

# Cardboard Castles

Watsky

Out on the curb again  
On the curb again  
I've come to learn it's hard and firm  
Out on the curb again

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I'm in my room making cardboard castles  
With shoestring rope  
Soup spoon drawbridge  
Tinfoil moat  
I'm still dreaming after all these years

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Because if we don't build it who will?  
I do things on a shoestring that you couldn't do for a cool mil  
I run with no laces, and when I fall I start  
To build my Taj Mahal with shit I found at Dollarmart  
This life's our greatest project  
The journey's all an art  
But I built my perfect nest, and it's 'bout to fall apart  
Again and again and then I just I make it twice as high  
And I give my tower teeth, and I watch it bite the sky  
Because I might just cry if I don't keep it moving  
I focus on what I can make and not what just got ruined  
'Cause every stone will crumble down to dust, to dust, to dust  
And I say love thy neighbor, and I say fuck thy hater  
There's nothing I can't solve with duct tape and construction paper  
I don't want a Band-Aid, I'll only rip it off, I'll rip it off

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I know someday I'll pass, and maybe then rest  
I'm laying on my back  
Heaven's my bench press  
'Cause my imagination is crazy as Glenn Beck  
A cloud is floating by in the shape of a rent check  
And when the world ends, that's what I'll plan towards  
Then I'll trust girlfriends and maybe landlords  
Cause I been played but I'm looking for more  
I say, what would I gain if I took it to court

'Cause if people were perfect then there wouldn't be war  
We stay pushing but once we get a foot in the door  
We get our toes chopped off and a foot of manure  
I still gotta believe people  
Are good at the core  
'Cause if we weren't, what's at stake?  
Why would we stay to break what we make  
And create all these beautiful mistakes  
When they blow our house down let's draw on the walls, the walls, the walls

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