

# Talking to Myself

Watsky

One day you opened up your eyes inside of you  
Inside a world inside a universe you didn't get to choose  
You didn't get to pick the rules or pick the past or set the pace  
Or cast the cast and crew you didn't get to pick your starting place  
And though it was a race you didn't understand  
You simply lined up on the blocks and when the pistol popped you ran  
And when you tripped and dropped you picked yourself up off the ground  
And picked your scabs you knew you had to pick a plan to end what you began  
As you got older there were days of cold surrender  
Days of shrugged whatever's folded in with days of shocking splendor  
But as time advanced the lovely days were covered up from view  
By an advancing melancholy haze that hovered near the dew  
Yet there were moments  
There were these pure arresting moments when you stepped outside your head  
Outside your pain outside control, outside the bullshit, out of body, out of  
rage  
Outside the need to get it, get it, you will never get it, that's okay

Have you felt a little off today  
Had a lot to say  
But wound up talking to yourself?  
I've been huntin' for a kindly ear  
But couldn't find one near  
And wound up talking to myself

Had a little spot where you been going through a lot  
Wanna shove it to the bottom, but a trouble gonna bubble to the top  
Then the bubble gonna pop and the hustle never ever gonna stop  
Cause you get up in the morning get ahead then get to bed and then you do it  
all again until the moment that you drop  
You need a plot  
What you wanna witness with this life you got  
You kicked and fought tryna get up in your skin and pick this lock  
That ticking clock lets you know that bitch you got these situations with yo  
u  
Issues someone fit to quick should sit you should down to talk  
Ever wonder who's the crazy one, people walking to work as if nothing is off  
But if a person really got it they would be cracking a bottle on somebody's  
head and looting from shops  
Are there times you're alone now when nobody's home but you walk around mutt  
ering under your breath  
Second guess shit saying goddammit goddammit goddammit just whispering soft  
Do you ever get lost, deep in your thoughts, tripping when you think about t  
he cost of seeing this through  
When you tie your stomach into knots that you don't know how to undo  
But do you ever have another moment after that, when you can see  
There's no one way this has to be?  
Or maybe that's just me

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