

# Happiness

Hobo Johnson

I really hope that you find happiness  
And the book you write's magnificent  
And I won't help but stare at every word  
It would burn holes in many mattresses  
After I place it down, read in full  
That lovely little book titled, "I Told You So"  
Yeah, you're Thoreau-ly mad  
At the world  
Yeah, and it sucks, but this place will never change  
It'll probably get way worse  
At best stay the same, so you'll be fucking world renowned

While I'm getting drunk at my house  
Thinking about the dumb words I said when I was a bit too high  
Those two pills I took felt very nice  
But made me break your lovely little heart  
And I said, "Ashley, that's so fucking dumb  
To think that life just hands you some book  
That you barely have to write  
It's gonna take like fucking 4 or 5 bad books nobody would ever like  
For you to live that wonderful life"  
And she stopped  
And she cried  
That night  
And she's right, she's gonna write that book  
That's gonna make me look  
Like a fucking fool

And I know that she'll find happiness  
And her book will be magnificent  
And I won't help but stare at every word  
It would burn holes in all these mattresses  
After I place it down, read in full  
That lovely little book titled, "I Told You So"  
Yeah, you're Thoreau-ly mad at me  
But so what?  
I'm never gonna change  
I'll probably get way worse  
At best, stay the same

So I will sit  
And I will drink myself to either to sleep or my untimely death  
Either way I hope that you don't cry, you know  
That's just a part of life  
Derek's father and my father know  
Cirrhosis is a tough way to go  
So when we drink a lot after our show  
Pretending that we're not even scared at all  
Genetics are what make me go to bed  
Because there's something that's inside my head  
That will click and make me drink until I'm dead  
And Derek's dad and my dad are done  
So I will sit and  
I will think about this life  
And if I even like it  
But I know that I'm gonna find a little bit of...

Happiness

I think it's in my house or somewhere else

But I am turning over every stone

And I will search the fucking depths of this

Stupid place my kids will have to live

In order just to smile a little bit

But you know

I'm Thoreau-ly in love with you

And yeah, I'm really scared that I may never change

But I'm so fucking done being so afraid

I really hope that you find happiness