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 shuckles 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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