

# Maintenance

Aesop Rock

Count that for me...thanks

One, two, one, two, three, four

Well any asshole with a book of matches can light a fire fresh  
Make that sucker burn for days, I'll be impressed  
Circlin past the culture's bigot, procreation baked in advanceable  
Then ball and scurry up the grass to roll his marbles off the anthill  
I know gerth and nature but recognize absentee ballot  
And sappy ballads couldn't fill the void  
This game's in the giant Tugboat Complex and HE'S ANNOYED!  
(No one's asking you to feel the narc, brother!)  
Hmm, it's fashion  
I'll find my own bullies to shake a finger wrapped in  
Realigned mine knives in divine justice  
Plus this uncontrollable laugh with those ample waves of brain finally crash  
Brimstone clone with legs and dim poems  
Ten little Zen crafts  
Things cooperate like paper dog participants litigans  
Picket well or ride or burner style clinic  
Acid with the basics  
P-H imbalance to burn the malice martyrs spaceless  
Then fabricate daytrips  
I want to be the halo that jumps off the brain  
Of the genius who decided some pictures deserved frames  
(God and I are on a first name basis)  
Yeah I call him God, he calls me Jesus  
When I lost my religion, he fell to pieces  
Blade, dragon, up hell's creek  
Interrupting a devil pagent  
Starfighter settling to madness  
I keep my ghoulish spirit concealed  
Until the warriors return to the Coney Isle Wonder Wheel

My momma told me there'd be days like this  
Days like this, days like this, days like this (yes she did)

One, two, one, two, three, four

Okay, tell me who you chill with and I'll tell you who you are  
I walk a mile with a leash attached to your freak seminar  
It's a modern sensation on the boulevard of maintenance  
To sweep your broken hopes under the rugs then hug the playpen  
This revolution pushing through the loose pins and a strait jacket  
A maverick classed in a bunk category  
They had him parallel with a tattered glory division  
(I could devil drink dreams out of thermos)  
Yeah, with a whiskey afterburn  
It's like, nine o'clock wake (I'm up) spit obscentities  
My girl ties on my cape, smoke a bone then work my dental tree  
The clear day's laced with a classic mother nature thunderchaser set  
That got my papergrain's wings wet  
Voyeurist amendments lack expansive coverage in the syllabus  
I dance with shuckles while you man the keyhole grilling code  
I've done my chores according to God's schedule  
With coffee holding the wheel and nicotine working the pedals  
Metal edge kings that tends to rapel the pebble



Kettle screeching out the operetta  
I live to autograph the iron curtain with doveback feather pens  
Spurting magma, cursing television urns to burn until my Cleopatra  
Minor (Major) dispersed slap on the wrist  
For the tenants lacking the arms to harbor the rarity of thick friendship  
Stuck with a "Yes sir"  
Change of fatigue to ankle  
Each beneath the angle  
I'ma call home until the rock meets the angels

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