

All You Can Do

Watsky

Happy's not a faucet that'll flow when a handle is turned
I wanna handle my shit, but it hasn't occurred
I need the stamina, keep on like my grandmama
When I'm not on camera I gotta be a man of my word
And be a greater guy, not some thin-as-paper guy
Like the times that Georgie Porgie kissed the girl
And made her cry, saying, see ya later, bye
Shit I say is pretty strange
Coming back for Christmas and we bitch on how the city changed
Fuck it, man, we're changing too, look at what we going through
Mama used to buy me shirts she said that I would grow into
But it's draping on me like an apron or a cape, a great tsunami wave of cott
on that I'm caught in that she bought at Ross—I know the cost of it was prob
ably awesome but my style is sorta sloppy
I'll fit it when I blossom like a California Poppy
The tears are freezing on my cheek in Boston out in Copley
And I don't really know why, no I don't really know why

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So pour that liquor out. I never chickened out
But if I got to make a second pick I'd take a different route
But a grip of my decisions pretty Mickey Mouse
I tried to join the 27 Club, they kicked me out
It was like I'm limping into heaven while my dick is out
And there's Amy Winehouse sitting on a cloud and drinking stout
But she spits it out the moment I come gliding in
She's all like, "come on Joplin, who the fuck invited him?!"
Hide all of the Heinekens!" No, they don't know my name
My heart is lowkey broken so I'm taking Novocain
And Jimmy Morrison the doors, and Brian Jones, you know, the Stones
Are joking, toking on a roach playing a poker game
I know that I'm a bastard. The walls are alabaster
Jimi plays his Stratocaster jamming out with Kurt Cobain
They're playing Purple Rain, or maybe Purple Haze
And Kurt says, "How the fuck they let this jerk in with his hurtful ways?"
I try to jump and spread my wings like I'm a bird of prey
But I hit the earth and break a mothafucka's vertebrate (hey)
I guess I'm fucking up the blueprint for success
Woke up in the hospital with Jimi's bootprints on my chest
This recklessness, no common senses
I Kamikaze, there's consequences
I don't condone it, but I did it, I'ma own it
I've been living for the moment gotta go (go!)
Cause

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