

# Aesop Rock, Skip Town

On the train  
Watchin' the rainbows (thank you windows)  
I mean, it's all the same to some  
But that cityscape makes me numb  
Walkin' the wire between firewater and water - I'll take the tap  
Still managed to end up thirsty the day the nursery collapsed  
In my hand I hold the plumage of a buzzard  
Somethin' for circlin' nutrition (seems barbaric)  
I may have just saved your children  
There's an inborn tendency tellin' me to grip that sickle  
The pirate tyrant breathes, feed on your precious little pixels  
I interviewed the sun, he said the future's lookin' bright  
I interviewed the rain, he claimed the sun's truly an asshole  
I was supposed to interview the snow today but of course he flaked  
So I let my frigid demeanor teeter and take his vacant place  
Wheat and beat sprout from the same litter  
Yet amazingly crafted by separate scissors  
I stalk the morbid beaten past splashin' in the cretin blizzard (?)  
Half my time is herded toward little lost causes  
Half my time is spent pluggin' these leaky faucets  
An' I'm here to pose inquiries  
I'm here to draw a fork in the road and call it the diary of common sheep aspiring  
Little Billy star lit up the block got the right premise  
But can't thread the needle without consultin' apprentice present.  
I don't really know you (I don't)  
And I don't really care (I don't)  
Can't judge a man's dignity by the wattage in his stare  
Maybe that team's be that vagabond you love to kill (?)  
But I really ain't got time for the motherfucken guilt.

Chorus:

I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'  
Pack up my belongings then it's off into the evening  
Now I haven't exactly been embraced by the populace  
Set sail upon the seven deadly seas of the anonymous  
I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'  
Pack up my belongings then it's off into the evening  
An' I'm diggin' a tunnel to where the sun'll never shine  
I've got my book I got my dream I've got myself an' I'll be fine

(My time) is the day before the day the earth stood still  
(My time) is the day before the soldiers fired at will  
(My time) is the day before the hunter made his kill  
My time to find a mile before the valley meets the hill  
I'm an archer  
Partnered with a farmer's board of appetites (?)  
Sweettalkin' a rasping down to a mere flashing of badges  
Prototypic landscape staged every step of my well-oiled collective workhorse with prose and attent  
What about the captivator?  
I am the product of skeleton dancers voice crooked scattered amidst blue fields of fiery bliss tricks  
Where disease applicant activist rattlers, fascinate brave child  
Where expectant slave smiles at the stick in the painted living  
God, if I could offer maintenance to fantasies I would  
I'd place the button in the city square for everyone to push  
You see my mission's responsibilities range across the board  
Until I'd rather be a pen than a sword  
I swim a cold lake, make no mistake, I was not ready  
Your legendy outta shape, made the company look messy (?)  
(Sorry, well sorry) Honestly take it or leave it  
Just let me know so I ain't beggin' forgiveness throughout the evening.  
Basic locomotive with a whistle and caboose  
Tryin'a pull my cargo 'cross the map without a boost  
Brasher than more ways in ten years sturdy bird construction (?)

Help the smokestacks puff until the morn, dream torn

Chorus:

I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'  
Packed up my belongings then it's off into the evening  
I've knocked upon every little door that comes about  
I'll sweep ya porch if you can spare a couple of breadcrumbs and a couch.  
I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'  
Pack up my belongings then it's off into the evening  
This turning in my sleep is getting old and older still  
I think I can, I think I can, I think I can,  
I think I will.