

# No City

Aesop Rock

For want of a nail the shoe was lost  
For want of a shoe the horse was lost  
For want of a horse the rider was lost  
For want of a rider the battle was lost  
For want of a battle the kingdom was lost  
And all for the want of a horse shoe  
There is a hole in front of the shovel, shovel in front of the brawn  
Six billion gorillas for whom the graves yawn  
Each withered his mule-ish days to choose his tool of trade  
Dueling blades that cue the cruel charade and fuel the flames  
If you would clue the crew into the civil  
Just get the food and land like you the man who flew the coop over the pit-  
bulls  
Dash back flashy to compassionate nano police  
Sat beneath an avalanche and jagged and nautical seas  
And I would stop the violence more than I was Pontius Pilate  
Cops and robbers riot by the vows of noxious sirens  
A is gullible he figure all man equal no brainer  
Take it his friends and neighbors didn't cater  
Moms raised the babies through a very church-y eighties  
Sunday mornings reinforced the waiting gates of Hadies  
And he brazen but apparently infernal bound now  
For when a man had coughed recite his wrongs he wouldn't bow down  
The punishment should fit the reasons you must punish him  
Never puncture skin or pull the colored rugs from under them  
Two opposing mother ships shall not employ the gunner's deck  
Cause brotherhoods of public good do not employ the unctuous in you  
Observing how the giveth is disproportionate to the taketh away decide to ma-  
keth his day  
All the stoic odium glowing a coal holster  
When he coulda stood easily in the tub juggling toasters

No mountain too high  
No city too far  
No coma tonight  
No city tomorrow  
No fire too live  
No city too charred  
To treaty to sign  
No city to guard

I pick the phone up with a grown-up mode approach  
Skin crawlin off the drawl and now it clawed the awkward tone up  
I'd known it wasn't roses but hoped it was less corrosive  
Coast in to the focus of the grossest diagnosis like  
Holmes, the barnicles that chew upon the flesh of man  
Have clued into suitor's capital to a beggars hand  
Comfortably, sung a stubborn legacy of gluttony  
With carnivores that burrow like hunters into the blood and meat  
Umm, what!?!  
The chinny chin up and the city picked her sinning pen up let her numb the s-  
pitting stigma  
Along came a spider sold her eggs to any buyer  
Now the shooter in back is six legs wider than the driver  
If you make no friends on the way to the top rung  
There is no secret handshake club I do not give a fuck  
But know the cancers make the olive branches obviously standard

So when they extend from the yachts and mansions drop your cannons  
All kings hang em for the cliff side drip dry  
Will he clip to zip line or slip for his final dip dive  
If he live, will he survive the milligrams of middle ground  
They pump into the pinstripe pentagrams over tinsel town  
Or kill a man who trickled down the city with his scissors out as sickles  
Dipped in military hells bells and whistles  
Riders to the east  
Now the wild tribes  
Thank you for the peace on earth and mercy miled high

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