

# You're So Underground

Listener

Hi! Welcome to America, home of rap-style pop music.  
Complacive creativity, we're happy to put an emphasis  
on our sexuality and prosperity. Enjoy yourself.

If you don't make a lot of money then you don't make sense.

If you can't push units then you're not worth the expense.  
If you're not writing singles then you're not worth their lead.  
If you don't dance to their tune they'll get someone else instead.  
You swear you're underground, and it fits, rest in peace.

You're so underground, and it fits, rest in peace.

This artist is starving for a peace of direction without spreading the infection.

Being quartered is not exactly my ideal Saturday activity,  
but if it gives you satisfaction then tie me up and begin the subtraction.  
I know you need a pattern to fill your life up with,  
to give you boundaries, and to keep yourself coloring in between the lines.  
Hi, I'm Dan, been feeling 5 foot eleven feet small.  
I've got tired eyes and calloused ears, and accomplishments that make my failures look tall.

We're all just selfish superficial marionettes putting on the show like a good little cadet.

Follow me because I've found a hole in the net, of this prison.  
I see that hand and I hope you can see mine, and I hope you can see fine,  
because this is where it all starts to get foggy.  
Weaving in and out of a labyrinth of Muppets with cheese as our reward,  
and I'm not talking about money.  
Honey this is life and I know we've all got goals,  
but let's just be realistic and work on strengthening our own souls.

We all know that we are all hollow, filled with sand sleeping next to the waters edge.

For the future when I have questions, I'll simply open up my heart instead.

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Heads sleep on me like I'm the softest of pillows.  
Like I'm willow standing in a crowd of big birds in the black forest of weeping willows snoring.  
Ignoring my pleas for accountability.  
Like making insomniacs sleep deep,  
and keeping you from filling blank sheets with half lies and contradictions.  
There's nothing fiction about my science.  
Cascading into the deepest of chasms lying at the ground level of a new world of malcontent actors.  
Irritating the scalp of every head around and always faking out faster.  
Trying to dig a place for yourself with the only skills you can spin  
I know you can't help but want to win, but you just can't my friend.

As the needle tears its holes into you the thinnest of fragile skins.

Causing light to dry up your small gooey box of hopes, dreams, hurts, goals,  
and ambitions.

You descend inwardly only to concoct the most harmful of spells  
Spit like crossbow darts to the heart of this wild boar with wishes to be sent  
to hell,  
and I just wanted to share my little humble opinions.

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Everybody's got a hand out.

They hand it out and stand there watching with their hand out waiting.

It's not like I'm so big that I can't fill some hearts,  
but behind every piece of art that gets bought is an artist that gets fed.  
No doubt, debating whose needs are to be met.

It's my luxury to make the music that I want,  
and that you gonna need, but you just don't know it yet.

I've said a lot of words but not nearly enough to empty my drive towards respect.

You'll get your chance to speak.

I just hope it's something that you and I both won't regret.

We've got a lot of people trying to multitask.

Their so talented at their own tasks and even still they try to rap, how embarrassing.

Arms up and heads down, thoughts not occupied,  
and even still they try and critique sound.

See, I'm the weathered pen warrior digging trenches through closed ears and  
minds.

Injecting gallons of ink into your empty waterbed mattress of a brain.

So you can get to sleep just fine, and soundly as I write this line.

Goodnight last breath, goodnight.

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