

# What Will Happen Will Happen

Lemon Demon

So what if I'm down? Stuck in reverse.  
I look around... It could be worse.  
What can I do?  
Honestly, I've got nothing to offer at all.  
Why should I grieve?  
Why should I fall?  
I'd rather breath, cover my ears, open my eyes and see what appears.

What will happen will happen whether I'm happy or sad.  
What will happen will happen whether I'm happy or sad.

There are days to wake up for. There are dreams to be had.  
What will happen will happen whether I'm happy or sad.  
There's a reason I'm freezing at eighty degrees in a summery season:  
I'm totally mad.

So, I'll let it go.  
No need to sink now that I know that I can think,  
Therefore I am able to choose when I give a damn.  
I refuse to be dumb.  
This is my niche.  
I won't become misery's bitch if I can hold apathy under total control.

What will happen will happen whether I'm happy or sad.  
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There are days to wake up for. There are dreams to be had.  
What will happen will happen whether I'm happy or sad,  
And there's a reason I'm freezing at eighty degrees in a summery season:  
I'm totally mad.

Not a hip hopped, not a heart stopped.  
Everybody's gone stone cold crazy, like a cherry tree chopped.  
Maybe Martin Scorsese's new movie just flopped, or  
Maybe some baby in a groovy helicopter.

We do, we do nothing but hold the window shut to keep the worry out.  
We never wanna see the daylight fade.  
We gotta masquerade to keep the worry out.

...But they have ways of making me think.  
I can't blink, can't drink,  
Can't put up a stink about the rattling battling and the countdown paddling  
The motherland straddling the weaky freak link.

We do, we do nothing but hold the window shut to keep the worry out.  
We never wanna see the daylight fade.  
We gotta masquerade to keep the worry out.

Imagine a world without the Unabombers, and the Jeffrey Dahmers.  
Wouldn't we be calmer?  
Now, of course by "we" I'm only speaking for me,  
But it's easy to assume that other people agree, you see.

We do, we do nothing but hold the window shut to keep the worry out.  
We never wanna see the daylight fade.  
We gotta masquerade to keep the worry out.

If I, at my own convenience, forget what they say,  
I find it easy to focus on living each day.  
If I could change it I would, to do what someone else should...  
But I believe that the problem is misunderstood.

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There are days to wake up for. There are dreams to be had.  
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