

# Optimus Rhyme, No Memory

Hey yo, I gotta lot of ex-best friends  
gotta lotta people that I care about  
that be gone with the wind...

when that luggage is lost, I just leave it  
i never check a bag  
carry one backpack  
stow it in the overhead

If my plane goes down and then I'm dead,  
let my baggage mix with the bodyparts  
and don't retrieve it

But if we land, and then  
I step up in the aisle  
I'll take my bag down  
put it on my back and smile

Cuz I handle the weight  
I savor chaos  
There ain't no security gate or X-ray  
that could analyze , penetrate,  
break down my layers  
I'm coated in lead, complicated like Eraserhead

Face these situations with patience  
but not complacence  
slowly creep ahead  
stalk back to East Lake  
walk in my bedroom  
drop the bag  
contemplate the contents:  
an old shirt, man  
that's my dead goldfish...  
hmmm...

[music fades to Japanese dialogue]