

Jumping Ship

Chronic Future

There's the door here's the cup, but the table has no fork in the road
One picture in a charm could slit your fist or kiss your toad
It all depends on the defense that you pull off your wall
We're all friends and enemies while your knives and swords are having a ball
The coppertone connection makes allies look good together
But never trust no one who customized their sunny weather
I'm running away from windows and the distractions they provide for me
I've been living off of sea salt and a personal hydrating team
Let's have a cinematic contest without becoming televisions
What's your excuse for acting like someone else's decision
Elmers glue footsteps in an imaginative state
And you want me to tell the king that I made a mistake?

The mother made yesterday homestyled surrenderling
Never had it be never, dance apology never
The definite order of events is the unmaking Paul Bearer
Lamp shade, Tom War, one hell peep show
Keeps out creeps & co-stars
Left out lips in the reign for a laugh
The blackhand recorder solved the near future
Cops at some wives to save itself embarrassments

Save itself from embarrassments
Save itself from embarrassments
Save itself from the favorites of embarrassments
Save itself from embarrassments
Save itself from embarrassments
From the favorites of embarrassments

Save yourself from the carriages
Save yourself from the chariots
Those horses carry only arrogance
Save it's wealth and appearance quick
Take this steering whip
Cause I'm jumping ship

Pull out your face of ... a clinical test
The minty fresh halation casts a super imposition
The lens full of holograms, I ate myself a baby
Lullaby delayed the lottery that replaced the balls with you
Guess it til I guess it right, bet on you & bet on I
Inframed in the mansion with the glass cased commandments
Faced with a choice object provide the recklessly abandoned
All jumps, proposals, bets, debts & policies
I'll fight clocks that ain't been cleaned
Seen or heard from, tree to the steams
Sprung head & follow, back to front, bare boned & clothed
I've seen the future & I'm a basket case
Yeah, I've seen the future & I'm a basket case
Yeah, I've seen the future & I'm a basket case
Yeah, I've seen the future & I'm a basket case

Well there's yellow bellies and devil advocates
Shoveling dirt finding magnets
In the soil of our future's challenges
Trust me, I'll balance it
There's a mile high pile of confusing chord shadows

And enough self interest involved to start refusing values
Copper penny turn over is gamble enough for me
And this solid night of work ahead is done by me for me for free
It's called a choice or a perversion towards tonal quality
And it's not worthless in the words of your colonies total honesty
This has a lot to do with useless information i've never said
So grab the end of the fishing line and make sure that it's dead

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