

Winners Take All

Aesop Rock

Parachute ratty, one bunk cord now the air is scooped
badly
Dripping out the sticks like a twig-tweed hammock
Miter cut the cables for that quick, clean transit
Miser took the big screen; Panic made a business card
Ankle out of whack, painkiller tobacco scrap
We navigate the yellow corn hype for the barn
When the spotlight swiveled hard right over the farm
Post up, 3 cheers for the gimp
Spread thank you (3 on the right)
Limp to the door, splint what he mangles (3 on the
left)
Yea I knew the percentages
But the numbers were unaware of the grand finale's
emphasis
And over the scent of a thousand dead dogs
Agent Zip-Zookaswore to pull it off, GAMEFACE
Walkie-talkies squawking up his hip regarding
paratroopers: 20 (Ha!)
Tug a noise/annoysbox-trigger reporting for hunting

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I have zero natural enemies
I don't know my location
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colluding
I'm calling for my orders, over
(STRAP ON A HELMET AND START SHOOTING!)

up in a killer horse, numb and bloodthirsty
'Till the uncle spitter beg the pig to hug mercy (Ha!)
240-below shit, kickers tickle the corpses (duck!)
Duck the widow-maker, also manufactures swords (ok...)
Manufactures ornaments, if it moves stick a fork in it
Winners take all, killers rape all coordinates
Unfortunately, courted by the most tenacious gaurdian
Whose aimless nature bait a holler taste the
martyr's skin
No semper-fide(Nope), no saluter units
Soldier the fire is more flesh than sulfer
And when the automatic-jitters wiggle the ribs
I feel so alive it don't matter which bitches litter is
clipped (Bang!)
Sun down, goggle up; canteen gobble-juice
Teargas nozzle up, brain buff hostile youth
Chop it up, lock a noose upon it
You will die for the glory of...Shit, I can't put my
finger on it
But it's big! Big and legitimate
Justify women and kiddie killer shit, iller it builds
So he is not a natural predator, but can dismantle an
AK-47
Clean and rebuild before you can mayday bretheren
(Mayday!)
Muddy-gut snake eyes, she approaches cobras with an
ugly muck

And bloody Bowie knife clamped in the canines
Wake 'em with that blind military mechanism set to
bludgeon
WHAT IS YOUR MAJOR MALFUNCTION!?

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I was standing at attention with a pocket full of
weapons
And the will to walk a mile in the same fatigues that I
slept in
I have yet to find a day in life worthy of my saluting
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I shimmy up out of the fox
Hold the sword of the only after having logged every
cadaver accordingly
High scores keep our Tama-tongs enthralled
(There is no course iller than no course at all)
Okay, if his perspective is smirked, sneaky detective
work is aborted
And it's no longer whisper-mode on the red alert
No bed of dirt 'n' sniper rifle peeking out the bunker
(uh!)

Now I'm set in city looking for something to puncture
Help me up, the numbers of the heroes sat at suppers
Treat the public like a tin can, riddled before it
plummets (Brrrap!)

But, adrenaline can lead to lazy-eye hassles
So he list the little boy into the pin-up pineapple
(Heh)

Thats funny...Bumps into the steel-toe
Thats lovely, sum it up in (Oh, hell no!)

And just as fast as the parachute cable snapped
I was rag-doll, horizontal, two limbs short of fixed
Link a baby pulled around the standard issued weaponry
While fading as a blemish in civility's memory
They will step over the body for the looting..
(Ready on the far end line)
(The f**k is that?)
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Repeat till fade out]