

# World Agape

Busdriver

Whoo!  
Art rap, art rap, art rap, art rap!  
Whoo!

Who better qualified to mediate in the larp discord  
With my dewy moleskin brewing cauldron and karmic orb  
I'm fully pantsless like the wooly mammoth from the tar pit gorge  
Yet I'm David Carradine taking thorazine off the starship oars  
No godhead in the blog thread stringing this harpsichord  
No tasteful tunes, just tablespoons of parsnip porridge  
Of the bled ether from the Greenpeace's alarmist lore

I'm dashing and windblown  
When the world's agape  
And I bookend your smiles with unhappy endings  
I'm dashing and windblown  
When the world's agape

Drop orange rind on the war crime set in the crowded ballot  
With my in-laws and Limbaugh singing a power ballad  
Their price gouging funds their night outings and flowered phallus  
More than spider bites we give them writer's strikes and an endowed outage  
The ulcer gargle and dulcimer drone are character-driven  
Like the "no sir" art show, sulfur marble and American women  
This bonus disk shows my showmanship and parenting acumen

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And I bookend your smiles with unhappy endings  
I'm dashing and windblown  
When the world's agape  
Oh what to do

Oh what to do when the world we service is a whirling dervish  
And my sidekick aids his surly cervix he's burly and girlish  
And I'm Isaac Hayes on a gurney in Zurich saying  
"Man up puss! Right now!"  
We're telling kids  
"Oh yes, you can't"

I'm rushed to hair and make-up on the war-torn beachfront  
Where I narrate stuff like a foreign-born creampuff  
But I forewarn the teen pups that their core's worn and pre-shrunk  
Then in poor form, I triple lutz and I land on my gristle hump  
But really  
I'm into spooning and spoonerisms  
And I make a splash like my hands are two-thirds fish fin  
Because when I talk it's like nuclear fission yet it resonates  
Like a Ferris Bueller ditch party  
Apply the oil-slick sheen of the Blue Man Group  
Eat Soylent Green by the two-hand scoop  
When you see my face at the newsstand booth  
With plutonium in his thermos  
I got Obi-Wan disbarred  
With my phony gun and lip service  
I earned the large gift card  
To stir up the stern class kings and nurture the saplings

(Yes you can't... Yes you can't, can't)

I earn medals dirt-pedal with the facial hair of Burt Reynolds  
Burnt kettles on my turntables  
Make sheet music leak coolant  
When I speak to it