

When the Tooth-lined Horizon Blinks

Busdriver

All that we wanted
Were laws to defy
You can keep these streets
Me, I'll take these skies
But all our beliefs
Turned out to be lies
So, blink me, blink me away from here
So, blink me, blink me away from here
(Tell em')

Blink, blink, blink, blink
Blink me, blink me away from here

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Sipping lukewarm water outta open grenades
Rocking a fresh Sam Kinison coat and beret
High School pep rally yelling vote for Bernade
Drowning my vocals in that broken delay (yyeeaahh!)
Let's celebrate solitude, grand prize gold plated 'lectronic pocket
So cool when I swim all the Manatees die
I learned my cool tricks from Nick off of Family Ties
And so I'm leanin'
My crucifix earring gleaming
There's cotton 'round the frame dream sequence
I talk real low like a genius (left alone)
Yeah, so don't walk this direction
House party playing Twister on a autism spectrum
Dark poor and lazy
Till I dye my eyebrows like Martin Scorsese
And all of a sudden y'all respect my art form, crazy
Huh, who'd to thunk it?
Started a new food service called "Chicken and the Crumpets"
Saw ya moms and guitars sitting licking on the trumpets (oh)
Cause your mothers disgusting

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Feeling so inadequate on a stretch of Crescent heights
Those aren't stars above me man, those are check your engine lights
And all of my fondest memories compressed to precious megabytes
So I mad to christ tabs [?]

As I address heads on pikes
Everybody's been sentenced to death in the computer lounge
My lady's got serial numbers scrawled on her pubic mound
Dance crowds wearing death shrouds roaming in this music town
But another pollutants dissipate when I'm zonin'
My nigga it all makes sense when I'm zonin' (left alone)
And all my time is spent treating home studios like panic rooms
So rare and colorful pantaloons that turns into a pay day
Now I vay-cay in the Cameroons
I grew flowers in the sand and do [?]
So on my face the camera zooms
But when the cloud of antimatter bloom
Was from a wasted afternoon those florists become fascist goons
Employers become fascist goons
Ya get me? (na dude)
Treatin' my niggas like the rashest coons
Handed this rash with the plastic spoons, come on

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(I mean sometimes I need
I really just wanna disappear)

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