

Macklemore

"Ten Thousand Hours"

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[Verse 1]

I hope that God decides to talk through him
That the people decide to walk with him
Regardless of Pitchfork cosigns I've jumped
Make sure the soundman doesn't cockblock the drums
Let the snare knock the air right out of your lungs
And those words be the oxygen
Just breathe
Hey man, regardless I'mma say it
Felt like I got signed the day that I got an agent
Got an iTunes check, shit man I'm paying rent
About damn time that I got out of my basement
About damn time I got around the country and I hit these stages
I was made to slay them
Ten thousand hours
I'm so damn close I can taste it
On some Malcolm Gladwell
David Bowie meets Kanye shit
This is dedication
A life lived for art is never a life wasted
Ten thousand

[Hook x2]

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands, they carry me

[Verse 2]

Now, now, now
This is my world, this is my arena
The TV told me something different I didn't believe it
I stand here in front of you today all because of an idea
I could be who I wanted if I could see my potential
And I know that one day I'mma be him
Put the gloves on, sparring with my ego
Everyone's greatest obstacle, I beat him, celebrate that achievement

Got some attachments, some baggage I'm actually working on leaving

See, I observed Escher

I love Basquiat

I watched Keith Haring

You see I studied art

The greats weren't great because at birth they could paint

The greats were great cause they paint a lot

I will not be a statistic, just let me be

No child left behind, that's the American scheme

I make my living off of words

And do what I love for work

And got around 980 on my SATs

Take that system

What did you expect

Generation of kids choosing love over a desk

Put those hours in and look at what you get

Nothing that you can hold but everything that it is

Ten thousand

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Same shit, different day, same struggle

Slow motion as time slips through my knuckles

Nothing beautiful about it

No light at the tunnel

For the people that put the passion before them being comfortable

Raw, unmedicated heart, no substitute

Banging on table tops, no subs to toot

I'm feeling better than ever man

What is up with you

Scraping my knuckles, I'm battling with some drug abuse

I lost another friend, got another call from a sister

And I speak for the people that share that struggle too

Like they got something bruised

My only rehabilitation was the sweat, tears and blood when up in the booth

[Bridge]

It's the part of the show where it all fades away

When the lights go to black and the band leaves the stage

And you wanted an encore but there's no encore today

Cause the moment is now, can't get it back from the grave

Part of the show

It all fades away

Lights go to black
Band leaves the stage
You wanted an encore but there's no encore today
Cause the moment is now
Can't get it back from the grave

[Outro]

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