

# Seaweed

Saul Williams

I drive a yellow Volvo  
'86, submarine  
Someone's behind me in an escalade  
Trying to blind me with their high beams

I make a left  
I'm on the road to nowhere, heading west  
The sky is purple streaks  
The sun is setting in my chest

I feel warm inside  
So I'm going for a ride  
Put your picture on my dashboard  
'Til my fate and yours collides

Seaweed  
Washed upon the shore  
Severed locks of he who walks  
The ocean's floor

Got a yellow Volvo  
'86, submarine  
Rims like Tibetan prayer wheels  
And my tank is filled with dreams

Fuck the game  
I practice being in the passing lane  
And watch the price of gasoline  
Rise with the price of fame

I'm immortal  
I render unto Ceasar to be cordial  
He sees a wooden casket  
Where I see a glowing portal

Check your engine  
Looks like you're running on the blood of Indians  
Put some turquoise in that Rolls Royce  
'Til you crash into a pendulum

Seaweed  
Washed upon the shore  
Severed locks of he who walks  
The ocean's floor

Got a yellow Volvo  
'86, submarine  
I drove it under water  
Guided by my own high beams

Nothing's left  
Witnessed the demolition of the west  
Feel like a little kid  
Hiding in my mothers' dress

I'm in space  
The lone ambassador of every race

The starfish that discover me  
Plant their flags into my face

I'm a clone  
Of every written and unwritten poem  
A shark pulls up beside me  
Fingering beads and chanting om

I can't believe it  
I never really thought that sharks would need it  
I thought they'd make their peace  
Bite it, bleed it, kill it, eat it

But I was wrong  
Every living being deserves a song  
And our passions must be rationed  
'Til our rations sing along