

# Bring Back Pluto

Aesop Rock

This is my friend, Tony. He's pretty cool.  
Although he's not always so smart.

And then there were eight (then there were eight).  
Just like that.  
(Bring back Pluto, bring back, bring back Pluto).  
In the beginning it was Large Marge sent me  
a bet, empty the rent if you can double-park the garbage barge gently  
The moon took a second mortgage on the seventh house  
Jupiter ain't talk to Mars, he felt the host of rovers, sold him out

Close your mouth, poke your snout over the cloaked aroma cloud  
Solar boy elope with couch choking on older Polaroids  
Motormouth show for the golden molar toy  
Gophers yoke a fish outta water he grows lungs and multiplies

Idol. Once soldering a perfect union  
It is vital to calculate any ornery loose ends  
If mutiny ensues the aloof is assumed nuisance  
The clue is in his vacancy, the proof is in his goosebumps

Maroon the traitors, expecting anchors of edelweiss  
Who later learned it may actually be safer to play with knives  
I show up late looking project grizzly  
Two bowies, a third for throwing, (an accomplished dickweed?)  
Nothing, nada, nil, I stuff a lot of pill to gut.  
What's the proper rules on stuffing hostages in trucks?  
He'll be numb enough to chill before the choppers spill the blood  
Buf if I'm not?

Fuck it.  
Plug him, Warpy got his goddamn groove back  
Jet setting on spec with a dead  
The eddy on the roof rack  
And miscreants will rubberneck jalopy euthanasia  
Which will later be regretted when it's your turn for cremation  
And I walk like early man,  
Freak a little witch hunt.  
Gathering the carnies and exploiting every stigma  
The malformed oddities amongst sovereignty's normal  
Shall abuse every vice imaginable right before you  
All I thought of was the cloven hooved  
And how the clip-clip-clopped over the woven roofs  
With a nose for commotion and stolen goods  
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do  
In the meantime  
nine minus one left eight  
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We were busy putting barbs on a large iron gate

They're gonna want his milk money next.

Stare into the glowing eye of Cerberus and grow  
Forging of laminates will not repel the quarantined alone

(Someone should finish theese!-Zane)

You ain't shit. This ain't ill.

This is little Russian dolls that get smaller and smaller still.

This is a corpus full of pills, trying to sit still and build.

Cause eight planets bullied number nine until he fell.