

Corn Maze

Aesop Rock

I'm the world weekly news bat child
B-lining ash pile to ash pile to ash pile
For every ghost climbing out the flat file
Every gaffe, every lone spaz in the snack aisle
Cracked out, don't touch that dial ever
These trap doors forecast quagmire weather
But it's worth it
From cobras out to kiss him on the cheek
To snatching victory from out the jaws of imminent defeat
The phone ping from a pillow fort in a corn maze
I don't have a horse in your war games
I don't even really like horses
I like wild orchids and neighbors with wide orbits
Electric fence and pets that tend to pretty much ignore us
We headbutt in the mornings then report to separate corners
Criminy, ya killin' me Smalls, the fist balls up
I pull my hood down, I got some walls up

Walls up
I keep my coat on I got some walls up
Chips down, walls up
I cut the lights off

Every day I wake up in a gallon of sweat
Puke blood, hit the shower, turn to Malibu Ken
While you were asking all your lackeys, "Are we jackals or men?"
I've been the sorcery authority should catch if they can
Mostly a master of none
Come try the coffee, it's burnt
He type a chapter it sucks
Top of the moth-eaten world
Pick a one horse town, four horsemen got his number
I feed each one the others camouflaged in Fluffernutters
The million-dollar free jazz-speak in a secret garden
Some people think its freakish, but they can't deny the harvest
Its funny when they're later made to celebrate the shit they said was garbage
It only show the city who the mark is
Are we Donatello's David or delicate Frozen Charlottes?
Even Davids know in art there often will be no catharsis
The voices in my head still talk tough
I go to bed stoned, I got some walls up

Walls up
I keep my coat on I got some walls up
Chips down, walls up
I cut the lights off

In a lavish rabbit hole with no rabbits
Young, dumb dust-bunnies jump into traffic
Casually gussied up and done feeling unsung and savage
Punk, we have come for your cabbage
I'm bad news travel like a rat through your cabinet
Spaz
Twenty paw pads full of scabs
Off in a false ad, fall plaid, all dander
Blast off, black jackdaws on his antlers

Zero faithers
Wearily fear his neighbors
Someday we'll find a way to make these billionaires obey us
Someday we'll earn a subdivision gaudier than reprobates
Who sit around depressed and guess the order of the Tetris rain
With biblical misreckoning
Son of surly Satan torn asunder
Private number, public urination
We socialize with pundits who encompass all the wrong stuff
I count the bread quick, I got some walls up

Walls up
I keep my coat on I got some walls up
Chips down, walls up
I cut the lights off