

Experimental Dream FLCL

Open Mike Eagle

Eat after dinner, sleep like I'm dumb
I think like a winner, but I eat like a bum
So my visions get weird, my dreams weigh a ton
Sometimes a clue to what things may become
Other times nothing, but who am I to judge
The mime holds walls that the body won't budge
And the world that we walk in is just one realm
There's other frequencies in which other shit dwells
It's all new physics, but this ain't a class
And this ain't a lesson
Cause scientific knowledge makes rap shit depressin'
Unless it's three ninjas that's eating [?] agenda
Remember my dreams cause they seem so indie
David Lynch shit, never G-rated Disney
Back in high school, wasn't much of a talker
Dream about getting with a girl that I know
Then I'd feel kinda awkward, every time I saw her
I'd think about the dream that I'd altered
And I'd feel like a grade-A stalker
Other times I fought aliens in saucers
Tried to punch hard, but my swings got softer

Every piece of dialogue was all my own
I chose every color, every hue, every tone
In my bed, in my home, but it's still so confusing
Everything I was shown was my own invention
The seeds I had sown in my own subconscious
Monsters I'd grown in my head on my own
But it's still so confusing
Wrote the script all alone

Yo, yo
Peep the picture, fell asleep on the shitter
I heard God's voice and it sounded like-
Some Ds on twitter, no punctuation
Mostly leadership, but a lot of it complainin'
And that's just my opinion
I dream about riding on three-legged pigeons
I slept walked once, took a leak in the kitchen
And woke like nothing happened, imagine
I'm laughin' in a dream 'til I broke my buttons
I saw my dead granny go bye on buses
Each time I woke up with both thighs gushing, flustered
The mind makes pictures that are really space dust
When you touch 'em