

# 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...