

# Astronautalis, Somethin' For The Kids

Me and Fat Joe were riding in the back of an industrial-strength delivery van  
I couldn't catch a clear view of the driver's face but I could tell it wasn't a feminine friend  
The ground plans for battle were all laid; we were just taking some time to kick it with grapes and p  
It was just him and me in a van with the gate and gay we taste the grapes and spit the seeds in the

The highway was a scalpel spice in the sands a crescent impression  
A man's demand for the connection of lands  
I look back at Joe and laugh  
I give the grapes a puff and a pass spitting another seed out of the bag

Joe squints his eyes  
Lets out a sound that can only be described as a laughter in a sack behind  
His pale olive fingers pry another one of the fruits of the vine  
&quot;We should return here in ten years' time&quot;;  
I ask him why

&quot;So we can drink the wine from the orchard that is grown  
from the seeds we alone cast aside&quot;;  
As the sun sunk lower on the sand, dust sprayed from the tires that picked up the grains  
Displayed them as barrels

And I held the last grape up to eclipse the sun  
The breeze plucked it from my fingers and the lunch was done

Father was an engine driver  
Grandpa fought the war  
Hope that I can maybe size up  
Leave my mark at all

My and Tupac Shakur sat inside a donut shop  
Sharing a dozen and watching the coffee cream  
One by one the box slowly emptied  
From the cakes to the crullers and at last the fancies

Pac sat aloud so I could hear him  
&quot;Donuts are communism&quot;;  
I asked him why, he said,  
&quot;Better in theory&quot;;

We laughed and scratched the sleep from our eyes  
He said, &quot;This is ridiculous, 12 is too much, half a dozen wastes our time&quot;;

But every time we order twelve thinking we can handle it  
And every time we end up pissed because we made our stomachs sick  
We both laugh a bit and gingerly sip our coffee  
His fingers scrape the tabletop and he digs in softly

And I watch him there, carving, scraping, both sitting in silence  
As he engraves his name with the word &quot;West side&quot;; beside it  
And underneath the orange veneer of the donut shop gear  
There's an earthy brown flesh that excavation makes appear

And year after year Pac and I return there  
To the table that he claimed with the matching bench chairs  
Chug the last of our coffee and stand to leave  
Wave to the clerk, she says goodbye in Chinese

Clutching our sick stomachs we both struggle to speak  
Shake our heads, split our waists, and say, &quot;See you next week&quot;;

Chorus x 6