

George Watsky

"Everything Turns Gold"

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Chorus- Mieka Pauley

When the sun sets on the city

it's something to behold

Cause when the sun sets on the city

everything turns gold

for now you're young and pretty

and you'll be lovely when you're old

Cause when the sun sets on the city

everything turns gold

Verse 1- Watsky

The frog in my throat was the size of a mutt

The fat toad ate the butterflies in my gut

the dog in me knows that it's a bitch in dark black

so i spit the frog out and i took my bark back

Till that i'd been afraid of night

my cradle never stayed in sight

it might have all abated if i played it right

i hated trynna find and face a place i didn't dare go

diving with the worms and liking looking like a
scarecrow

do a mellow jig instead of tripping off a dollar

i'll just skip the yellow brick with wicker sticking out my

collar

it's all or nothing i'll be cultured when i'm older

fuck a parrot, i don't care i'll feed the vulture on my
shoulder

(polly want a collarbone?)

try the lake for fish

or just say yes to yesterday break it and make a wish

i ate dirt as a baby, i did it for the flavor

in a couple years i'll let the dirt return the favor

Chorus

Verse 2- Gift of Gab

Yeah

I used to consider the riches and the props

And the houses and the fame and the fortune,
everything

Seems when you get here, there seems more desirable

All that old fear (?) doesn't leave, it's inside of you

Everything material, it passes like the night'll do

Into day

Came and went away

Nothing penetrates the void that illustrates the noise

Mental states annoyed with a attitude of zero gratitude
that may destroy

Beneath the lies is truth though

You seek and find the proof

Only place to be is here

Dig in, peep it how the roots grow

From out of nowhere into nothingness and back

Constantly expresses everything and everyone

And acting as a thread

Arm Leg Leg Arm Head

Karma that you spread

May be relived again after you live again after you're
dead

Until you merge into the blissful field of mighty power

But time is an illusion, all of it's within you now

Bridge- Watsky

The sun is going down

drink another round

play until you fold

paint the city gold

remember what you've heard

don't say another word

until you shake your bottle up and spray a little on the
curb

remember what you own

take the sunset home

if no one's out right now,

i hope you know you're not alone

try to find some nights

to watch the shining lights

park see the city sparkle out on diamond heights

all those attractive glass spires

that we love to stack higher

I'm starting grass fires
when my car backfires after four flat tires
rolling off road to avoid the bad drivers
coming back home and I climb the walls into the sky on
tall risers
to make it all brighter
blaze your lighters up
raise your cider cup
and let's pull an all-nighter
Chorus (x2)

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