

Braids

Open Mike Eagle

One two, one two
You can get served, you house guest
Right in a suburban outlet
And you can get the service so soon
Cool, I'm the urban Goldblum
Go through the merchandise line in the showroom

I show no regard for the lines in the coloring books
Survived Apocalypse Now, so now I know how to cook
I'll trade a babbling bro for a bubbling brook
Imagine me, nothing but trouble, never color me shook

Outline of a deep mob, chalky taste or otherwise
Acid indigestion raise the question of the other wife
Double double suicide, In 'n' Out delivers
More than one of everything, except my fucking liver

That shit got me turned inward, I'm hurt, injured
I learned with Big Bird, and burnt to a cinder
I accidentally clicked til it's served(?) in Pittsburgh
I'm twisted like the signs the Bloods and the Crips learn

I prefer daisy chains to circle jerks, centipedes to silverfish
Stole a ticket to a sinking ship, then Irish exit
The French model paradigm, the draw you in's a misquote
Iceburg was the tip, I sketched the pic inside my Death Note

All my thoughts stacked atop all my prayers
V.O.D. is in the house, so my G-O-D (danger!)
Smoking hay in the barn with a bunch o' naysayers
I say let them eat the cake, but I hope they hate the flavor

Yo, Ursa Major, beat works circuit breakers
Thirsty savior, outburst worse behavior
Fifth dimension, jump quick then relented
Mind your business, stiff kicks split the difference

Meeting people takes a toll, I be droll or humdrum
I hate where you live, I don't mind where you come from
I fumble when I answer, feel like a dumb dumb
A turkey or crumb bum, what a quirky conundrum

The final song's to answering the self-addressing envelope
Postage to the ever living, everything beyond the scope
Of interlocking, overlapping pattern driven color would be played
Tighten up your headspace, braids