

Ethereal Driftwood

Busdriver

Y'all want to see tits and ass
Street grit and sass
As beatniks smoking grass on holiday
You're looking for a grievance to mask, preferably with a fetus in the trash
While you eat quiche and laugh on the Champs-Elysee
I'm not down with that B-list staff
As they yell out Jesus at mass
I'll be laughing while I knead this mish-mash of pottery clay
An appropriated grease-slick slab, posted up as a meat stick add
But I make the average moviegoer too seasick and sad
And I'm too caustic to run for office or be expunged
For my agnostic plunge
So what I've accomplish and done, is viewed as an off-setted pun
By the posh and young tastemakers
An overdone tame premise
I jump from the plane wreckage
Unscathed yet sunbathed in the rigors of a bass pluck
Pop culture's lame vestiges, I'm an ordained pessimist
With hippie-qualms and
Sticky bombs to deter the tank-truck
I'm good for a belly laugh
Covered in a blanket of ash
Leaving with an ankle cast
But sometimes I feel that...

I don't have what you want
So won't you accept my humble offerings
Broken TV sets as ethereal driftwood
When you're on the plane alive with water wings
You'll think, 'I didn't know surrendering felt this good'
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They want semantics and sniveling
Grams to sniff on a triple-beam
To be hand-picked for a little scene
In a student film
All I have is pamphlets full of liberal zing
Antihistamines in a syringe-sling
A shanty for this fitted king
Of uprooted elm
And they've been given solar-powered cars
Trail mix and power bars
Upturned tarot cards
They want to be heralded by wishful teens
In stretch-Hummers and limousines
They're beyond medicinal means
But I gave them a protagonist
The color of cinnamon and mahogany
Filtered through award-winning cinematography
And the motherfucking discography of a G
If you don't like it then kick rocks
I'm pre-history's disc-jock
Yeah, I know what you wanted homie
But I never had the shit in-stock

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