

Aesop Rock

Rogue Wave

I can't really reach you
I don't know why
When you talk it's like daggers
It sticks in my mind
Make the carbon copies
And an X marks the spot
Your keys and your pocket change
Is all that you've got

I'm no Keith Richards
At least I know his type
Five-string ripper
With the devil inside

I can only conclude that it's a state of mind
And as we hang our heroes all out to dry

Assaulted by distraction
And the Black Death fox
They get so excited
Over Aesop Rock
Aesop will glue you there
Fill you up with life
Reconstruction of the same fables
You used to hear as a child

I can only conclude that it's a state of mind
And as we hang our heroes all out to dry

All I hear
All I hear
All I hear