

# 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