

Jack Johnson, Staple It Together

Its really
too bad
he became a prisoner of his own past
he stabbed a moment in the back
with a brown thumb tack
that held up the list of things he gotta do
Its really,
no good
he's moving on before he understood
he shot the future in the foot with every step it took
from the faces that he knew cause he forgot to look

Better staple it together and call it bad weather
staple it together and call it bad weather X3
mm hmm

well I guess you could say
that he dont even know where to begin
cause he looked both ways but he was so afraid
diggin deeper through the ditch
with every chance he missed
and the mess he made
cause hate is such a strong word
And every brick he laid
a mistake they say
That his walls are getting taller
his world is getting smaller

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staple it together and call it bad weather X3
mm hmm

whoo

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If the weather gets better
we should get together
Spend a little time and we could do whatever
and if we get together we'll be twice as clever
So, staple it together and call it bad weather, mm hmmm