

Energy

Watsky

I'm lookin', I'm lookin' I'm lookin' for energy, everywhere
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My head's up in the sky it's higher than the clouds are
I like to look up at the stars and wonder how far
From what I hear about a billion babies are delivered every day and so it's
like the planet is a clown car
I know it probably shouldn't work, but we all fit
Like a Mcy D's Playplace ballpit
So lookie me, I'm about to jump up in it and be swimming through syringes li
ke a mothafuckin dolphin
I could have an outburst
There's a lot of freaky people on the planet and it makes me want to crowd s
urf
Everybody everywhere dig downwards
It's what we work for
Party at the earth's core!
I don't where to go to go far
But if if I go, then I know I should go hard
And if I go and I never come back
Then I'll send a postcard
And a couple thumb tacks

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Teacher said this party started with a loud bang
The way my ears are ringing I don't hear a sound mang
I'm steady looking at the crowd like a proud dad
For coming out instead of clicking like a mouse pad
Steal a bounce house, fill it full of helium
Ride like a blimp because I think It'd be really fun
To do a triple flip in zero gravity while puffing on a philly blunt and shoo
ting stars with a BB gun
Tonight I'll look at something that I've never seen before
And I might even pen graffiti on a meteor
I can reach it, homie Veni, vidi, vici, it's all peachy got a vision of the
future on a Ouija board
I didn't believe it, I
Thought it CGI
Why don't you decide
If we're computerized?
Assuming you and I are alive
And tomorrow is the rapture
I wonder watcha wanna do tonight

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I don't wanna I don't wanna I don't wanna
I don't I don't wanna end up as an anybody
Everybody is anybody
Made of arteries and antibodies
And you never get to see confetti without getting bloody
If you read ahead you'll all be surprised
Spoiler alert!
We're all gonna die

But I'll be hooping in that driveway in the clouds
Shooting fouls with that big orange ball in the sky
And when I die wanna say well I made it
And be way celebrated
And remain as a staple
If I stay hella faded
Then I'll fade and my fate'll be the same as the fakers with the chains on t
he labels
It's a shame people do it for the fame and the cash and not the flame and th
e passion I train through the pain and I frame every passage as way to stay
fit
Cause an 808 kick is my gatorade drink