

Mr. Mistakes (Bested By The Whisper Chasm)

Busdriver

Wielding racy aphorisms I billy club your color line
Refusing to join forces with your indie-thug wunderkind
I rather embrace what your city slum undermines
And encourage the idiom of bump-and-grind
Sickly glum of unbuttoned minds
I prime my condemned shell to excrete
A lithium honey wine for you frowning fucks
When trend arbitrators present my tortured lore adorned
Gags are soaked in chloroform
You get the same if you're poor in form
With your flip full-tuck and triple-lutz into this icy brook
War is sworn on my forlorned psyche's suit

I've got people to disappoint, I got mistakes to make
How can you believe that I'm not a waste of space
Oh I'm sorry to disappoint, I seldom save face
But how can I speak your language
When I don't know my own
I've got people to disappoint, I got mistakes to make
Your eroded innards is my favorite place
Oh I'm sorry to disappoint, I seldom save face
How can I speak your language?
How can I speak your language?

Too self-assured to ever treat her well
(Kiss the off-colored tree frog)
We turn into black Keebler elves
Opposite elephants on sea-saws
Android man-boy befriends the chic, mod tinker bell
Then runs away from home until my knees throb
Sneakers smell
'Til my every tirade activates Jihad sleeper-cells
'Til flag wavers say, 'please God we need your help'
Still I'm precarious and flat-footed
Like you're arrogant at a gun show
I holler at your Marilyn Monroe
With declarative mumbo-jumbo my narrative unfolds
To a housed narcissism
Parented by a bum hole
I cling to pointless ventures
And inveigh buoyant pest verve
I suck

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It's unfitting but I stay all pensive and meek

In cities where girls dress Greek
And food's too expensive to eat
And niggas gangbang on Sesame Street
I got too many requests to meet

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