

# An Open Letter (feat. Shockwave) [Interlude]

Watsky

An open letter to the fat, arrogant, anti-charismatic, national embarrassment known as President

John Adams

Shit! The man's irrational. He claims that I'm in league

With Britain in some vast international intrigue

Trick, please!

You wouldn't know what I'm doin'

You're always goin' berserk

But you never show up to work

Give my regards to Abigail

Next time you write about my lack of moral compass

At least I do my job up in this rumpus

Ooh...

The line is behind me, I crossed it again

While the president lost it again

Aw, such a rough life

Better run, tell your wife

"Yo, the boss is in Boston again"

Let me ask you a question. Who sits

At your desk when you're in Massachusetts?

They were calling you a dick back in '76

And you really haven't done anything new since

You're a nuisance with no sense

You'll die of irrelevance

Go ahead, you aspire to my level

You inspire to malevolence

Say hi to the Jeffersons!

And the spies all around me

Maybe they can confirm

I don't care if I kill my career with this letter

I'm confining you to one term

Sit down, John, you fat motherfucker! Cool

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>