

Josh Groban

"The Art of Dying"

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[Goretex]

Life's riddles are strange, I'm sick of the days/daze the
art of dyin'
to symbolize change, witness the pain
Blocks of free cheese, Becky sold her crib for coke
Slept with the baby and crushed her ribs in the middle
of smoke
Close encounters, pedophiles in schools posing as
janitors
Backgrounds checks where they collected the death tolls
from Canada
Acura shootouts under my windows filled with
passengers
Throwbacks splattered with brains, zip them up with no
bandages
Anybody gets it, somebody wetted JMJ
No respect for his craft, shot in his face, laughed and
they ran away
Too many massacres, too many babies pass away
I'm only blastin' to comfort you humans in the last days

[Chorus]

We turn the page, the inner self, it's the art of dying
The book of change blood, we never stopped climbin'
Time be movin' too fast, it's just the art of dying
Police sirens, no food in the fridge, mama's cryin'

We turn the page, the inner self, it's the art of dying
The book of change blood, we never stopped climbin'
Time be movin' too fast, it's just the art of dying
Police sirens, survivin' this life, mama's dyin'

[Goretex]

I asked God if I'm redeemed at all for things I seen and
did
As a kid I grew up foul with bitterness from being poor
Beat up Puma's and pants, didn't understand
Fightin' with mom, the pizza place don't take food
stamps
I'm losin' my grip, everybody's pops was strict
My uncle was cool till the cancer devoured his dick

I never looked back, I buried more souls than I knew
Eulogies so familiar to me, tears and the stench of glue
Predict apocalypse, cynic visions of two
Mini images of towns fallin' and women consumed
These killers have proved it boils down to oil and food
Another newscast hovers the clouds to poison the
mood

[Chorus]

[Goretex]

Prescriptions we don't need, religion we don't feed
Get the Henny out, sellin up V's and smokin' trees
Stay tanked up, double shanks up, spiritually bankrupt
Walk through Canarsie like Big bangin', gettin' my
gangs up
These little hoes sellin' checks for stoges
Tradin' ya diapers for dutches, benefits for clothes
Hockin' freebies, she rockin' on socks stinkin' of feces
Video bitches, easy to pop, most are disease freaks
Shorty with five seeds and three in her face
Whilin out, smokin' krills up, puffin' up in the baby's
face
Get him some Ritalin, quick, he turns killer when
He starts illin', never got love, never to live again
Who break the cycle, his life is only to kill again
Once innocent but the hatred's turnin' on him again

[Chorus]

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