

Aesop Rock, Maintenance

[Aesop Rock]

Count that for me...thanks

[Robotic voice] 4x

One, two, one, two, three, four

[Aesop Rock]

Well any asshole with a book of matches can light a fire fresh
Make that sucker burn for days, I'll be impressed
surf n' abash the cultured bigot, procreation baked in fanciful
Then scurry up the grass to roll his marbles off the anthill
I know girth and good nature but recognize absentee ballots
and sappy ballads couldn't fill the void
it's James and the giant Tugboat Complex and HE'S ANNOYED!
(No one's asking you to build an Ark, brother!)

Hmm, it's fashion

I'll find my own bullies to shake a finger wrapped in
Realigned mine eyes in divine justice
Plus this uncontrollable laugh with those amber waves of brain finally crash
Brimstone clone with legs and dim poems

Ten little Zen crafts

Things cooperate like paper doll participant litigants
Picket well or ride a burner style clinic

Acid for the basics

P-H imbalance to burn the malice martyrs faceless
Then fabricate daytrips

I want to be the halo that jumps off the brain
Of the genius who decided some pictures deserved frames
(God and I are on a first name basis)

Yeah I call him God, he calls me Jesus
When I lost my religion, he fell to pieces

Blade, dragon, up hell's creek
Interrupting a devil pageant
Starfighter settling to madness

I keep my ghoul spirit concealed
Until the warriors return to the Coney Isle Wonder Wheel

[Chorus] 4x

My momma told me there'd be days like this
Days like this, days like this, days like this (yes she did)

[Robotic voice] 4x

One, two, one, two, three, four

[Aesop Rock]

Okay, tell me who you chill with and I'll tell you who you are
I walk a mile with a leash attached to your freak seminar
It's a modern sensation on the boulevards of maintenance
To sweep your broken hopes under the rug then hug the playpen
This revolution pushing through the loose pins
and a strait-jacketed maverick classed in a bunk category
They had him parallel with a tattered glory division
(I could devil drink dreams out of thermos)
Yeah, with a whiskey afterburn
It's like, nine o'clock wake (I'm up) spit obscenities
My girl ties on my cape, smoke a bone then work my devility
The clear day's laced with a classic mother nature thunderchaser set
That got my paper crane's wings wet
Voyeurist amendments lacked expansive coverage in the syllabus
I dance with chuckles while you man the keyhole grilling post
I've done my chores according to God's schedule
With coffee holding the wheel and nicotine working the pedals
Metal edged canes that tends to repel the bevel
Kettle screeching out the operetta

I live to autograph the iron curtain with dove's back feather pens
Spurting magma, cursing television earns the burdens of my Cleopatra
Minor (Major) dispersed slap on the wrist
For the tenants lacking arms to harbor the rarity of thick friendship
Sunk with a "Yes sir";
Chained to fatigued ankle
leagues beneath the angle
I'ma call home until the rock meets the angels

Chorus 4x

[Robotic voice] *repeat to fade*
One, two, one, two, three, four