

Save Our Ship

Aesop Rock

Ears flat back, middle finger like a meerkat,, moonstruck
2 bear traps where his shoes was, all goose bumps
Juke around a critical hit, loose trucks into civil unrest
The whole city out to quibble over kibbles and bits
Keeping the pillory full, keeping the piss in the wind
I'm in the basement mixing up the medicine with the Wizard of Id
If it deliver us from the grip of the grid
Spelling "Save Our Ship" with a stick in the sand
Pull a sock puppet off a 6-fingered hand
Everybody Wang-Chung with the spiritually bankrupt
Drank blood from the same cup he dump change from
Doc Strangelove, lazy in the Lincoln Logs
Looking for some inking of Wynken, Blynken
Nod, instead it's Blinky, Inky, Pinky and Clyde
I know the goal is split the chrysalis wide
I'm only in it to hide, come on

This news, clips of the shitty, crippled and misused
Pigs in the pews
Stick, move, face-down folk recycled as fish food
All this news
This news, metal in the water and men with split hooves
Homesick blues
Win, lose, money over shark fin soup and stiff booze
All this news

One strawberry jelly, one glazed
One saucer of milk for the strays
None of hiss bills paid, all of his ilk romp
Half of them uninsured, all of them film cops
Call of the wind kid, trade a cow for seeds
I'm in the clouds smelling blood from the cowards beneath
I trade a crown for teeth blaming an unrequited love
Might release hounds dressed up like doves
Out here pigs play metal like kettle drums
Turn a quick deli trip to a temple run
And belly laugh, rebel tongues cover up a checkered past
All they really want is fertilizer for the lemongrass anyway
Homie don't give 'em a reason
Or we over coffee reading of you intimate evening
With another ripened psychopath shopping for attention
You are not even a peasant, You're a notch in a weapon, ah

Quills of the filterless
Document the wilderness from silverfish to Gilgamesh
Trinity or triple six
I'm busy trying to spill the timber up before the winter
Get the money, skip the dinner, headless chickens hither thither
Playing hooky, looking though the politician to the lizard
Are you seriously feeling like a citizen or prisoner
Ain't no peaceful protest
The promenade mostly police with the goat heads
And no love, look - loose dogs through Scooby-Doo fog
Looking for any semblance of yule log, let alone good jobs
Good folk settle for the pits, rent like a levitating witch
Got steak for the hounds, got grays and tongues that won't stay in our mouth
s

At first light might nurse an aversion to Earth science
Like this game comes with the worst prizes