

# Keep On Keeping On' (feat. Brendon Urie)

Travie McCoy

You gotta keep on keeping on  
Even with the feeling  
That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong  
Oh Oh

You gotta keep on keeping on  
Even with the feeling  
That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong  
Oh Oh

He spent most of his youth  
With his head down  
Chubby, fugly, awkward walk  
And not much of a talker  
He was good at setting bad examples  
But bad at math, crunch time  
He kept it moving like the lunch line  
Working on his salad bars  
And fruit punch lines  
His simple triplets had his  
English teachers tongue tied

As he starts pirouette for perfection And Darren Aronofsky black swan refection He plucked  
feather from his back

And watched his bottom limbs, bend forward  
Toward something more, he wasn't sure  
He plucked feather from his back

And watched his bottom limbs, bend forward  
Toward something more You gotta keep on keeping on  
Even with the feeling  
That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong  
Oh Oh

You gotta keep on keeping on  
Even with the feeling That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong

Oh Oh Raised in a broken home built brick  
By government cheese brick  
Back and forth between parents  
Making us sea sick  
On his knees every night  
Praying for a little change  
But the tooth fairy was broke

And offered little hope  
He used to stand in front of mirrors  
With his toothbrush star searching But he ain't have to search far  
He was smart and made a pact with himself  
With a smirk and made a vow that one day  
His dad would never ever have to worry He plucked feather from his back And watched his  
bottom limbs, bend forward  
Toward something more, he wasn't sure  
He plucked feather from his back  
And watched his bottom limbs, bend forward  
Toward something more You gotta keep on keeping on  
Even with the feeling  
That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong Oh Oh  
You gotta keep on keeping on  
Even with the feeling  
That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong  
Oh Oh Fast forward a few 24 hours  
Little boy turned man  
Makes good on his promise  
Just to say we didn't take the trips To the bahamas  
Now you're boy bank account  
Got a few more commas...  
The hard work payed off, don't it?  
Plus it feel good when you can say you own it  
No rent, lease, loan or a mortgage That generator money, no shortage He plucked feather from  
his back  
And watched his bottom limbs, bend forward  
Toward something more, he wasn't sure  
He plucked feather from his back  
And watched his bottom limbs, bend forward  
Toward something more You gotta keep on keeping on Even with the feeling  
That you're gonna keep losing  
You gotta come back strong  
Oh Oh  
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