Remember back in grade school, that stupid computer
game?
You shoulda known better, now there's no one but you to
blame
Dying of dysentery
don't climb to the enemy
I'ma take you underground where the hive resistance be
Apparently a colony of people are out there
A garden full of veggies, even garlic they sprout there
Leader General Bieber who be running shit down there
Found a way to end the drought, bring out the swimwear
Soon as we pulled up we heard drilling noises
Children started dancing, even grown folk joined in
Like a hydrant in the Bronx, water shot up in the air
But was boiling and as hot as solar flares

Grieves Verse

Ooowee, ain't that a bitch?
Nobody believed it til the first wave hit
The ground started shaking and the sky went red
(Mayday! Atlanta's been lost, Justin Bieber is dead)
No! God damn, another one down
colonies of people living under the ground
Rallied against the clowns, a resistance was born
They fight for mankind and the existence of porn (let's
go!)
Back on the surface life teeters
Avoiding wild packs of North American beavers
Creepers and face feeders
fearing the great reaper
You're either gonna get eaten or beat with a pay meter
This is real shit homie, dog eat dog
More like robot clown eats man and whole squad
Graffiti on the wall says "there is no god"
But there is still homemade vodka, and that's cool
Wax Verse
Homemade vodka, pour a shot up then I swill it
I'm the only person left who remembers how to distill it
It's the most popular product in the underground econ-
omy
So I'm the most popular person in my underground
colony
All the resistance leaders they throw shots down
In my bar after they fight the robot clowns
As of late they've been stressed and depressed
Cause the chances of us winning are becoming less and
less
We lost the captain of the human army
Morale is really low and a lot of people are starving
I'm still wondering how this all happened
Is this even real or am I just on acid?
The clowns are advancing down
I use the word "down" cause they're coming under-
ground
Wait—what's that sound? It's kinda loud
Holy shit! There they are right now!

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EXQUISITE CORPSE

Adam Vida Verse

Calm down soldier, this is no time to be a fink
We can beat these clowns, okay, we just need to think
I've lost ten men this week, I can't sleep a wink
But this the last place on earth a guy can get a decent drink
So darned if we lose this bar to those useless zombie bastards
I'd rather starve than be boozeless
So I put barbed wire slabs on the fences
That should buy us some time to plan our defenses
Pick up the chairs and trash cans off the floor
Stack em up on the front door to jam up the entrance
Ain't got grenades but we still might be saved
I just found fifty diet coke cans and some breath mints
Fill the trash cans to the brim with the cola
When the robots break in, toss the mints in the soda
See the blast won't hurt em but it'll get em wet certainly
It'll mess up their wiring and disrupt their circuitry
If it don't work though, my next plan cannot fail
We drink the vodka—shot after shot til we're too drunk to feel pain
Spark up a flame and turn the bottles that remain into Molotov cocktails
I've had it with you clowns, I've reached my limit
You may have killed my captain, but I'm the lieutenant
And I won't let you terrorize us
wait just a minute
That ain't no robot zombie, man, what the hell is it?!

Rafael Casal Verse

Adam! Ahhh!

I didnt mean to scare ya
Dude, that's not a robot, it's just Iggy Azalea
Musta hid up in the bar to learn about who we are
Then report back to the captain of the folks attackin my favorite rap stars
Oh shit, quick! Hit her with some fuckin duck-tape
She came to sing-rap & give us all some undercut fades
Lo fi beats transmittin telepathic autotune
Help! she's inside my head and I don't think I am immune
been repo-d, I think I'm in deep I am weeping at the seems
forfeiting my dreams of keepin the streets G code
Only way to outrun it is doublin up on the track
Any and everyone get up and meddle I mean it
just puttin the peddle into it
Now we taking over the tempo and tunin it
Never gone let a lesser lemon ruin it, so I'm inducing it
Doomin em all, I'm undoin it, deuces im dippin,
who comin with the kid? I'm out
headed to the dojo, Diggs got pistols hidden in his fro though
These robots think were bitch, Diggs, gimme some loko
And let me borrow your Jefferson robe bro, I'm goin postal
Bay boys bout to put this barrel into some fuckin blow-holes

Daveed Diggs Verse

Whoa whoa whoa, hold up cash
You see I'm trimming my mustache up
I heard all these newly brainwashed rap chicks are really down to fuck
I comb the pistols out the fro and they're sitting on the table
And there's two cheesesteaks out in a fully gassed up LeSabre
I'm ready to ride on these haters, let's go
But you better drive cause you already know
That apocalypse or not when I'm behind the wheel my black ass is sure enough gonna get stopped
And we ain't got the time and the tags are expired
You know how it is, I am really not trying to die today, by cop or by a geek robot
Whoa, stop, lemme bottle up this kombucha I've been brewing on the back porch
Grab the backpack out the closet, it's got all of our passports
I've been planning this for a minute, seen the writing on the walls
If we survive and find a civilization they've got to know who we are
First we swoop us Chinaka in case we need some muscle
Or some reason, or anything other than our indiscriminate hustle
Then we roll through the hood real slow bumping something all of these monsters know
Like a Watsky song? Lo and behold, they'll follow our car wherever we go
Let's lead em out to Napa and let em gentrify that bitch up
Start the car—no, homie—we are not stopping for any swishers
Or a McFlurry, blood there's no time for that shit
Hold up, there go Nak right there, pull over. Ayo Nak, Ayo Nak, get in the car!

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EXQUISITE CORPSE

Chinaka Hodge Verse

Ay Raf get back seat
make room for ya fam, friend
I'll give you this McShake and the end of my Hansen
Now what the fuck you talking it's the end of the world?
I been on Pinterest tending to the end of my curls
I mean the sky is always purple, people running on vapors
I mean the Tribune been gone, I ain't gon read it in the papers
Nothing's all that different, been the same for black women
When apocalyptic breakfast follows revelation dinners
The lights been out
The water smelling of flint
Exquisite corpses laying where the bodies had been
No bombs over Baghdad, just drones with grenades
When life gives us citrus we learn to drop Lemonade
So okay fellas shall we get in formation?
Bump some pied piper R up out the trunk this scraper
Do the end of the world styling in our fitteds and gators
Lure these stupid mufuckas on a goose chase
Use whatever's already up in my suitcase
I got a whole jones for this open road
And my flow so cold we don't need AC
I popped fo' no doze, I'll read this formal prose
Bet you Butler knows how to make us free
A Lauren Olamina in Trumped up world
A black magic woman still being called girl
But the only constant is change holmes
So let's get the supplies and leave up out our bay homes
Got the earthquake kit and six gallons of gas
Got Diggs in the driver and Raf in the back
Got this passenger seat and the last of these sweets
Go north Daveed, just gun it til wine country
Do it moving fluid like turfin with iDummy
It's the bay moves we learned as natives gon keep us safe
It's the forty water water and an instrumental tap, let's go
They'll get tired behind us
I mean half of em hybrid but most of them wind-ups
We got nothing but power we got nothing but time
I got Kwudi's new beats and Music of My Mind
Nothing left in Napa but the scent of the grapes
No palate-cleansing tapas for discriminate taste
Nothing left in Calistoga but one popped bubble
We got just two dudes and just one Nak, trouble
Like how the hell we repopulate humanity
The two of y'all and me that's actual insanity
Gross. Like Really gross guys.

George Verse

Red red wine, I don't want to die!
I hum under my breath as I fight death in the quiet depths of the bunker
I was confounded when I came to after Dumbfoundead brought me to the battered base underground where we hunkered down the summer
But then winter came and the flame that we tended to flickered to nothing
and the few of us living resorted to burning cadavers like tinder and lumber
We bickered bitterly and our wickedness hit a peak in our hunger
sickened we hunted each other
pickpocketed the weak and we plundered
a visitor from the surface stole a garlic roll from Dave and Busters
and I butchered the buster in his sleep just to lick his fingers for butter
But it kind of gave me indigestion I confess and the pipes ruptured from my dung
lungs punctured when Dumb stuck me with the sharpened end of my plunger
Now it's me and Grieves in a shallow grave
next to J Biebs and Azalea's pale humungous butt
that I rest my head upon for my perpetual slumber
We frail and wretched kvetch and wail
it's curtains, my days are numbered
and I'm numb to pain, yet one remaining certainty gives me comfort
I made a living yelling my opinions loudly
Thinking I might matter if I drew a crowd, see
Now, my lily cheek on Iggy's chilly cheeks I finally see the future will be fine without me
Nothing is entitled to be mine
I'm a token of a broken time
And maybe there's survivors on the surface in LeSabres working on tomorrow sipping red, red wine.

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