

# Sod in the Seed

WHY?

[Intro]

His hooves in dirt pound  
And eat up ground  
He cannot remain bound  
When the trumpets sound

[Verse 1]

Let's review some recent facts  
I make decent cash, I'm a minor star  
And we can't last if she don't drive a hybrid car  
I scribble vapid raps on your flyer backs  
The word is I purchased a refurbished Mac G4  
Pull up to critical mass in a gas-guzzling Ford  
Just to ask you when next your rock outfit performs  
Before you tell me the fact, I'm down the road yelling back  
Please post it on the Whole Foods bulletin board  
I'd earn a lick of respect in slum art for sure  
But I threw out my lumbar picking up checks  
I'm so numb, Lord, yes, despite how I'm blessed  
I'm destined to end up a slum lord depressed  
Come by, poorly dressed, your address on the first  
Hum something under my breath that half resembles some words  
And like a bird in a suit cut for a brutish bear  
Back out of there bowing like a Jew in prayer

[Hook]

I'll never shirk this first world curse  
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse

[Verse 2]

A small dark bard, I'll give an inch to start  
Then leave you home dreaming of the whole nine yards  
Leave you home dreaming, believing that you'd seen me  
Loose skin breathing like a cathedral at evening  
Screaming like a demon in the Garden of Eden  
Missing what parts that a stork in it's beak brings  
But even what an evil man thinks is really pink  
And on his insides, doesn't mean you shouldn't pull his card out  
So what if a man blinks in Morse code while he sings if he sings his heart  
Out?  
Everybody's gotta get paid  
I'd say "far out, no way"  
Frankly, I'd be amazed  
But a patriot would save the day  
Make the hitch, help C.I.A  
What's bad, what's good  
A complicated man is misunderstood, even to himself  
Acutely unaware what's in a shallow breath of air  
And long exhale of something else

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Two sips, instant drip, Sanka mud  
New corpus publicist, thanks ya bud  
As hundred bucks worth of wordy blogger thugs  
Come forth forthwith to four seasons aflood

To morbidly orbit your toilet like hornets abuzz  
Forming above like buzzards in love  
When you first wake up, spitting sick from the gut  
And shitting black blood at six  
Then you wonder why I'm high up, sitting, yup  
The blundering braggart  
From a covered wagon spitting under the vagrants in gutters  
What, does it make me evil?  
Am I a feeble deranged fuck?  
Cause Jesus would and I would not drive the needle exchange truck?  
Well if I'm out of luck, I'm still pitching notes through this throat  
Pissing fears and hopes through the ears of folks listening  
No matter what, batter up enough of this nonsense  
You can gather up the contents of the catcher's cup and suck

[Verse 4]

You kneel and squint your eyes and cup your hands against the window  
Just to see who rides, to get a glimpse inside the limo  
Have some self-respect and exercise some tact  
While I supply the info that you lack  
One must pay the frat fee to enjoy the fat-free snacks  
Strippers, roofies, and six-packs, and groupies with big breasts  
Sending out mass texts asking who's next  
To get his lance waxed in the wickedest sex acts  
Step back from the stretch, mack, and mind the gap  
With all due respect sir, there's a limited cap  
You'll need a ticket to kick it in the back  
Of this rented, tinted-out black Cadillac  
But I can tell by your polo slacks, Sebagos, and blank stare  
You're good for the total package and game to be back there  
But who am I to judge a man's heart by his yacht wear?  
And it scares me to death, yes, that I'm starting to not care

[Hook]

[Verse 5]

Good and evil's often neither strength or flaw  
But sod in the seed of what you are  
A filthy silt stashed in a white silk sash  
Or a doula dove smashed in an airplane crash

[Outro]

You'll never shirk this first world curse  
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse  
A steady hurt and a sturdy purse