

Skip Town

Aesop Rock

On the train
Watchin' the rainbows (thank you windows)
I mean, it's all the same to some
But that cityscape makes me numb
Walkin' the wire between firewater and water - I'll take the tap
Still managed to end up thirsty the day the nursery collapsed
In my hand I hold the plumage of a buzzard
Somethin' for circlin' nutrition (seems barbaric)
I may have just saved your children
There's an inborn tendency tellin' me to grip that sickle
The pirate tyrant breathes, feed on your precious little pixels
I interviewed the sun, he said the future's lookin' bright
I interviewed the rain, he claimed the sun's truly an asshole
I was supposed to interview the snow today but of course he flaked
So I let my frigid demeanor teeter and take his vacant place
We three sprout from the same litter
Yet amazingly crafted by separate scissors
I stalk the morbid beaten past splashin' in the cretin blizzard Half my time
is herded toward little lost causes
Half my time is spent pluggin' these leaky faucets
An' I'm here to pose inquiries
I'm here to draw a fork in the road and call it the diary of common sheep as
piring
Little Billy star lit up the block got the right premise
But can't thread the needle without consultin' apprentice present.
I don't really know you (I don't)
And I don't really care (I don't)
Can't judge a man's dignity by the wattage in his stare
Maybe that deams me that vagabond you'd love to kill
But I really ain't got time for the motherfuckin' guilt.

I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'
Pack up my belongings then it's off into the evening
Now I haven't exactly been embraced by the populace
Set sail upon the seven deadly seas of the anonymous
I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'
Pack up my belongings then it's off into the evening
An' I'm diggin' a tunnel to where the sun'll never shine
I've got my book I got my dream I've got myself an' I'll be fine

(My time) is the day before the day the earth stood still
(My time) is the day before the soldiers fired at will
(My time) is the day before the hunter made his kill
My time to find a mile before the valley meets the hill

I'm an archer
Partnered with a farmer's board of appetites Sweetalkin' a rasping down to a
mere flashing of badges
Prototypic landscape staged every step of my well-
oiled collective workhorse with prose and attention festive.
Wait.

What about the captivator?

I am the product of skeleton dancers voice crooked scattered amidst blue fie
lds of firey bliss tricks Where disease applicant activist rattlers, fascina
te brave child

Where expectant slave smiles at the stick in the painted living
God, if I could offer maintenance to fantasies I would
I'd place the button in the city square for everyone to push

You see my mission's responsibilities range across the board
And so I'd rather be a pen than a sword
I swim a cold lake, make no mistake, I was not ready
All edgy and outta shape, made the company look messy (Sorry, well sorry) Ho
nestly take it or leave it
Just let me know so I ain't beggin' forgiveness throughout the evening.
Basic locomotive with a whistle and caboose
Tryin'a pull my cargo 'cross the map without a boost
Brasher than more ways in ten years sturdy bird construction Help the smokes
tacks puff until the morn, dream torn

I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'
Packed up my belongings then it's off into the evening
I've knocked upon every little door that comes about
I'll sweep ya porch if you can spare a couple of breadcrumbs and a couch.
I'm gone, and I best believe I'm leavin'
Pack up my belongings then it's off into the evening
This turning in my sleep is getting old and older still
I think I can, I think I can, I think I can,
I think I will.