

Upsweep

Busdriver

Upsweep...

Upsweep...

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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