

Murs, The Deepest Blues

I don't know about you, but first thing I wake up every morning
look in the mirror say to myself is...

I am going to die
And I've come to terms with that
But the when, where, and how's where the concern is at
It's fucked up that I'll be dead when I've learned all of that
Fact is we mustn't fear it
For fear is the mind killer
Elijah wanted to die and there ain't nothing iller
There's life and there's death
All else is just filler
So that situation you millin' that got you hella stressed
Trust it won't mean shit once you take your last breath
Kick the bucket by the farm
Eternal version of forget
To set the alarm
The deepest sleeper sleeps
I'm talking six feet deep
That final appointment
That we all have to keep
You know that knick knock cancels all the rest of your plans
In an over-priced box of carpet
Rock rocking that eternal b-boy stance
Your family and friends come to tears at first glance
Regret that they never said what they had to say
When they all had the chance
Hands down the worst shit
That could possibly happen
There ain't nothing like death
To straight fuck up your day
But ain't nothin' like living to make that feeling go away
So go ahead and play
For when the head coach calls a time out
You're permanently benched
It's too late to sulk about how your time was spent
Break up's a bad credit
It's all temporary
Be sure to make some memories for all your friends to carry
So when your soul slips through your retina
You sleep on a stretcher
You can rest in peace and know the world won't forget ya
And I'll catch you on the other side
We riders of the sea
Who know the world must go on without you and me