

3%

Hobo Johnson

You should go and quit your job
And make all of those dreams come true
How is your self esteem? Huh?
That's important in what you're about to do
Don't talk to your friends
Their opinions hold so much weight
And that doesn't make sense
Even your family
Parents just don't understand
Except for Will Smith, he's got a great understanding
Make the time
Drop school, and people, and work to play
Music all night
You'll make a dollar an hour, at least you'll like your life
And roll with the punches even when it feels like you're getting fucking jumped but you're a real bad judge of it
Hold on tight, boy. Might be a fuckin', hell of a ride
But, but, but, they said it's a three-percent chance
That I'm gonna make it
That's a little bit less than what it is in my mind
But it's ok, I think I can take it
They said it's a three-percent
My friends
That's what they said
And then I sat there and thought about it and almost believed it for a sec
But I think that they'll love me
Even if my soul is tainted and ugly
Tainted enough where no one should ever want stuff from me
But I'm lucky, lovely people say such nice things for no reason
Except for the songs that I sing them
When I was eighteen, I fucking prayed to God
That one day, I'll sing and the crowd would stop
But I'm still waiting
For the jaws to be dropped and the bras to be sailing
I'm still waiting
For the big contract and a payment
I'm still waiting
For all of my own friends to eat all of their own words
I bet it'll taste like blood, sweat, and tears, and the fear of regret and that ever elusive
Three-percent chance
That I'm gonna make it
It's a little bit less than what it is in my mind
But it's okay, I think I can take it
They said it's a three-percent, my friend
That's what they said
And then I sat there and thought about it
And almost believed it for a sec
But, now it's me versus the world
In a competition to see who can be less shitty
Hold your own and if it floats your boat
You should row that boat home
But if my boat starts to sink, I'll probably just stop singing and writing poems and cut my fucking hair and quit eating like I'm homeless, get a job!
But yesterday I said, but I made two-hundreds dollars in my first week just playing music and being who I want to be
She said. You think that's acceptable? You think that's an acceptable amount

? I made twice the amount working at a shitty fucking job that I hate and every morning when I wake up I get really sad
And I was just about to say at my friend's birthday party before they cut me off I was just about to say WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT
You think that's an acceptable amount?
It's a three-percent chance
You'll be happy
Doing the same thing you do everyday for the next ten years
I think it's a three-percent chance
Then when I say, "Today's the day!"
You'll understand