

# LOVELY THINGS SUITE: CONVERSATIONS

Music by Kush Mody  
Lyrics by George Watsky

**INTRO**

Vocals

Piano

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

**VERSE 1**

Vox.

[RAP]

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

6x

Vox.

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

4x

Vox.

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7      B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

That is - n't for a

**CHORUS**

Vox.

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

long long time \_\_\_\_ That is - n't for a long long time That is - n't for a

Vox.

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

long long time \_\_\_\_ That is - n't for a long long long long

**VERSE 2**

Vox.

B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7      B min7      D Maj7      F#m11      A Maj7      D Maj7

time

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### 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—

### X Infinity

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