

# All You Can Do

Watsky

Happy's not a faucet that'll flow when a handle is turned  
I wanna handle my shit, but it hasn't occurred  
I need the stamina, keep on like my grandmama  
When I'm not on camera I gotta be a man of my word  
And be a greater guy, not some thin-as-paper guy  
Like the times that Georgie Porgie kissed the girl  
And made her cry, saying, see ya later, bye  
Shit I say is pretty strange  
Coming back for Christmas and we bitch on how the city changed  
Fuck it, man, we're changing too, look at what we going through  
Mama used to buy me shirts she said that I would grow into  
But it's draping on me like an apron or a cape, a great tsunami wave of cott  
on that I'm caught in that she bought at Ross—I know the cost of it was prob  
ably awesome but my style is sorta sloppy  
I'll fit it when I blossom like a California Poppy  
The tears are freezing on my cheek in Boston out in Copley  
And I don't really know why, no I don't really know why

All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is

So pour that liquor out. I never chickened out  
But if I got to make a second pick I'd take a different route  
But a grip of my decisions pretty Mickey Mouse  
I tried to join the 27 Club, they kicked me out  
It was like I'm limping into heaven while my dick is out  
And there's Amy Winehouse sitting on a cloud and drinking stout  
But she spits it out the moment I come gliding in  
She's all like, "come on Joplin, who the fuck invited him?!"  
Hide all of the Heinekens!" No, they don't know my name  
My heart is lowkey broken so I'm taking Novocain  
And Jimmy Morrison the doors, and Brian Jones, you know, the Stones  
Are joking, toking on a roach playing a poker game  
I know that I'm a bastard. The walls are alabaster  
Jimi plays his Stratocaster jamming out with Kurt Cobain  
They're playing Purple Rain, or maybe Purple Haze  
And Kurt says, "How the fuck they let this jerk in with his hurtful ways?"  
I try to jump and spread my wings like I'm a bird of prey  
But I hit the earth and break a mothafucka's vertebrate (hey)  
I guess I'm fucking up the blueprint for success  
Woke up in the hospital with Jimi's bootprints on my chest  
This recklessness, no common senses  
I Kamikaze, there's consequences  
I don't condone it, but I did it, I'ma own it  
I've been living for the moment gotta go (go!)  
Cause

All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is  
All you can do, is