

George Watsky "Headphones"

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Chorus

I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)

I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)

I Can't hear you (I got my headphones on)

I got headphones on (I got my headphones on)

When I look at who's around

And it feels like two's a crowd

I don't run and hide

I just smile real wide

And I turn my music loud

Verse

It's not practical to react to bull

I was thinking too hard and I cracked my skull

It's natural, erase all doubt

If I take my phones off, then my brains fall out

So you can shout. Empty out your throat on me

It just looks like you're lip synching Obla Di

Obla da, every time you go, "blah blah

Blah" I'm hearing "life goes on" like it's your mantra

So talk shit, but when it's prone to go down

You're afraid of your own bull like rodeo clowns

I stay low to the ground, I stay plugged in

And when my dome needs love, phones hug my skin

But Earbuds don't count, they're headphone loopholes

I want 'em bigger than a couple sideways soup bowls

And if you're saying next to nothing

Make like my playlist and get to shufflin'

Chorus

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