

# Midnight Heart

Watsky

Well I've made enemies along the ride  
I'm afraid I could never be satisfied  
But each way that I turn I face ahead

Straight through to your midnight heart  
Straight through to your midnight heart  
Now you know your soul is dark  
Straight through to your midnight heart

You don't know the name of like half of these folks  
And they'll be sprinting for the exit the minute you're broke  
A bunch of bobblehead muppets to laugh at your jokes  
Wipe your ass and come and give your ego a stroke  
I had to break it to you— sorry buddy it was time you knew  
Nothing you ever said was funny, man the punchline's you  
One time for the palm trees and the sunshine  
Two times for the two-timers being unkind  
Confined to a small mind, but the fault's mine  
I always keep on crawling back across the San Andreas faultline  
I keep on climbing underground to sweat out all my principles in darkness with you in this salt mine  
Where we're all blind, I should fall back, I know all signs say that I should halt  
But I golf clap for this false crap  
But from now on counterfeit suckers suck on my ball-sack, alright?

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Well I've made enemies along the ride  
I'm afraid I could never be satisfied  
But each way that I turn I face ahead

I know you know it's way too late now and your soul is dark  
Yeah motherfucker I see through you to your midnight heart

It's tough to care about stupid bullshit all of the time  
So I gotta say I'm glad that's your job and not mine  
Everybody's got a topic at the top of their mind  
A choice of how you wanna let your life be defined  
(is it honeys?) sleeping around is your taste?  
(Is it money?) are you the paper you chase?  
(Kinda funny) You said that I've been playing safe  
If you got the bravest voice say that to my face  
(is it your career?) pretty shitty to hear  
But I took a difficult look in the mirror, and I checked in the rearview  
Objects are never what they appear  
The past tends to look crooked from here  
The mask— that I put on out of fear, the tracks that I didn't put out  
The facts that I kept out of my ear  
The slack that I cut people who didn't deserve it is tragically clear  
No no no not this year  
I'm not done changing yet. I'll get these old knees checked  
I can't bend over for someone I don't respect

Well I've made enemies along the ride  
I'm afraid I could never be satisfied  
But each way that I turn, I look ahead