

Roebuck

Open Mike Eagle

Hey, one two, you still don't know me though
Hey, hey

Every page I pick a picture as my preference, but just for reference
I like 'em all, number one through number twenty-seven
One question, who directed the photos and chose the layout?
How many accountants calculate the payout?
How many?
I need a scientific calculator
I need a film camera with an adjustable aperature
I want a three-piece stereo with a five-disc carousel
That's sweeter than an apple dipped in peanuts and caramel
One time I bought a bow and arrow
Before I figured out that Michael Jackson was the scarecrow
My sisters both used to have braids and hair bows
The crib ain't never have no air flow
We never had a day of central AC
We always had a plate of rice and beans, I ate meat
My mother lives in the same house we've been in since I was a baby
I guess besides that year in Haiti

Have you seen the catalogue?
It got so many things, I wish I had 'em all
And I would not feel sad at all
If I could buy everything in the catalogue

Yo, no returns, no exchanges
Finger through the pages, no papercuts
Self address stamped got me amped while the selection got me
Waiting for the shipping times with less than prime handling
Oversized dimensions, pay the extra for the weight and balance
Standing on a porch light and the torch up for the postman twice rung
At once too ho gung for the white van
Every card scam ran through the works scan led up to this
Every penny saved was a wish made for the brokest kids
Paid my dues and paid a price on page twenty-three column B
Double tape auto reverse and volume rotary, dial tone
Don't bother calling me 'cause I ain't answering
When cords ain't long enough to reach while signing for my packages
Check the box for damage 'cause I need that mint condition in
Soon enough the whole damn block is listenin'
Until the next edition's in, I'm plotting my picks, planning my purchases
Cop the whole damn catalogue of merch
It's ill and worth the bill

I thought I had it all, I thought I had it all
One two, one two, a one two

Cellular beeper phone receiver
I'll tell you a secret, don't repeat it
I need it, I didn't know I need it
It looks like a pump and feels like a sneaker
This crook smells like a skunk and steals like a tweaker
We kiss a little longer, Big Red under the bleachers
Got it made, got it made, like I was hot for the teacher
It's a sound blaster car with the Altec Lansing speaker
I like David Lee Roth and not the other guy

It's '95 South, so I can learn to do the butterfly
It's Triple F.A.T. Goose stocked even in the summer time
My sweatshirt counting sheep with both words underlined
Yeah, and Mrs. Fields to the cookie stop
As quick as Mr. Owl licked the center of a Tootsie Pop
He's top floor
Hold on to the railing, watch for escalators zoom like its mode's set for sc
aling with adjustable contrast and sharpness
I'm singing like a partridge
Re-running the sale on shag carpet, hey
It's a sliding scale for financial hardships, it's odd shit
You want something broad, then go to Target