

Saturn Missiles

Aesop Rock

If you step on the lawn I keep the foot
Peep, in the pot go 6 degrees of cooked geese
Boiling, blitz the beach of mushed peas
Over 10 meat hooks with a blister each
I'm all pincher, fever-y hoodie on, hoodie off
Sweat thru his E.T. sheets to the worry dolls
Never met a quiet storm that didn't grow into a choir
of colliding horns that go click click clack
In territorial syntax
Sitting on the porch with his lids pinned back
Pinball wiz in a thimble of sims
I'm a symbol of whimsy abridged
Kiss me I'm dead, nursing a mystery Dayquil
Led Zep staring daggers down page mill
How pray tell do he sit pretty when the ol' 1 2 unglue
in a tizzy
Please hold for the don't play dull boy
Click, I am not a page or a pull toy
Came in the door and the floor is lava
Killjoy if your core more Norman Rockwell
Born home sick for an invisible address
Bat shit, bumble and bat around catnip
One black heart Katamari massive
Packed in a fat category 5 rat nest
Nose on his sleeve, holes in his inner peace
Robot phone like a tentacle of flippancy
Hate you, hate you more, no I hate you infinity
And Pangaea break into smithereens
Interlude prest-o change-o
If it move to quick oh whey oh
Right brain go white train Ramo
Mustache any old Money, "no!"

Merrily merrily merrily merrily
In a cobweb tomb on a hotbed of heresy
Frog men schooled by the god Ed Emberly
Pull dog sleds and exhume Dead Kennedys
Bet, moth into kerosene awful
A caution to straw men lost on vaudeville
A-morally mixing business with 144 dixie whistlers
Lawn chair, strong man twisted whiskers
NASCAR Bic in his missing fingers
Outcast from a system of kiss-the-ring-ers
Are you privy to the misadventures
It's electric, meeting in the middle of the street
With a lethally modified piccolo pete
There is admittedly an incredible mystique
To meddling in the reason a city won't sleep
48 strings of 12
That ring ring ring, whiz bang, jingle bells
And melt bootleg G.I. Joes to black taffy, classic
Fire in the hole backdrafting
Fold wild life out of the wolf pack wrapping
Full moon, bad knee, wool hat, caffeine
TNT plunger in all caps ACME
Blast off half the whole damn mapscreen
No sling no spear

I'm a patchwork of 86'd springs and gears
Who been stung by an un-linked pinky swear
During his what-in-the-f**k-was-I-thinking years
Maybe an awkward phase
Like his acne and sophomore fade
Played, calling all out-of-work action figures
It was death by saturn missiles.