

# El-P, Tasmanian Pain Coaster

(Intro: From the 1992 film "Fire Walk With Me")  
Do you think that if you were falling in space  
That you would slow down after a while, or go faster and faster?  
Faster and faster...  
For a long time you wouldn't feel anything...  
Then you would burst into fire, for ever  
And the angel's won't help you, 'cause they've all gone away...

(Un, dos, un, dos, tres, quatro)

I saw this kid walking down the street  
I was like "wait" (echoes)

(El-P)

Bumped into this kid I knew, he often would walk strange  
So I ignored the blood on his laces so this cat could save face  
The dunks and the gaze stayed in an off grey haze  
And the lump in his pocket talked to the ox that he clutched safe  
So I saluted him there, waiting for the A  
Trapped on the empty platform without the option to escape  
Gave him the standard: "Yo, what up man, how you landin'?"  
And the hypnotized response was no surprise: "I maintain"  
"Yeah we all do, that's the standardized refrain  
But on some really real man, good to see you, really, what the dealy deal?"  
Oops, fuck, screwed the pooch, asked too much, knew the truth  
On the train now, a caboose  
In his brain now, no recluse  
80 Blocks to uptown spot, destination vocal booth  
Metro-card like: "you get what you pay for, stupid", no excuse  
He pulled his hoody off his cabbage rugged practical  
And began to fancy the words I mistakenly jostled loose  
The stogie he brazenly lit where he sit looked legit  
But when the flame touched to the tip I could smell it's of another nit  
He leaned his head back and inhaled the newpie dip and said  
"The whole design got my mind cryin', if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'... shit"

This is the sound of what you don't know killing you  
This is the sound of what you don't believe still true  
This is the sound of what you don't want still in you  
TPC motherfucker, cop a feel or two

The whole design got my mind cryin', if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'  
Dyin', I'm flyin', the same line, no disguise, guy... I'm bent up  
Know the sky's high by coincidence and I'm tied blind insignificant  
To the ground function I'm Munsoned, it's the dreaded 7/10 split again  
The medic made it out to be, epidemic shaded... wow for me  
Evidence of pressures mounting, residential shroud: King's County  
Brotherhood of the working wounded, wounded working city unit  
Taking out the trash and strappin in, let's get it movin', stupid  
Many men make moves more useless, use abuse quick  
Losers, juiceless  
Bitch, either speak the truth or you leave toothless  
Two fists of the furiously ruthless  
Justice for my very own amusement with no regard for the conclusion  
I swagger with rats tappin' the glass in a Gov. lab  
Pass me the gloves, mask and flask of the cheapest liquor you have  
In the back of the tasmanian path, insane again laughin  
Cacklin' at the randomness of the city and all its facts  
The dark art of interrogation agent skippin' class  
And at last in a flash on my tip toes walkin' on cracked glass  
Gats blast and wiz by fast or just catch in my calves like "hold that!"  
In other words: I'm trash, glad you asked

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Your future's uncertain here now  
The plot smears on the wall  
Said, your future's uncertain here now  
The plot smears on the wall