

It's Gonna Be Okay, Baby

MUNA

You're gonna move to New York
And experiment with communism
Go down on a girl
After reading her some Frantz Fanon
And you'll go out of your way
Trying to find some place you can hide and get high
You're gonna think about suicide
Yeah, you're gonna call your mom

It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay
It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay

You're gonna cut off your hair
With dull scissors from the desk in your dorm room
Learn by trial and error
That threesomes are more sad than fun
You're gonna move to LA
Guess you're running away from the patterns you have
And the decisions that you've made
Yeah, you're gonna sit in the sun

It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay
It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay

You're gonna smoke cigarettes
On the ground beside the pool at Stardust
You're gonna get obsessed
With a boy who's hooked on heroin
You'll have some all-time nights
Dancing outside with LCD on the speaker
And you're drinking dark pink wine
Yeah, and you're gonna lose those friends

It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay
It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay

You're gonna fall in love
With a girl, which you were not expecting
You're gonna start a band
It's just her, another friend, and you
And then you get freaked out
You say something about how you just can't commit
And you move into your aunt's house
Yeah, and all your dreams come true

It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay
It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay

You're gonna come to depend

On the sex of a sadistic stranger
You're gonna learn to pretend
Yeah, you lie about it to save face
Until the morning you awake
In the deepest of pain that you've even been in
And you admit you've gotta quit him
Yeah, you're gonna learn to pray

It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay)
It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay)

You're gonna start to call friends
You're gonna start to call yourself an addict
You finally read "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance"
You're gonna clean out your drawers
You're gonna feel much more like God is a mystery
And Jesus is a metaphor
Yeah, you're gonna tell your reflection

It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay)
It's gonna be okay, baby
It's gonna be okay (It's gonna be okay)

It's gonna be okay
It's gonna be okay