

# Jumping Coffin

Aesop Rock

What-what, w-what's that?

I'm-I'm-I'm a slow burn, crawl around the road work  
Something from the other side clawing at the known world  
Cough up all your cookies with the autumn air incarnate  
He all-city by the time your eyes adjusted to the darkness  
In parts uncharted, always find the corners cozy  
You can send your fastest riders, I return the horses lonely  
Controller, the locals only note the lucky charms and army jacket  
When your addy's in the heart of thar be dragons, I know  
No solicitors, waves away his visitors  
From ten minutes in front of a tainted energy signature  
Still bullseyeing womp rats from the scenic route  
Sugar in his coffee like a séance in the TV room  
The cheek swab came back half-amazing  
Half of what he make end up on his lab apron  
If quieter than most, I'm mostly mastering the science of  
Keeping one's composure while the limbic system's lighting up

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Let it in, let it in  
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Some try to stonewall any kind of woo-woo tryna make a phone call, nah  
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Ring around the revenant, let it in  
Said he wasn't ready yet, he never left the Etch-a-Sketch  
Stuck around for more than just a parlor trick or flickering fluorescents  
Had a couple still to visit with a million pressing questions  
Like, where you the night of?  
What are you traversing Earth in spite of?  
How are you adjusting to the triumph?  
I'm asking for a friend who caught a loss and never surfaced  
Simply curled up in his cubby, shutting down the central nervous  
Look, float up into urgent care, a checkerboard of blurry squares  
Flowers in the lobby shrivel back into the earthenware  
Humans in the lobby holding crosses up  
I understand the caution but  
Some of you just wanna see the coffin jump  
Until the coffin jump, then it's what I call a punk  
Didn't even get to where he coughing blood and talk in tongues  
Not to mention, once you hassle the hoard  
It doesn't matter how much furniture you stack at the door, yeah

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Wha-w-w-what's that?

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Hand-drawn map cross over, cross back  
Calling from the flight deck, I collect dog tags  
Tall grass, asphalt, or salt flat  
It's all jazz like an alphabet to Saul Bass  
Bratty to the basic anatomy of a death stare  
Passing through the old Manhattan, ectoplasm everywhere  
Pack a second teddy bear, I'm headed for the panic  
Take a second for some bacon, take his head off when in transit  
I don't coexist, I don't exist  
Even J.C. miss him with the loaves and fish  
You feel dementia getting closer like the devil getting over  
Now his antennas are roaming for radio terra nova  
Going, "Ksht, ksht, sir, I think we've got a signal  
It's fuzzy, but they're playing one that wasn't from the hymnal"  
I'm a faint scent of sulfur, I'm the source of the ooze  
I'm security tape of a glowing orb in a room, 'sup?