

Sword Box

Aesop Rock

What kind of bastion of trust
Hit the stage with a straight face and jacket full of doves?
Where daisy-chained hankies vanish into plastic thumbs
It was classic misdirection, soulless magic to the young
The masters of deception
The full force quart of volunteer
Pull a quarter out his ear
In a recession
Pull a rabbit from a Stetson as a rapper
Though it's basically the same exact profession
Watch, con artists give a fuck who the mark is
Where the gorgeous [?] New Yorkers stood [?]
No outstanding warrants, nothing up his sleeve
I need you feeling weak and needing something to believe
I need you feeling freakish
That's when I really flourish
I wake up in a sword box
I brush my teeth with bullets
Underneath some cosmic retrograde where patsies get their signals flipped
Hold on to your crystal pouch
Step up to the thimble rig

And for my next trick
I'll make a dollar bill climb up out your wallet
Disappear and reappear inside my pocket
I never really do these things twice
But if y'all ask nice I just might
If y'all ask nice I just might
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It goes scarves into wands
Into flowers over common sense
I'm all heart, rib cage housing a Svengali deck
Pick a card, tricky
Turn a [?] into a bobblehead
Absconders and the clingers-on
Klingons into Romulans
Saw myself in pieces for purveyors of the strange
Put the pieces back together though I'm never quite the same
We undermine the infantry where trickery let range
From weighted dice to blowup dolls up in the carpool lane
I'm charcoal with the art school lames
I'm skateboarding with heshers
Seen scepters shaped like feather pens and '57 fenders
Carving knives and camera parts and canvas over stretchers
And whatever make the project in the cellar go Excelsior
At the way my older bones that magically predict the weather
He like his eye on loot with pinch of pepper
The nerd rage scurry out a collapsible bird cage
Ace in the palm at the workplace, jerkface

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