Solid Gold

Aesop Rock

Runaways unravel through the ages
To an uptick in unexplained cattle mutilations
I pack light, prowling past Xanadu surveillance
With a can of paint, and cat who bring her daddy home cicadas
The mayor of Thataway, I peel off with the gas nozzle
Steering with my knees, bedazzling the atlatl
With my hands, brick on the pedal, kick in the pants
Park the Plymouth in your kitchen with a list of demands
By the time they run the vin, I've been a blip on the lam
If I'm lucky I can run, 'til I forget who I am
I'm the running man of Go street, never known cold feet
Age 6 learned to take a piss running full speed
Outran answering to others
While the cancerous among us stand hands on buzzers
Hucksters, that's why whether clawing through the woodlands
Or called to defend Brooklyn, I always be lookin'... out

Out, out, out, out, out, out
Out, out, out, out, out, out

My other name changes every other day
It ain't that other other name
Money, I'm a runaway

Runaways at home in every armpit
Since a moment after hell report a stolen Helm of Darkness
No Auntie Em vignetted yelling hello from the heartsick
Only vendors from the belly selling necklaces of garlic
I ain't neck and neck with nothing son
I'm not the neck and neck type
I don't even know what roses smell like
Left right, I don't even slow to wave let alone stay tuned
Let alone entertain grace in your escape room
Pack a lunch, all they got is rubber worms
And stuff that doesn't cut it for the tentacles of mother earth
Barefoot, running with the butterflies and hummingbirds
First to gut a Philly on the covershot of Runner's World
I don't catch up at the Peach Pit
I'm at peace when the animated wheel of feet spin
Still, notice whether waltzing out the bullpen
Or tossing the couch cushions
I always be lookin'... out

Out, out, out, out, out, out
Out, out, out, out, out, out

My other name isn't what my mother claim
It's something something what's his face
Money I'm a runaway

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