

Poly Cotton Blend

Aesop Rock

I don't know, I don't know
I don't know, know, I don't know

Pop a can of snakes
Sold around the branches
Break, breaking through the amber
Popping frozen cotton-candy grapes
Rate the motor shopper
Randy won the proper fancy
It's mostly a melodrama
Till it's Simon Thomas, Clancy, and bam
Final fantasies ramping with fire damage
Hide the jerry cans
Scramble with the clandestine
Every man, I'm everywhere
Nanny cam teddy bear
Neighborhood manhunt champion
Skinner shrub [?] is hello there
Cello playing several houses over
From the vaults of Ivole
To the ST of my soldier
Naked, I'm walking like its freedom is covert
I make a gun with my fingers
And take a knee behind a sepia Corolla
I've been sneaking up the shoulder
Easy peeking round these corners
If the freaks are out this evening
Is it even paranoia?

Partly
Still a hit a hundred
Mississippi has a hunter
Out to cut up any other color
Penny in the mix

Oh yeah, go mega
In the trench where it gets so extra
I'm on it, go AWOL
Get yourself out from behind an eight ball
Okay, go stupid
Take a piece, take another, no bullshit
Get busy, go dum-dum
Always hit the ground running with the bum rug

XL Elephant Man
Now yelling, shouting
Let the mountain feel the edge of my hand
I know you getting claustrophobic when those checkers advance
To separate you from your checkered van, scepter in hand
Put your hands together for the ever damned and revamped
His heart ahead in the sand
His head an Edison lamp
Might camp out in the front yard
Frozen under golden stars
Wake up with the sun
Grab my stuff out the canopic jar and go
I'm half math over graph paper
The other half bat around

Pascal's wager and I see a class clowns
And mad cow behavior don't back down
Every time the bad foul taper
I ain't even breaking at the bottleneck
A Mach 1 holding up Medusa disembodied head
This is kamikaze over common sense
Rocket fuel stains poking out the poly-cotton blend

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Sitting in the middle of my web
Waiting for the very next six legs to misstep
Pick a sticky thread, visit the vivisection infinite
Dip a toe into the tizzy, get your pivot reconsidered
We consider every kill to be a chicken neck and gizzard
Even if it isn't, it is
Rock, paper, scissors
Cold slang move around the room in our geometry
Catch, throw it back, it's a volley to spot the novelty
Act, too true, too living
Nothing left to prove and still maneuver the minutiae different
Through the futurism, out the prism, postmodern
Harlem Globetrotter tickets, no ghost riders
My superpower is divining open diners
No matter the current local time or broken social climate
There's one
Bacon so fragile when you touch it with a fork
It should break up in a shrapnel like crack

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