

Maintenance

Anchorage

[Aesop Rock] Count that for me...thanks

[Robotic voice] 4x

One, two, one, two, three, four

[Aesop Rock] Well any asshole with a book of matches can light a fire fresh

Make that sucker burn for days, I'll be impressed

Circlin past the culture's bigot, procreation baked in advanceable

Then ball and scurry up the grass to roll his marbles off the anthill

I know gerth and nature but recognize absentee ballot

And sappy ballads couldn't fill the void

This game's in the giant Tugboat Complex and HE'S ANNOYED!

(No one's asking you to feel the narc, brother!)

Hmm, it's fashion

I'll find my own bullies to shake a finger wrapped in

Realigned mine knives in divine justice

Plus this uncontrollable laugh with those ample waves of brain finally crash

Brimstone clone with legs and dim poems

Ten little Zen crafts

Things cooperate like paper dog participants litigans

Picket well or ride or burner style clinic

Acid with the basics

P-H imbalance to burn the malice martyrs spaceless

Then fabricate daytrips

I want to be the halo that jumps off the brain

Of the genius who decided some pictures deserved frames

(God and I are on a first name basis)

Yeah I call him God, he calls me Jesus

When I lost my religion, he fell to pieces

Blade, dragon, up hell's creek

Interrupting a devil pagent

Starfighter settling to madness

I keep my ghoul spirit concealed

Until the warriors return to the Coney Isle Wonder Wheel

[Chorus] 4x

My momma told me there'd be days like this

Days like this, days like this, days like this (yes she did)

[Robotic voice] 4x

One, two, one, two, three, four

[Aesop Rock] Okay, tell me who you chill with and I'll tell you who you are

I walk a mile with a leash attached to your freak seminar
It's a modern sensation on the boulevard of maintenance
To sweep your broken hopes under the rugs then hug the playpen
This revolution pushing through the loose pins and a strait jacket
 A maverick classed in a bunk category
 They had him parallel with a tattered glory division
 (I could devil drink dreams out of thermos)
 Yeah, with a whiskey afterburn
 It's like, nine o'clock wake (I'm up) spit obscentities
 My girl ties on my cape, smoke a bone then work my dental tree
 The clear day's laced with a classic mother nature thunderchaser set
 That got my papergrain's wings wet
 Voyeurist amendments lack expansive coverage in the syllabus
 I dance with shackles while you man the keyhole grilling code
 I've done my chores according to God's schedule
 With coffee holding the wheel and nicotine working the pedals
 Metal edge kings that tends to rapel the pebble
 Kettle screaching out the operetta
 I live to autograph the iron curtain with doveback feather pens
 Spurting magma, cursing television urns to burn until my Cleopatra
 Minor (Major) dispersed slap on the wrist
For the tennants lacking the arms to harbor the rarity of thick friendship
 Stuck with a "Yes sir"
 Change of fatigue to ankle
 Each beneath the angle
 I'ma call home until the rock meets the angels
 Chorus 4x
 [Robotic voice] *repeat to fade*
 One, two, one, two, three, four

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