

Button Masher

Aesop Rock

Mash the buttons, knock knock, never yield
Phobias in motion blowing smoke into the sterile field
Wonkavator up beyond the seraphim, terra beneath the keratin
Every bit precariously jerry-rigged
His helmet is a case of Bud, he factor in the paper cuts
Corrugated cockpit, I'm not exactly Major Tom
Buzzed Aldrin, I can't count backwards
Ten, one, someone get this buzzard to the Matmos
Ten thousand hours addressing open beaks
Exiting the atmosphere with no green to chroma key
Greebles on the body, tin cans on the bumper
Slip into the freezing ether like a pea coat from his mother
How much interstellar freedom can he reasonably suffer?
More than you can feed through a shutter
I use a phony voice when I'm yelling, "Nobody's home"
I'm a liar, but I wouldn't say I'm wrong

I ain't really seen land in a minute
AWOL spaceman, wave to the Mrs
Faint transmission after nothing for the summer
I have never seen so many colors
Uh, ayy

The human heart tattoo move in a hard vacuum
Only back to pay a bill or maybe fill a cart with cat food
I'm shredded, smelling like I just stepped off a charred capsule, I did
That's not imaginary ash in his wig
That's rounding Cygnus with a souvenir from galaxy quest
I know it sound like myth and magic, but the shrapnel commits
I give a fuck about a factory scent, we mostly play to the fringe
They figure, "What's a little tape on the wings?"
A little glue, a little paint, a little staple and string
You won't believe how far the garbage when that radio ping
Behold a view or two where you could lose your voice at the moon
I hope you like your beef and veggies with the moisture removed
Dig it, the low rider, lower the gold visor
Nosedive guided by the ghost of Laika, my heavens
Slow drive, side-eye stealthy
When can we expect you?
Why would you expect me?

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Tangentially related in the sense of one's environment
Informing what they're made of
There was a ghost who broke it all up into tiny numbers
And dated vector graphics and New York Times puzzles
Who struggled knowing love as more than boring data entry
More reported from an orbit all his own, to say it gently
I'm reporting from an orbit all my own, to say it gently
Catch a wave in the jalopy down to burn up on re-entry
Man the laser, do you copy? Keep invaders on the business end
Autopilot zeroes in on zero wind for pissing in
Fixer-upper, she putt like a Plymouth Duster

From bucket to mothership, if you're up for a little sunburn, stat
Neighbors at the mercy of a thin wall
One side nap, one satellite pinball
Fun size asteroids pingin' off the cabin
Ping, ping, the soundtrack of shrinking into blackness
I blink through 4D, droid sitting bitch scorned
The voice of destroy and rebuild
Who rose above the partly cloudy counting on a Galaga hack
His only carry-on's a napkin of math
From packed in a menagerie to cheese and crackers at the apogee
Add a little finding God and trying not to atrophy, um
I know you're whispering about me at the corner store
"We've seen the glowing light from under his apartment door"

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