

Upsweep

Busdriver

Upsweep...
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Can you, can you...
Can you hear me?
I'm speaking through you
The signal weakens from this begrizzled beacon so pay attention

We painted our faces on a permanent moon to avoid being type cast as surrogate coons
But there is no treatment for American gloom, so I'm taking my reverberant room and I'm gone far
With the money and sheet music and discarded doodles (yeah)
The company they work for cut spending, bringing all ballerisms to abrupt ending
But if you think it's me you're up-ending
We could be grinding even if it's gut wrenching
And we're on one
Like we're knee deep in drug-vending, fuck lemmings whose love spending gives us the best things
Like a J down the space suit of sweat stained
The undercovers gave me a cute pet-name
Now I'm being targeted by jet-plane
Because I'm so motherfucking subversive
With excessive panache I'm dressed in a sash
My name is a number, an X and a dash
Embedded in mass who stole all the savings and had sex with the cash

As far as these lives, we get one each
And then our bodies are tucked in the junk heap
But all these mistakes tend to cut deep
I swear I can hear you die just a little bit in the

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Yo
Dangling in a thread of my temporal lobe
I thrust my fist up life's freckled nose
Then walked around like I genitals to hold
It wasn't for embezzled gold
It was just for you and you and you
Don't propose a toast for unusual hosts
Using musical notes to fuel the U-Boats
(You pricks)
All the credit inside your checking account
Sits in a mechanized sexless mouth
And getting it back, boy, the pressure mounts
So you're having a stroke and the medic's en route

This is the ending
I was showing niggas that I had exquisite taste
Now I'm locked out of all of my vivid scapes
And the capital gains is a Christian faith
Of the livid apes, staying in debate
Over the unhappy lives that we have to live
But we still do it, eating inkjets, building swing sets from dragon ribs
All the internet chatter is a by-product of my madness
Turning me into a vapid and glib capitalist pig
I didn't notice until now that a shoe's a phone
For what reason would any tycoon atone?
But for me to find money I need to get a dune combed
Because I'm so motherfucking self-destructive
I'm caressing a rash from a decadent past
My judgment calls are second at last
I'm rendered in ash when I ingest the asp

As far as these lives, we get one each
Then our bodies are tucked in the junk heap
But I can't afford all the upkeep
I swear I can hear myself die just a little bit in the

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