

LOVELY THINGS SUITE: THEORIES

Music by Kush Mody
Lyrics by George Watsky

Vocals
 F m7 B \flat 7 F m7 B \flat 7
 — — — —

Piano
 D \flat Maj7 4fr. B \flat 7 D \flat Maj B \flat 7
 — — — — Ar - thur

Vox.
 F m7 B \flat 7
 stepped off yeah he stepped off of the chair — could - nn't weigh a hun - dred for - ty pounds And the

Vox.
 F m7 B \flat 7
 rope snapped yeah the rope snapped And then AR - thur found him - self look - ing up from the ground Look - ing up look - ing

Vox.
 D \flat Maj7 4fr. B \flat 7
 up found things look - ing up look - ing up look - ing not so down no not so down no

Vox.
 D \flat Maj B \flat 7 F m7
 Knots don't have to stay — that way — no Not so tight - ly wound What a love - ly thing it is

Vox.
 B \flat 7 F m7 B \flat 7
 — to fail To re - lease those grasp - ing fing - er nails —

X Infinity

©2016 George Watsky

All Rights Administered by Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP)

All Rights Reserved

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
tweet 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

X Infinity

©2016 George Watsky

All Rights Administered by Kobalt Music Group (ASCAP)

All Rights Reserved