

# Folk-Metaphysics

Milo

I should not sit on this couch and watch Netflix  
I should take pouty mouth pics for my press kit  
I should defy the rules of logic  
I should invent some quirky new merchandise product  
I just want to rap good and not sell bread sticks  
I will not become a martyr for the deadbeats  
I will shave my beard off by the end of this week  
I will go out and learn to socialize and figure out why all my ex-girlfriends hate me  
I'm going to put this big brain to good use  
I'm going to write rap songs to find objective truths  
I'm going to be better than my father  
I'm going to upload well edited pictures to Flickr  
I'm going to eat a lot more Fig Newtons and sign petitions by women's rights movements

I don't make promises I can't keep  
Which is why I won't make promises ever  
And when I write letters to those ex-girlfriends  
That's going to be the header  
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I wish I'd met you on Legends of the Hidden Temple  
I wish Hegel wasn't so incomprehensible  
I wish I was more like the Übermensch  
I wish my fears didn't have such a putrid stench  
I think my muscles should be bigger  
I don't know much about Being and Nothingness  
But I might just be a being of nothingness  
I heard there's going to be a rap parade

Come on try a little  
Nothing is forever  
It's got to be something better than in the middle  
Me & Cinderella, put it all together  
We can drive it home  
(With one headlight)

We were driving and I yelled "Padiddle"  
You started crying so I cried a little  
I'm almost positive if I made better mix CDs  
I would bother less with relationship complexities  
You know, sometimes I stutter  
Sometimes I forget to put on cocoa butter  
Sometimes I wish I was better at song writing  
Sometimes I feel like the master of thong wiring  
In the future I will neuter my ambitions  
I will give in to anxieties  
I will observe superstitions  
I will be Indiana Jones in small claims court  
I will regret in high school that I never played sports  
In the future I will be passive aggressive  
In the future I will vote for the wrong guy  
In the future I will be swayed by a strong bribe

And a very firm handshake and I will invite dinner guests over for ham steak  
I will be gone before the rise of the oceans  
I will become a squiggle in the string of quotients

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We can drive it with weak contrivance  
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