

Welcome To the Family

Watsky

Hello, hello, hello, hello
It's a motherfucking pleasure
No pressure
But would you like to blow my mind
And move too fast and plan our perfect lives together?

Holy, holy, holy, holy (holy shit!)
You mean to tell me, tell me, tell
You're tough to love when you don't love yourself? Well

Welcome to the family
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My less exciting features are packed inside my body.
They're crammed into the balcony, they're jamming up the lobby.
They're falling out the window, you can see them crashing through the glass
when I don't keep my lids closed.
As the director flicks his wrist
A stagehand in the wings has got a silver chain he grips.
And when he lifts, it opens up the velvet curtains of my lips.
And I say:

Welcome to the family
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We're not looking to wish on a star.
We're no good at receiving the help.
Who the hell do you think that you are
Trying to make me believe in myself?

You're like the sun in the summertime.
I know you are but what am I?
I don't really want to sound like a lullaby
But I think every family is a butterfly.

You know, pretty from afar, pretty gross up close.
Don't pity what we are, it's mostly un-hideous.
And I'm sitting at the bar with a beer, so cheers, come toast me.
Get cozy since we're both lonely.
Why don't we leap and then go see
What we become when it's done.
It's dumb, but I'm not looking below, so don't ghost me.

And it's seeming like we're in agreement that the demon that we're fighting
isn't the exact same.
But if we're teaming up and carrying the weight together, we can miss a bit
of back pain.
And if you're into it then we can get up out the city in a minute in the fast
lane.

Get hitched in a chapel in Vegas .
Maybe get rich, life is a craps game.
And I'll take my cue from you
On what you want to bout a last name.
It's not so bad to be a Watsky.

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Those fires in your attic that rage without permission
Some days invade your living room or break out in the kitchen.
They breeze right through the building
They just show up as they please.
And then retreat like grown-up children.
Well how'd you like this split this L.

And tell me what you witnessed if the price of life is hell.
Well no one ever had to sell me on how nice the fire smells.

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And there's so much I've been silent on
But I'll whisper every secret to you when this mic is gone
And I know you'll listen, and I know it's different.
But it gives me peace, our missing pieces could be siblings.
The rough nights ain't leaving. So why the hell should we?

And I say welcome to the family
Welcome to the family
Welcome to the family

You deserve love (Welcome to the family)
You deserve love (Welcome to the family)
You deserve love (Welcome to the family)
You deserve love
Well, well, well, well Well, well, well, well