

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 bleded ether from the Greenpeacer'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

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
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