

## Bent Life

Aesop Rock

Yo

I take 10 steps with a bedlamped vision  
Study the disorders we've absorbed inside the village  
I understand the plagues and shake hands with my  
grimace that remain up in  
my face like top to bottom train car feelings  
Lets question the ascension of a broken social icon in  
various domino affect  
I'm blow this hex over the mission  
Just to administer the indoor sucker punch to its  
pitiful condition

With no alibi love is used as a guide by the civilized  
Some see it as the body heat you feel when you close  
your eyes  
That's so much of a lie, you can leave your hair dyed  
and scorch your roots  
As the truth hits your ears begin to cry  
"Why Is It Like This!" Why the f\*\*k do I care?  
I don't have the answers, or at least the ones you want  
to hear  
City lights look like bright groups of fire flies  
Many see the truth (the proof) only when the liar dies  
Tires screech to a halt, the ground cries  
Spit sparks speak to the streets  
The skid marks are replies  
Read discussions of what we rode through entrenched in  
the vocals  
The hopeless stay hopeful (the toxic fumes choke you)  
As I walk out my door, step into the pollution  
(I breathe in the problems) exhale solutions  
Physically the situation's hard to stop  
I had a wicked jump shot and sold crack rock on back  
blocks  
Casualties in this apocalypse (street chronicle)  
abnormal abdominals (push-ups phenomenal)  
Relaxin drinking my 6-pack maxing  
faxing my thoughts on the satellite, via Donahue (push  
it)  
Table talk, salt and pepper conversation  
Integrated sectors, metropolis and mecca  
It's a conspiracy (you know), I can't lie dukes  
Sometimes I feel the rats got a better deal than I do

It goes thieves, bandits, low lives, scum  
Punks that buckle under the rumple of my drum  
Steadily searching for something new under the sun  
But its stagnant, act of development first of madness

Thieves, bandits, low lives, scum  
Punks that buckle under the rumple of my drum  
Steadily searching for something new under the sun  
But its hurtin, act of development first diversion

A new universe in ancient, so I stay patient  
In a gravel pit, travelin thoughts and ravelin, pacing  
Embracing light of America, and found a shade of

darkness (underground)  
The traincar used to be my apartment  
Sick of people rushin in the doors before I get out  
Conductors closing the doors before I get in, I shout  
"The Biz is Coming, The Biz is Coming!"?  
Don't get worried now (We've been in a cold world!)  
We just getting flurries now?

Yeah, its like sloooowww doooowwn,  
You're movin much to fast to bust through the finale  
fashioned glass  
Its delicate demeanor and I teach you how to hang  
But we like 1970 something 20 clicks outside your name  
(tear obedience)  
I apologize for the faulty academics  
but they placed us in a miserable stasis  
I let bygones be bygones  
But tryin to see eye to eye with the face lift  
just aint working the way the manual paints it  
See I soak in a blue note factory  
While most cats hassle bandits lamping solo  
And when the last red brick topples over the earth  
to intercept your crooked little mess  
I can be found in a social coma directly to your left  
Engaged in a conversation, a marvel with my breath  
Regarding how to document the shady baby steps  
I bounce checks like a modern  
Sleep with one eye open while the other two drift  
together specimens from the promise land  
This for the thinkers  
This for the erchants allergic to they own stingers  
This for the absurd verdict linkers  
This for that cat at my shows that's always got  
prophetic opinions  
but cant remember where his drink is  
I'm wallowing, shrugging I'm plugging your corporation  
Cause we alley cats addicted to the sickly warped  
sensation  
Answer this: when all that's said and done  
are you a memorable troop or just a lab rat on the run  
Choose one

[Chorus]