

1,000 O'clock

Aesop Rock

I wear shoes to bed
Paint teeth on my lips
Trench foot, gangrened for the win
Blitzkrieg bopper
Petitioned out of shit's creek proper
The only inaccessible blip on the streaming doppler
Screaming ?uncle? in a sea of TV doctors
Free to occupy the same space in differing degrees of seedy commerce
The shot is slow pan, monitor guffawing
Flooded p.d. blotter under horizontal coffee
More to follow, outside tweakers are in love
Teeny Raquel Welch submarining through the blood, voyagers
Poisoned or maybejust a misfit toy or two
Depending on the beacon that your voyeurs choose
That sorta hemming and hawing?ll haunt your boiler rooms abysmally
And kidnap rapid eyes in their infancy
Everything his cutting room scrapped
On a silver screen that throws gummy bears back, attack!
All these tribes hoard breads and wines
These climates transform men to swine
All these hives hide knives and lead
These bribes can't transform swine to men
Sensible sweater on ice
Devil horns high
Like shovels above a butter lamb with peppercorn eyes
Vendetta-drunk leader squealing
"it's the real pig fever"
Sick people pinky swearing on concealed 6th fingers
That's idle handwork in the spirit of death dealers
Look at mommy's little Hercules
Custom Troy Hurtubise
Flourish in the blind spot of spittle county gore police

Or really any readily ebbing and flowing war and peace
1 plain brown key foods bag head
2 holes later I'll see to this loose flatbread
Cats fucked off, at exactly what cost
The currency of brotherhood back in his cut palm
It sucks, it's nauseating dawn crawling with bugs

They seem attracted to the matters of the morally snubbed
See my 'goodnight irene' massacred flat in the key of tragedy
Whole diner like "i'll have he's having"
All these tribes hoard breads and wines
These climates transform men to swine
All these hives hide knives and lead
These bribes can't transform swine to men
Today a thousand sea lions got up and left a pier
They had successfully invaded and secured for 20 years
Some said it was the food supply or shifting weather patterns
Truthfully a whole community of scientists are in maybe 10 showed up at the wharf
As if guided by the trident of poseidon to cavort
Each a lumbering and boisterous glutton
Like a half-ton annoyance 'til the heart-warming story went public
You'll need a montage, animals arriving in droves
A bottom dollar turns a nuisance to the pride of your cove
Which bring us back up to this morning when the colony dove
I got a couple unsubstantiated thoughts of my own they go
Maybe it'd feel more majestic and less fatty
If a 12 year old wasn't beaming it with salt water taffy
Every 5 fucking seconds, sounds like your basic
Liberating moment of collective "fuck fame" shit
All these tribes hoard breads and wines
These climates transform men to swine
All these hives hide knives and lead
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Lyrics provided by

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