

Lovely Thing Suite: Conversations

Watsky

I remember vividly
My tears dropping on the grey carpet on the top step
Pops giving me his best guess
Me confessing the burning question stressing and concerning me and
Turning me to a wet mess
It's probably nothing
I get it, I'm aware
I know it's probably stupid to be scared
But these days are flying past us and nobody seems to care
It's like we're sprinting towards a brick wall we're pretending isn't there
What happens when we hit it?
Do we split into a million bits
Or do we come back as a bullfrog and talk in ribbits?
What is it? What is it? What is it?
You got the answer so give it, so give it, so give it
Don't lie, what happens when we die?
Dad says, Georgie I'm just guessing from what I've been told
Probably thinking, "How'd I raise this emo fucking nine-year old?"
Since I'm sorta really not religious it's a crapshoot
I roll a pair of dice
Although the thought of paradise is very nice
In my heart I know I don't believe in magic
So I'm thinking maybe death is like eternal TV static
Or returning to the state before your birth
Absorbed into the earth
The fewer hours left the more they're worth
I admit that it's difficult to think about
I think everybody got a little bit of doubt
You don't get to hide from it even if you shout
Not a soul on the planet gets to wiggle out
And he said that I know that's it's tough to take in son but it's so early
I can see you're in a hurry but don't worry cause

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Life moves fast
Made the mistake of blinking, twenty years passed
Now I'm sitting in my living room in Brooklyn with father
We don't bother doing Christmas in the Bay any longer
It's first time that we've had this conversation
He says "It's tough to take in
I know we're not quite ancient
But we've reached age where we should probably talk arrangements
We could take it several routes
We could sell the house
We can't work forever, eventually money will run out
That's a spot taking a loan would help us cover
Which would make it tougher to leave something for you and your brother"
Stop, can't you see?
Every meal that you paid for me
All this power to chase a dream
All this privilege not to crave riches
But it's plain to me the key fact is it's easy to act like cash means jack s
hit if

You never lacked it
And the greatest honor I could have is to make a buck and pass back a
Fraction of all the happiness you gave to me
And I will never make you live where you don't aim to be
Age is just data
We paint our story A to Z then dip out
R.I.P. rip out, we tear out the pages
Tear up the stage and we take a seat
Making a vacancy
Famous or not, we fade from the plot
Every day when a new night falls
I ride around the sun on this big blue ball
I get a bit further from the kid called Paul
And I get a bit closer to the big brick wall
But since inching up to that fence
I can run my fingers against all the bricks and mortar and sense
That it's not so cold and so dense
And although I'm mournful I've known that I'm not immortal
I'm not banging into stone but I'm more heading through this portal
We're born to return to home we're all born to be mincemeat
Everything dies except for Papaya King hotdogs on 86th St
Dad hands me a napkin tells me it's been the same since the fifties
He didn't always love the city but dammit he'll miss me
How can you miss something after you leave, I agree that it's sad but please
Don't dwell on it Dad, because

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