

Lester Freamon Toe-Taps The Blues

Milo

Opportunity's knock was really just the pizza man
I have the unactualized potential of seven human beings
Trapped in this frail frame with ashy knees
I roll this desecrated corpse out of bed with the strength of Hercules
Brewing a cup of coffee is no small fucking feat!
Matter of fact, neither is shuffling my feet
I'm prone to mumbling
Because my mind is a rock-garden that you stumbled in
At them we thumb our noses upwards
And I swear to God I'd give my life for one of my brothers
You can be Donnie Darko, I'm more like Donnie Brasco
I'll always be poor, that way I keep the taxes low
I'm an imposter, this genre is incorrect
I just wanted to be the next Inspectah Deck

I think I'm really alive
And while that's really good enough for me
I used to waste prayers so other rap guys would like my songs
And I read the Tao Te Ching and realized I was completely wrong
I guess it could be Either/Or like Kierkegaard
I swear I hate these rappers as much as Tipper Gore
Even so, I should build a better rapport
If all else fails, I'll open up a bodega or corner store
Honey buns is ten cents, barrel juices for a nickel
My father taught me how to get myself out of a pickle
I got a dream where I drink milk from glass bottles
And I don't own a car or anything with a throttle
I'm picking gigantic apples with Robin Pecknold
And even when the deck is stacked, I'll never fold
I'm pensive, yes, and at my dreamiest
If you couldn't tell, I don't drink, but I've been reading Boethius

My homies are boy-scouts who give directions with a compass rose
I'm a hornball who will probably hump your nose
I'm a slave to all my insecurities
And the tragic hero in a play by Euripides
Every single one of my heroes has let me down
But I guess that's how a young man gets his feet off the ground
Look here, my Vonneguts, I'll probably have a hissy fit
A rocket scientist whose day job is picking nits
I'm sort of like the Alton Brown of this shit

I wish hospital gift stores sold hugs
I live decadently with thrifted Persian rugs
Sitting in one place, meditating for eons
Is how I managed to feel so great, surrounded by peons
I don't mean to get so egotistical
Fumbling with the words to this old negro spiritual
I live in Wisconsin, I've never met Justin Vernon
Should I abandon this life to be a busslin' herdsman?
I've flirted with girls who only spoke Farsi
I feel at home in a cabin, on Lake Eskutassis
I cry every time I watch the Shawshank Redemption
I'm not angry with Young Money Cash Money Billionaires
But when these walls fall down, I know who'll be ill-prepared
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