

A little something plucked from the Port Authority
Dunkin' fritters, stealin' us fingers
Exquisite Corpse and curmudgeon
Stick a fork in a forgery like a sword in the stomach
Hit the corner store for cash and corner formula
One and down to run into whatever local folklore
Summon a pair of horns in the forest
Dividin' tourists and luggage
Or an apparition back in a building and hackin' flat screens
Somethin' a mother could love in Monster Hunter Maltreat
How they'll be the porterhouse seer who's askin'
Oil in a skillet, six minutes each, faster than fat
Pat of butter, had to bat it past the biome
Sometimes you gotta pass a pack of matches to the pyro
And when the pirates eat, you sneak a rabbit to the coyote
Then plant a couple trees and hope it averaged to a high note
Behind the door, another door, it's torture to the prying eye
Another four or five, it's shorter climb to my oh my
I die inside and all the whining turn to I have a raft
My second life, I'm like a liner with a lighter bias
Get in line with how we loom in a swamp
It's when no matter what you grew up on, the future is goth
It's when no matter what your shoes are, do the hooligan bop
In fact let's bring out every shoe that we've mocked
I was bein' a ass, splendor bender in the sauce with the radicals
Clash with the officers, talk to the animals

Look, you could be the hero of the whole thing
You could be the watcher in the wait
You could be the likes of which we ain't seen
Just not today, no not today
Just not today
Just not today, no not today
Just not today, no not today

The bonobo recognizes its reflection
Immediately followed by the signs of hypertension
And how the science fails you when you're sent to [?] convention
There's nothing in the text about the ventures I excel in
There's nothing in the wreck about the shell that I'm myself in
Or the pelt that I rebel in
With the shrunken head lapel pin
Television with the VCR built in
It's where my lady knit a scarf and let the dark crystal spin
Warlock summer camp, soup's on all day
Get yourself a spoon before the noodles up and crawl away
Tunnel through the undergrowth, this foam think he on a plane
Duty calls for the baddest brute in Baldur's Gate
Wide-stripe rugby
In with the summer soul, out with the golden coin purse and cursed monkey pa
w
Followed with the Bobby Brady tiki
And things that could potentially accommodate a genie
I write postcards from after the afterburner
Where we're hoping someone put a backup version on a server
First, but first the block party Hamburglar
Who also fill a thermos up with punch

Made a sherbert and skirt to the moon
The sometimes astronauts, three-two-one ignition
Like a sunrise, an Angkor Wat
Aiming at your avatar, bringing y'all to breaking news
Breaking up your little clubs, steady ricocheting fools

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You could be the watcher in the way
You could be the likes of which we ain't seen
Just not today, no not today
Just not today, no not today
Just not today, no not today
Not today, just not today
Just not today, no no no, not today