

Fireworks

Watsky

It's hard to be living
You gotta play the cards you were given
You think it's simple but it goddamn isn't
It's tougher now than breaking out of Shawshank prison
And as you're hittin your prime
People say you been committing a crime
But I won't quit till I'm home
I'll chip the limestone a bit at a time
Wait! I'm a pale ass pale middle-class straight white male
I won't have an alibi the day I fail
Cause if I ever went to jail, Mom would pay my bail
In a (boom-boom) heartbeat
Mom and Dad have given me a lot more than a pat on the back
And I gotta thank 'em for loving me
From the moment I was strapped in a Volvo car seat
When I needed a pep talk
I couldn't remember to wreck shop
Writer's block, staring at my laptop desktop
Or sleeping in my rental in a turnpike rest stop
Shit in storage, living from a suitcase
Thinking "this is how a silver spoon tastes?"
Cause you can make a dream possible
But it'll never be easy, no matter what you chase
If you wanna poke fun then do so
I'll do it for you, it's no crime
I'm like if the dude from Juno grew a Jewfro and liked to rhyme
(OOooooohhh!!!)
So tell me that I'm not a rapper
Tell Rudolph he can't pull sleighs
Tell pluto it's not a planet
And he'll probably keep spinning in the same old way
On and on, every day
Right around the sun, wanna feel the rays
You do it 'cause you love it like nothing else in the universe
And fuck it, it's embedded in your DNA