

11) put 'em together

INTRO

yo, this is for everyone whose life is either partially or fully comprised of conflicts and contradictions...
including me... so aptly named.

BRIDGE 1 (x2)

clap your hands, just clap your hands, now,
clap your hands, just come on and clap your hands.
clap your hands, just clap your hands, now,
clap your hands, just clap, clap, clap.

Verse 1

one person to your wife and another with crew,
and a third reciting words behind a mic in the booth.
so the lies get confused by what you're trying to do,
until even you lose sight of what comprises the truth.
turn a blind eye to youth and never watch what you say,
lighting a fuse doomed to go off in your face.
then are surprised to find your nine-year old talking that way,
dog, it's easy to see the pieces when they fall into place.
man, how you sleep when you call it a day?
are you even troubled the life you lead's double,
or justify the juggle as all for the pay?
i'm praying that the struggle pops your little bubble.
paradox knocks the despicable hustle,
walk the talk, kid, or just give it a muzzle.
i spit to ruffle bird brains' delicate feathers,
gifted with the word play to put 'em together.

HOOK

on the one hand's the true you, for real,
on the other hand's the you who you choose to reveal.
when the two move together it's a beautiful deal,
a hand clap and that's how you knew it could feel.
on the one hand's the true you, for real,
on the other hand's the you who you choose to reveal.
when the two move together it's a beautiful deal,
a hand clap and that's how you knew it should feel.

BRIDGE 2

clap your hands everybody,
and everybody just clap your hands, uh, your hands.
clap your hands everybody,
and everybody just clap your hands, uh, your hands.

Verse 2

in the night alone or with your wife at home,
or on the microphone, gotta put 'em together.
in the pew at church or with your crew at work,
or when you're moving merch, gotta put 'em together.
in the office space or to your boss' face,
or on them coffee breaks, gotta put 'em together.
in the car with kids or at a bar for gigs,
or when it's hard like this, gotta put 'em together.
gotta put in the effort when you should have been better,
stop looking for good weather with a foot in the desert.
if you're hooked to the treasure, you go down with the ship,
and if you kick it with swingers, then you're bound to get hit.
if you found the shoe fits then what's inconsistent?
envision decisions stripped of the conditions.
listen to your conscience, be honest with self,
if you give you a hand, man, i promise it helps.

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Verse 3

so this goes out to doctors who smoke,
those who diss politicians but do not rock the vote.
all the men who think their mother's a saint,
but when it's girlfriends, well, brother, they ain't.
fathers who watch their daughters with mistrust,
but twist love to disgust with trips to strip clubs.
all the women who call men dogs,
but never call the coppers to haul them off.
all those upset about millions of immigrants,
but anti-abortion, because it's killing innocents.
so riddle me this, why sport a Jesus fish,
if we turn our cheeks just to seek peace with fists.