

The One

Watsky

Everywhere I look it seems like everybody's pairing off
I'm staring at the pairs like they were tits on Lara Croft
Even all the dogs I see are clicking so terrific
Picking out their favorite puppy's ass to sniff and stickin with it
All the faker single ladies twerkin to Beyoncé
Every single one of em is somebody's fiancée
You never spilled your guts. You wanted your say
Wait a couple years and try again when they're divorcees
All the gentlemen are trynna get the pussy, wanna make that pelvis scream
But when I hit it and I quit it then it never really helps my self-esteem
We want some tonsil hockey, but we got hecka cocky
Overfished the ocean, so we're running low on tekka maki sushi, douchey dudes are saying 'do me' but we're doomed
We run away from keepers and go creepin on the goons
Most men and women full of crap, need a laxative
Want the ass when I'm waxin it, Uncle Sam how I'm taxin it
Do a backflip and try to land in it, then abandon it, pretty soon we're back to:

1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 3, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4
I don't believe in "the one"
2, 3, 4, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 3, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4
There's no such thing as "the one"

Wonderland is where I'll find an Alice who is radical
But I'm drunk on Facebook now and diving down that rabbit hole
Checkin on my ex and soon I'm creepin on her lover
And when the picture buffers I see her new boyfriend's buffer than me
Got those upper pecs his fuckin V-neck couldn't cover
My dick pretty lonely but my nuts still got each other
I suffer, suffer from a habit, yes I'm an addict
But someone else is out there, it's just simple mathematics
There's over 7 billion mothafuckas on the planet and 4 billion of us are of legal age
That's 2 billion ladies, 4 billion tittays, and I bet a couple of em aren't engaged
And I get it you've been looking for the one but they been running trynna hide like Kony
And you're gonna find em if you're getting back into the saddle, baby ride that pony
And if you never get over that early lover then it sucks for you
Gotta admit that it's difficult to be watching her with him but everybody want a love that's true

I'm waiting, batin' patiently, yo I'm a catch
I'm losing my head, playing musical beds, and looking for "the
one" that match

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I don't believe in "the one"

2, 3, 4, 2, 2, 3, 4, 3, 2, 3, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4

There's no such thing as "the one"