

Pliers

Open Mike Eagle

One two
Check one two, one two!
Shit, okay

Shit's got me in a vice grip, my mind shifts to the opening
I exist in the opening, I'm trying to find clips from Nickelodeon
Stir-fried food, high sodium, nervously shift at the podium
Get a grasp on my energy
I'm near half of a century, damn this a different dream
Me and the band sang Glycerine
I'm half myth, half memory
I'm hugging on the land like a centipede
I'm under maps and directories
Beyond captions and elegies
Give us the bags and accessories
Fuck it, you can have it instead of me
Fuck shares, I want options
I'm locked in, mirror on my face, like the Watchmen
The impact can blow trees back and make rocks spin (Peace)
Prefer not to swing, but I'm boxed in (Yup)
Deepest, bluest, my head's like a mop then

I'm in love with every broken word slurred through every line of my approach
Retired from the playing, I'm a coach
Mr. Wolf-in-Sheep's-
Clothing while I'm folding up the cards, the hand I greet you with
Please don't be alarmed, I'm simply calmer 'cause I'm seasoned
It's the reason that we've gathered here, the reason why you live in fear
The reason we convince ourselves to find ourselves all by ourselves
Jane's Addiction got me taking tools from the Asgardians
So pardon while the nails are in the coffin
Only guardian was one-eyed, suicide taught me odds from evens
Debt collection caught me all my demons
Grip on all my vices 'cause they hold me back
My vices love it when I grip them, and I know because they hold me back
I'm tactless but tactical, my practice is practical
Take my advice and pay a price, or pay a price
Every word you break will break you back in due time (Uh, uh-huh, hey)
Approach with caution, love, but never cross the line

I had a dream I was a ship with no anchor
I had a job, I had cash, but no banker
There was a butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker
I did the world a favor, but nobody said thank you
I don't say grace, 'cause I never feel thankful
I don't say goodbye, 'cause it always feel painful
I say I'll see you next time—I hope there is a next time
Live your life every day, 'til the day full
I work hard to the end of the day, yo
Jump in line, shake your body on time, I believe you
Welcome to the afterworld, congratulations
It takes a lifetime of trials and tribulation
Vagabond life, never claim a home
Always meeting folks, always feel alone
Availability, I'll take it; give your boy the night shift
Gotta keep living life, shit got me in a vice grip
I'm under pressure

I'm under pressure