

# I Went Outside Today

Open Mike Eagle

Yeah, I feel so fly today  
Emerge from my very narrow heel-toe hideaway  
My bad, like what people that steal old lighters say  
I told the emperor to get real clothes right away  
I'm focused enough to knit a whole sleeper quilt  
And train tunnels moving through people like a Peterbilt  
I found where all of my confident voices are  
I'm feeling free 20 pounds on my oyster card  
G'on 'head with my Dwayne Wayne looking ass  
I want a stupid mic stand carved from a wooden staff  
I'm tryna relive days that I couldn't grab  
I looked up what Lena Dunham said and I shouldn't have  
I don't know how I ever faced the odds  
As a child I played grab-ass and shot paper wads  
I matriculated up by the grace of Bob  
Used to licks macrame, cricket, and decoupage  
I'm tryna find true moments  
Rick Martel's cologne can blind you Hogan  
The American part of my mind's too swollen  
If I was a font I would hate Times New Roman  
I travel light like a choir can't  
A modern satellite's equipped to spy on a fireant  
Which is cool cause them fuckers is dangerous  
I'm tryna learn to face - FUCK!

Yeah, I feel so uppity  
Peter Piper picked the purple stuff before the Sunny D  
Summer pants, all of my receptors up and under siege  
Itchy middle fingers triple lindy out of the ugly tree  
Snap, Crack, show him to the closest blooming Onion  
Reclusive Koopas moving out the dungeon into gundam  
Money run along, sleeves up Tero on his upper arm  
Sneak up on a thousand crows peppering the front lawn  
Bite a bat's head off before doors  
I'll forward you the recipe bork bork  
Quarter and draw everything orbit a failing biosphere  
Pioneer of pestilence my stylus is a science fair  
The future primitive is skitching off the pace car  
Rebel yell except for when he whistle by the graveyard  
If I ain't home wiping spittle off the space bar  
I'm tryna be the first jarred brains on a face card