

Everything Turns Gold

Watsky

Chorus- Mieka Pauley

When the sun sets on the city
It's something to behold
Cause when the sun sets on the city
Everything turns gold
For now you're young and pretty
And you'll be lovely when you're old
Cause when the sun sets on the city
Everything turns gold

Verse 1- Watsky

The frog in my throat was the size of a mutt
The fat toad ate the butterflies in my gut
The dog in me knows that it's a bitch in dark black
So i spit the frog out and i took my bark back
Till that i'd been afraid of night
My cradle never stayed in sight
It might have all abated if i played it right
I hated trynna find and face a place i didn't dare go
Diving with the worms and liking looking like a scarecrow
Do a mellow jig instead of tripping off a dollar
I'll just skip the yellow brick with wicker sticking out my collar
It's all or nothing i'll be cultured when I'm older
Fuck a parrot, i don't care i'll feed the vulture on my shoulder
(polly want a collarbone?)
Try the lake for fish
Or just say yes to yesterday break it and make a wish
I ate dirt as a baby, i did it for the flavor
In a couple years i'll let the dirt return the favor

Chorus

Verse 2- Gift of Gab

Yeah
I used to consider the riches and the props
And the houses and the fame and the fortune, everything
Seems when you get here, there seems more desirable
All that old fear (?) doesn't leave, it's inside of you
Everything material, it passes like the night'll do
Into day
Came and went away
Mental states annoyed with a attitude of zero gratitude that may destroy
Beneath the lies is truth though
You seek and find the proof
Only place to be is here
Dig in, peep it how the roots grow
From out of nowhere into nothingness and back
Constantly expresses everything and everyone
And acting as a thread
Arm Leg Leg Arm Head
Karma that you spread
May be relived again after you live again after you're dead
Until you merge into the blissful field of mighty power
But time is an illusion, all of it's within you now

Bridge- Watsky

The sun is going down

Drink another round
Play until you fold
Paint the city gold
Remember what you've heard
Don't say another word
Until you shake your bottle up and spray a little on the curb
Remember what you own
Take the sunset home
If no one's out right now
I hope you know you're not alone
Try to find some nights
To watch the shining lights
Park see the city sparkle out on diamond heights
All those attractive glass spires
That we love to stack higher
I'm starting grass fires
When my car backfires after four flat tires
Rolling off road to avoid the bad drivers
Coming back home and I climb the walls into the sky on tall risers
To make it all brighter
Blaze your lighters up
Raise your cider cup
And let's pull an all-nighter

Chorus (2x)