

Wormholes

Busdriver

Wormholes It's easy to see that there's something wrong
Wood pulp But there's an uninterrupted tissue
Windows, outside, wormholes Between you and what cannot be

I'm an early-90's anachronism
Some kind of pan-African fitness gym
A lost class action petition
See I'm the reasoning behind your kid's slam dancing and ransacking the kitchen and den
And you're glad I happened in a distant then
Fast rapping pinned under a fish's fins
I excuse the shenanigans of your dissonant binge on the aesthetic of yesteryear
See cause I too thought it was cool how they would cower
Before Action Jackson's cinnamon skin
That was when the cost of an extra set of ears
Was a critical listen to my follow-up
And you allowed me to stock your pantry with my bottled muck
Staff at retail outlets cry on their sleeves
Radio programmers dry-heave
And you, the smart buyers, run at high speeds
Into a mile-high corporate sponsored silver screen
With a children's theme ad campaign
I've watch the tormented saunter through the madman's game room and said, "go ahead"
Give your body to the iron cervix as spare parts
But there's a flying circus in your impaired heart
And yet you put a for-sale sign under your Stargate
And I did an amphibian advance simian dance on an Indian res because the city is dead
And no one wants to hear me retrace my ancestry from a transatlantic boat cruise
They want to hear my frantic energy diffuse through ProTools

Wormholes Out of natural law, dimension jumper
Wood pulp
Windows, outside, wormholes Dissolve castle walls and end numbers
Wormholes Draped with fuchsia, it's a faint future
Wood pulp
Windows, outside, wormholes It's a 90's throwback in a b-boy's suit on a tiny coat rack

And so I'm flushed down the wormhole
Like a dump chute with a b-boy's jump suit as church clothes
Speaking post-dated psychobabble that has yet to be cultivated
I'm a free-floating spermicidal tadpole
Or am I the meaning of your prior God
Re-enacted by actors reading dialogue
An unquantifiable sum
That's sold in a used rap section
A track selection deleted from your iPod
But I carefully cleaned your eyes with swabs
I was your seeing-eye dog
And you've never been loved before 'til I ruptured the core
Screaming that the sky's been robbed
Pre-warn the deformed body of work
With free-form choreography quirks

That the salesmen have date-raper pick up lines
And I have a wastepaper basket with fish guts and time constraints
I'm not contractually bound to make you happy and round