

## Tiny Glowing Screens, Part 2

Watsky

There's 7 billion 46 million people on the planet  
And most of us have the audacity to think we matter  
Hey, you hear the one about the comedian who croaked?  
Someone stabbed him in the heart, just a little poke  
But he keeled over 'cause he went into battle wearing chain mail made of jokes  
Hey, you hear the one about the screenwriter who passed away?  
He was giving elevator pitches and the elevator got stuck halfway  
He ended up eating smushed sandwiches they pushed through a crack in the door  
And repeating the same crappy screenplay idea about talking dogs 'til his last day  
Hey, you hear the one about the fisherman who passed?  
He didn't jump off that ledge  
He just stepped out into the air and pulled the ground up towards him really fast  
Like he was pitching a line and went fishing for concrete  
The earth is a drum and he's hitting it on beat  
The reason there's smog in Los Angeles is 'cause if we could see the stars  
If we could see the context of the universe in which we exist  
And we could see how small each one of us is  
Against the vastness of what we don't know  
No one would ever audition for a McDonalds commercial again  
And then where would we be?  
No frozen dinners and no TV  
And is that a world we want to text in?  
Either someone just microwaved popcorn  
Or I hear the sound of a thousand people pulling their heads out of their asses in rapid succession  
The people are hunched over in Boston  
They're starting app stores and screen printing companies in San Francisco  
They're grinning in Los Angeles like they've got fishhooks in the corners of their mouth  
But don't paint me like the good guy 'cause every time I write  
I get to choose the angle that you view me and select the nicest light  
You wouldn't respect me if you heard the typewriter chatter tap tap  
Tapping through my mind at night  
The same stupid tape loop of old sitcom dialogue  
And tattered memories of a girl I got to grind on in high school  
Filed carefully on rice paper  
My heart is a colored pencil  
But my brain is an eraser  
I don't want a real girl, I want to trace her from a catalogue  
Truth be told I'm unlikely to hold you down  
Cause my soul is a crowded subway train  
And people keep deciding to get on the next one that rolls through town  
I'm joining a false movement in San Francisco  
I'm frowning and hunched over in Boston  
I'm smiling in Los Angeles like I've got fishhooks in the corners of my mouth  
And I'm celebrating on weekends  
Because there are 7 billion 47 million people on the planet  
And I have the audacity to think I matter  
I know it's a lie but I prefer it to the alternative  
Because I've got a tourniquet tied at my elbow / I've got  
A blunt wrap filled with compliments and I'm burnin it  
You say to go to sleep but I been bouncing off my bedroom walls since I was

hecka small  
We're every age at once and tucked inside ourselves like Russian nesting dolls  
My mother is an 8 year old girl  
My grandson is a 74 year old retiree whose kidneys just failed  
And that's the glue between me and you  
That's the screws and nails  
We live in a house made of each other  
And if that sounds strange that's because it is  
Someone please freeze time so I can run around turning everyone's pockets inside out  
And remember, you didn't see shit