

## George Watsky

### "Energy"

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[Verse 1:]

My head's up in the sky it's higher than the clouds are  
I like to look up at the stars and wonder how far  
From what I hear about a billion babies are delivered  
every day and so it's  
Like the planet is a clown car  
I know it probably shouldn't work, but we all fit  
Like a Mcy D's Playplace ballpit  
So lookie me, I'm about to jump up in it swimming  
through syringes like a  
Mothafuckin dolphin  
I might have an outburst  
There's a lot of freaky people on the planet and it  
makes me want to crowd  
Surf  
Everybody everywhere dig downwards  
It's what we work for  
Party at the earth's core!  
I gon't where to go to go far  
But if if I go, then I know I should go hard  
And if I go and I never come back  
Then I'll send a postcard  
And a couple thumb tacks

[Verse 2:]

Teacher said this party started with a loud bang  
The way my ears are ringing I don't hear a sound mang  
I'm steady looking at the crowd like a proud dad  
For coming out instead of clicking like a mouse pad  
Steal a bounce house, fill it full of helium  
Ride like a blimp because I think it'd be really fun  
To do a triple flip in zero gravity while puffing on a  
philly blunt and  
Shooting stars with a BB gun  
Tonight I'll look at something that I've never seen  
before  
And I might even pen graffiti on a meteor  
I can reach it, homie Veni, vidi, vici, it's all peachy got a  
vision of the  
Future on a Ouija board  
I didn't believe it, I

Thought it CGI  
Why don't you decide  
If we're computerized?  
Assuming you and I alive  
And tomorrow is the rapture  
I wonder watcha wanna do tonight

[Verse 3:]

I don't wanna I don't wanna I don't wanna  
I don't I don't wanna end up as an anybody  
Everybody is anybody  
Made of arteries and antibodies  
And you never get to see confetti without getting  
bloody  
If you read ahead you'll all be surprised  
Spoiler alert!  
We're all gonna die  
But I'll be hooping in that driveway in the clouds  
Shooting fouls with that big orange ball in the sky  
And when I die wanna say well I made it  
And be way celebrated  
And remain as a staple  
If I stay hella faded  
Then I'll fade and my fate'll be the same as the fakers  
with the chains on  
The labels  
It's a shame people do it for the fame and the cash and  
not the flame and  
The passion I train through the pain and I frame every  
passage as way to  
Stay fit  
Cause an 808 kick is my gatorade drink

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