

# Ten Thousand Hours

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Uh  
I hope that God decides to talk through him  
That the people decide to walk with him  
Regardless of pitchfork cosigns I've jumped  
Make sure the soundman doesn't cockblock the drums  
Let the snare knock the air right out of your lungs  
And those words be the oxygen  
Just breathe  
Amen, regardless I'mma say it  
Felt like I got signed the day that I got an agent  
Got an iTunes check, shit man I'm paying rent  
About damn time that I got out of my basement  
About damn time I got around the country and I hit these stages  
I was made to slay them  
Ten thousand hours I'm so damn close I can taste it  
On some Malcolm Gladwell, David Bowie meets Kanye shit  
This is dedication  
A life lived for art is never a life wasted  
Ten thousand

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands  
Ten thousands hands, they carry me  
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Ten thousands hands, they carry me

Now, now, now  
This is my world, this is my arena  
The TV told me something different I didn't believe it  
I stand here in front of you today all because of an idea  
I could be who I wanted if I could see my potential  
And I know that one day I'mma be him  
Put the gloves on, sparring with my ego  
Everyone's greatest obstacle, I beat 'em  
Celebrate that achievement  
Got some attachments, some baggage I'm actually working on leaving  
See, I observed Escher  
I love Basquiat  
I watched Keith Haring  
You see I study art  
The greats weren't great because at birth they could paint  
The greats were great cause they paint a lot  
I will not be a statistic  
Just let me be  
No child left behind, that's the American scheme  
I make my living off of words  
And do what I love for work  
And got around 980 on my SATs  
Take that system, what did you expect?  
Generation of kids choosing love over a desk  
Put those hours in and look at what you get  
Nothing that you can hold, but everything that it is  
Ten thousand

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Same shit, different day, same struggle  
Slow motion as time slips through my knuckles  
Nothing beautiful about it, no light at the tunnel  
For the people that put the passion before them being comfortable  
Raw, unmedicated heart no substitute  
Banging on table tops, no substitute  
I'm feeling better than ever man, what is up with you?  
Scraping my knuckles, I'm battling with some drug abuse  
I lost another friend, got another call from a sister  
And I speak for the people that share that struggle too  
Like they got something bruised  
My only rehabilitation was the sweat, tears and blood when up in the booth..  
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It's the part of the show  
Where it all fades away  
When the lights go to black  
And the band leaves the stage  
And you wanted an encore  
But there's no encore today  
Cause the moment is now  
Can't get it back from the grave

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Welcome to the heist  
Welcome to the heist...