

Blue in the Face

Aesop Rock

Yo, I surf an axiom kicked in a center fold of ugly tenements
Oh distribute sour inhalants regulate lobby developments
Today summon the rug rat oblivious to what's delicate
Tomorrow siphon imperfection out the fetus prior to selling it
There is a brain in the thicket tap circle cupping the port to accord it
Teeter thorn storm plunges more but conformers the pouring's half the entry
Plated pearly gates a chanted axis with high gentry hinging our binging on
Public picket fencing Squirming in terms in conditions of un-
satisfact destiny magnet
Where the ebony should of cracked shit ratio tragic
Lose sight suit oh mavericks clash at futility pageants
I post froze in a blaze at a grand combustion
A leader's deception connection wiper with a barn responds his friend
With an eye socket full of needles and a will to die for nothing
And that's glory abide thy crass itinerary barely suitable for common slum c
ats
And the lemmings will follow you to the blood bath
All aboard that awful train through shames patch where I'd trade my window
Seat for one pane of replacement stain glass, see I bow to the the gods of o
pacity
I don't mind y'all looking in, it's just watching Sin City steam slips under
my skin
And I'm about half way to nausea, half way to contentment
2 halves post made a dance evoked a whole lot of resentment
Build a pen around master dome patriarch close to four peters
Woke to rope cubicles combines with combines suitably ingenious
Let's soak my feet in lake infinity the time vibe strapped to dignity my
Symmetries vivid image still can't mimic the victory comfort is a drug and I
'm numb as fuck
Yet some prefer the hum and others tend to suck the life out of the crux lik
e
One, two, three, four, and I'm a tug dummy hug the hungry pull the lever pus
h the button
Drink the garbage split the homage reap the harvest target everyone
Beckon eyes idols that have a malleable colony till the fire ant dropped the
Sweet leaf grief your dreams a needle in a needle stack claiming safety pin
physics
Baby tin blizzards collide while ole iron sides trust the rivets
I'm sick of the picker the litter soaking the spot lit when I know they
Know they owe all thanks to the end all Aesop Rock shit watch this
Build me a home; build me a home of brick and wood and everything good
With a front porch where I can jar fire flies by night
And smoke stogs till the day meets twilight
Build me a home, build me a home with a green grass hill with running a wate
r
In a backyard with a sandbox and a garden of foreign flowers
Build me a home with a basement and an attic
Where I can store remnants of the day I once slept in build me a home
No skull is sacred in the races
Locked in a pagan doctrine watching born again faces gamble up patience fail
blatant
Ochre and sienna war paintings stain plague community harking as wrapped
It's overlooking out crops
Give you one life to laugh at catalog bliss on
The least common attachment ten seconds of glittering silence
Pilot is flight redefine stagnant
Most emotions host an entire lesson

Congressional less one stone merely for the exceptional spectacle now
Listen the pause heed tall falls the voidance of the suit dispersed
Await a straightened arrows a perfect circle has been fastened to the
Blimp side buy in my grin and clusters that's better than colony my own
Fathers son is the holy ghost suck that theology I king for a day of
Peasant for a pleasant life blood on the easel and my eagle eyelids
Spots runaway pirates look I despise squatters with a, ohh, cry me a
River a quarter how'd you afford that dog and sour dialogue
I put my hook in the pond I put my worm
In the hook I put my trust in the worm
That he'd bring me something to cook
I felt a tug on my line and I lugged a trash can
On my pole with a note from the worm attached that
Read, "Thanks for nothing asshole! " Simple parables of nature making
Character giddy and riddle me a similar situation mix city quick put
Your honor on the line doors to the monks blood thirsty barracuda
Serpents and report on powers of devil treatment church links I'm a
Fence sitter lips torn by both polars and their working
I can only model throttle at the dream catching matching a patchy holist wit
h a
Sovereignty harbored and charged my hate breed in a minute he's picket
Spitting stitches to fix the britches in the gaps one night I broke in
Bridges give us traps and tried to walk to get stogs just like hop
Scotch between polar caps and I'm, blue in the face when every second is a w
aste of breath
Making that classic mockery of every step
Oh build me a home, build me a home please with a light in the window and
A red front door and a picket fence and a fire place and a sturdy frame
And we can sit I'll tell you my name build me home...