

# The Upsetter

Jack Johnson

Some will say  
This place is wrong  
These hands are fast  
This face is long  
Just stop upsetting yourself  
Upsetting your thoughts  
Upsetting this world  
That you're standing on

These plans are torn  
These feet are cold  
This shield is worn  
This peace was stolen  
Stop upsetting yourself  
Upsetting your thoughts  
Upsetting this world  
That you're standing on  
These problems they breathe  
Their fire is real  
The coins that they keep  
You cannot steal  
Even when you're asleep  
They'll be here still  
Breathing out or in

Some will say this place is gone  
These roads are steep  
And much too long  
These plans are cheap  
My feet are cold  
Cut the knot  
These coins are golden  
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These roads are steep  
And much too long  
These plans are cheap  
My feet are cold  
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These coins are golden  
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