

# 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

[RAP]

Vox.

Pno.

A min      G      D min      C      F

Vox.

Pno.

**CHORUS**

A min      A min/G      D/F#      FMaj7

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

Vox.

Pno.

## 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 whatever's 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  
tryna 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

**X Infinity**

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