

AJR, God Is Really Real

My dad can't get out of bed
There's somethin' in his lungs
I think that's what the doctor said
I gotta leave for Paris now
My band goes on at 10
And my dad can't get out of bed

The Earth is spinnin' like it always did
'The New York Times' is publishin'
Some real important thing
And each day when the world wakes up
Our lawns will still be wet
And my dad can't get out of bed

God is really real when you really, really need Him
Karma just appears when you suddenly believe it
Hear it loud and clear, just as long as it's convenient (Convenient)
Life's fuckin' long 'til it stops, and God's fuckin' fake 'til He's not

There's robots that are way too good at art
And everybody's sad now
And tryna get to Mars
Don't wanna hear your problems
'Cause there's just one in my head
And he can't get out of bed

What if we could break you out tonight?
This kind of thing happens to other dads
It don't happen to mine
I'll distract the doctors; we could sneak out with your meds
You could come along and be a roadie for the band
Come on, Dad, get out of bed

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Now it's late, I really gotta go
And we can't face our feelings, so we're makin' lots of jokes
And we won't cry about it, no, we'll be manly men
"I love you" sounds all corny, so I wrote this song instead
I'll sing it for you, Dad, when you get out of bed
I'll sing for you when you're out of bed