

# 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