

Moral of the Story

Watsky

And the moral of the story is

(Pause)

And the moral of the story is

(Work!) till your arms fall off

Till your abs get hard and your bone's all soft

(Just WORK!) till your hands go numb And they cramp and the fans in the stands go dumb

I write till my fingers look like a bouquet of roses

You gotta bring yourself your flowers now in show biz

Focus it's Quiet Coyote come on let's go kids

Everybody get together with a study buddy

And then talk about the fuck that I don't give

Because it's so big and explosive

But a lotta people don't live, they don't ever get a motive

If you got a goal you gotta hold onto what hope is

If I didn't have it I would ask you where the rope is

Work is my church and so the studio's the closest

I spit it sick until my cootie flow's the grossest

Don't be so pissed just be focused on your own shit

'Cause we Supercalifornialisticsexyandweknowsit

You're not my biness, I go for number one, not a top five finish

You can have a chicken pot pie

But I'm thinking that I'm gonna have another can of Popeye's spinach

I'm Rottweiler, pop my collar when I pop my fur

You're on my nerves, but mark my words Gotta put a leg up and then mark my turf

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Work until I'm black and yellow black and yellow, worker bee

I just work until I'm black and blue and burgundy

Burgundy, work until I earn that rich mahogany

Honestly, can't you tell I'm working, bitch don't bother me

Show some modesty, if you're watching me A bitch is anybody in my way it's not misogyny

But if yer blockin' me I will soon defeat you

I will build a above you, or I'll tunnel underneath you

I will eat you and excrete you and I'll feed you to the flowers

If I need to I'll go through you and absorb your fucking powers

I put in hour after hour let's be crystal clear

I'm gonna get there if it takes a day or fifty years
I'll fingerbang my fears, I'll fucking punch a dragon
Even with the Himalayas in my way it's gonna happen
'Cause waiting doesn't work, and praying may not come through
And hoping doesn't work. So I will be the one to

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(Just **WORK!**) till your hands go numb

And they cramp and the fans in the stands go dumb

(Pause)

And maybe someday you might see me in a glossy photo

No weirdo's rocked the bells as hard as me since Quasimodo

(Pause)

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(Pause)

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>