

Saturn Missiles

Aesop Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

If you step on the lawn I keep the foot, peep
In the pot go six degrees of cooked geese;
Boiling, blitz the beach of mashed peas
Over ten meathooks with a blister each
I'm all pincher, fevery hoodie-on hoodie-off
Sweat through his E.T. sheets to the worry dolls
Never met a quiet storm
That didn't grow into a choir of colliding horns
That go click click clack in territorial syntax
Sitting on the porch with his lids pinned back
Pinball whiz in a thimble of sims
I'm a symbol of whimsy abridged
Kiss me, I'm dead; nursing a mystery Dayquil
Led Zep staring daggers down page mill
How pray tell do he sit pretty
When the old one-two unglue in a tizzy
Please hold for the don't-play dull boy
Click, I am not a page or a pull toy
Came in the door and the floor is lava
Killjoy if your core more Norman Rockwell
Born homesick for an invisible address, batshit
Bumble and bat around catnip
One black heart katamari massive
Packed in a fat category 5 rat nest
Nose on his sleeve, holes in his inner peace
Robot phone like a tentacle of flippancy
I hate you (I hate you more)
No I hate you infinity
And Pangaea break into smithereens
Interlude presto change-o
If it move too quick oh-whey-oh
Right brain go right train Ramo

Moustache any old Monet, (no)
Merrily merrily merrily merrily
In a cobweb tomb on a hotbed of heresy
Frogmen schooled by the god Ed Emberley
Pull dog sleds and exhume dead Kennedys
Bet, moth into kerosene awful
A caution to strawmen lost on vaudeville
Amorally mixing business
With a hundred and forty-four Dixie whistlers
Lawnchair strongman twisted whiskers
NASCAR Bic in his missing fingers
Outcast from a system of kiss-the-ring-ers
Are you privy to the misadventures
It's electric, meeting in the middle of the street
With a lethally modified piccolo pete
There is admittedly an incredible mystique
To meddling in the reason a city won't sleep
That ring ring ring whiz-bang jingle bells
And melt bootleg G.I. Joes to black taffy
Classic fire-in-the-hole backdrafting
Fold wildlife out of wolf pack wrapping
Full moon, bad knee, wool hat, caffeine
TNT plunger in all-caps ACME
Blast off half of the whole damn mapscreen
I'm a patchwork of 86'd springs and gears
Who been stung by an unlinked pinky swear
During his what-in-the-fuck-was-I-thinking years
Maybe an awkward phase
Like his acne and sophomore fade, played
Calling all out-of-work action figures
It was death by saturn missiles

Lyrics provided by

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