

Moral Of The Story

Watsky

(And the moral of the story is)
(And the moral of the story is)

Work!

Till your arms fall off
till your abs get hard
And your bone's all soft

(And the moral of the story is)

Just work!

'Till your hands go numb
And they cramp and the fans in the stands go home

I write 'till my fingers look like a bouquet of roses
You got to bring yourself your flowers now in show biz'
Focus it's quiet coyote come on let's go, kids
Everybody get together with a study buddy
And I'll talk about the fuck that I don't give
Because it's so big
And explosive
But a lot of people don't live
They don't ever get a motive
If you got a goal you got to hold onto what hope is
If I didn't have it I would ask you where the rope is
Work is my church and so the studio's the closest
I spit it sick until my cootie flow's the grossest
Don't be so pissed just be focused
On your own shit
Cause we super-cali-fornia-listic sexy and we knows it
You're not my business
Go for number one, not a top 5 finish
You could have a chicken pot pie
But I'm thinking that I'm gonna have another can of Popeye spinach
I'm a rottweiler
Pop my collar when I pop my fur
You're on my nerves, but mark my words,
Got to put a leg up and I'll mark my turf

Work! Work! Work! Work!
Work! Work! Work! Work!
(And the moral of the story is)

Work! Work! Work! Work!
Work! Work! Work! Work!
(And the moral of the story is)

Work!
'Till your arms fall off
'Till your abs get hard
And your bone's all soft

(And the moral of the story is)

Work!

'Till your hands go numb
And they cramp and the fans
In the stands go home

(And the moral of the story is)

Work until I'm black and yellow, black and yellow, worker bee
I'll just work until I'm black and blue and burgundy
Burgundy, work until I earn that rich mahogany
Honestly, can't you tell I'm working bitch don't bother me
Show some modesty, if you're watching me
'Bitch' is anybody in my way, it's not misogyny
But if you're blockin' me, I will soon defeat you
I will build a bridge above you or I'll tunnel underneath you
I will eat you and excrete you, and I'll feed you to the flowers
If I need to I'll go through you and absorb your fucking powers
I put in hour after hour let's be crystal clear
I'm gonna get there if it takes a day or fifty years
I'll finger-bang my fears, I'll fucking punch a dragon
Even with the Himalayas in my way it's gonna happen
Cause waiting doesn't work
And praying may not come through
And hoping doesn't work
So I will be the one to

Work! Work! Work! Work!

Work! Work! Work! Work!

(And the moral of the story is)

Work! Work! Work! Work!

Work! Work! Work! Work!

(And the moral of the story is)

Work!

'Till your arms fall off
'Till your abs get hard
And your bone's all soft

(And the moral of the story is)

Work!

'Till your hands go numb
And they cramp and the fans
In the stands go home

(And the moral of the story is)

And maybe someday you might see me in a glossy photo
No weirdo's rocked the bells as hard as me since Quasimodo

And maybe someday you might see me in a glossy photo
No weirdo's rocked the bells as hard as me since Quasimodo
No weirdo's rocked the bells as hard as me since Quasimodo