

Forward Compatibility Engine

Aesop Rock

Holy mountain surf club
Goalie pads, bunker suit, work gloves, surf's up
Be the first to shaka with the scourge of god, circa now
Waving at the mountain goats and "shoulda hired a sherpa" crowd
It's perfect, brick and mortar curling into character
That canopy, that cannonballing barreled in the aperture
Stupefied face of a driver in the moment he realizes
He is ultimately just another passenger
Who is driving who, and who's at one with the upheaval?
Plus, who is gonna free you from the stomach of what eat you?
You might just be that telephone that make the hunter's belly glow
Or better, get ya pinged and guess the ringer though some jelly rolls
Cut the tracker out his neck at a Hess
I had to go in for napkins, nobody so much as flinch
It's like they know what this is
Another floater out to own the night
Who maybe know the road
But doesn't know he doesn't own the rights

I put a flag on a island
Turned out to be the back of giant
When it woke one day in the spring
I said "Jane, stop this crazy thing"
Jane stop this crazy thing
Jane stop this crazy thing
Jane stop this crazy thing

Yeah, at devil's curve he passed an ailing dog
That bit into his shaping like the paving at the wailing wall
And trailing off of the panko he had Banjo'd for the village clout
Had only brought him closer to the brokers at the witch's house
Smoking jacket fit him even though it was a size below
Bloated liver ribboning the crimson of his sinus holes
Anchors on his forearm told the story of this belly up
But hadn't quite been finalized or giantized by anyone
Heavy hums, hissing lawns the jazz that all his neighbors hate

From when he rode the last bus and made cap guns out of paper plates
Last month he was headed east, at least that's what he had in mind
The baggage was too heavy so instead he headed back in time
Madeleines don't eat themselves but best believe the people will
When comfy in the cozy of getting groceries or the diesel bill
Seasons still going to change I guess a rake is still a rake
I guess it is what it is until the breaks become a break

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Back-road workers, in the rye applying pressure
Where the map show serpents
Backbone of the disturbance
The smoke is notable if no deterrent
I been fevered in the cabin, up and headed for the haunting
With my head in my extended hand, perpetually coughing
I guess around the "S" around the tentacles of Audrey
Started entertaining skeptics mighta second guess the calling
It's a strafe to the shoulder, an ego A/B avoidance
Against some certain death insurgency to boil it to a coin flip
That said there's no boiler at the appointment
Just a pulling out of hair hysterical over deployment
I'm a student of the bloopers as a part of the bit
It gets em whoopin' when I'm snoopy with a scarf in the wind
Scanners report a flying saucer barfing cardinal sin
No mention of defense against some forces larger than it, look

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