

Mushrooms & Acid

Open Mike Eagle

I'm taking acid and mushrooms, I hear rubies just fill me
Kathy, give her a pass and take a ticket, now we're chilling
I'm on the filming, I'm tripping out here on the naked
I smoke again this weekend, and this is so mistaken
Suck with the food, and then I'm disappearing in the computer
We're between hippies, locked in the scoops of a rubber rumor
Purple rhinos, I get to a top row
The best poet I know is a wino
Scott Doppin, a silo-soppin'
Can't tell if I've been living, maybe I'm just dying
I'm not bugging about the things that I have seen and dreamed
Try doing truth, but I'm not sure what it really means
Food and rituals, a vigilable, my mouth and visuals
Pay me residuals, I'm everything but still an individual
But find it suitable to be unusual, but it's beautiful
Take the tab of acid, then jump in the water

Blue eucalyptus, zoom when we trip this true
Watch a rustic, shroom with the mystics
Views in the distant present futuristic
Move with logistics, trails of the twisting
A proof full of mystics, consumed by intrinsic
In tune with linguistics, the human existence
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When it be changed, the dance differ
My damn flash, it's pan-stripping
And the man laughs and said, "Quit"
And I'm full-sided hot water
Playing it cool like the Godfather
My whole style is ducked out
Just like I did pre-home Mars rover
When I fuck up, I start over
On the run from dark octopus
The next month is a lot colder
Pain is much richer
His thoughts broke as I'm black ground and red-tinted
I came with my hands down my head and just
Me and homeless have shared interests
Bust and grace from a rare event
It's been awkward since Blue Velvet
A weird pool, but who felt it?
I tear bowls and booze Celtics
And eject me to new helmets
It's 2,000, my crew melted
Shout to keep the true Elvis

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Magnificent hallucinates crash courses of distortion
Global dramatics land on your mind like a plate or a resource
Infinite seasons got me beaten
Hungry like a bear in the wooden cabin and tearing down the reach
Never with my bottom teeth the weakest
Gritty trails on the track make them honey
Go in hibernation and come back
Leave the competition standard by the pool
Look at like a wet rat
Show me the volleyball I must catch
Playing tag while they head become a Mustang and get caught jack
A man in fact your ears and their merit turning into the outs of wax
Scope to the mummy, slip and do some ease
Now you see him pull red, great purple, and green
Telly telly, throw

Blue eucalyptus
Zoom when we trip this true or to a stick
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Move with logistics, trails of the twisting
A group full of mystics, consumed by intrinsic
Zoom with liquids, takes the human existence
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Existence existence existence existence...