

# Headphones

Watsky

I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)  
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I got headphones on (I got my headphones on)  
When I look at who's around  
And it feels like two's a crowd  
I don't run and hide  
I just smile real wide  
And I turn my music loud

It's not practical to react to bull  
I was thinking too hard and I cracked my skull  
It's natural, erase all doubt  
If I take my phones off, then my brains fall out  
So you can shout. Empty out your throat on me  
It just looks like you're lip synching Obla Di  
Obla da, every time you go, "blah blah  
Blah" I'm hearing "life goes on" like it's your mantra  
So talk shit, but when it's prone to go down  
You're afraid of your own bull like rodeo clowns  
I stay low to the ground, I stay plugged in  
And when my dome needs love, phones hug my skin  
But Earbuds don't count, they're headphone loopholes  
I want 'em bigger than a couple sideways soup bowls  
And if you're saying next to nothing  
Make like my playlist and get to shufflin'

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