Hang Ten (Instrumental Version)

Hail Mary Mallon

[Intro:]
I've been having hallucinations[Hook x2:]
I got style, I know the routine
Y'all punks popping junk can't join my team[Verse 1 - Rob Sonic:]
Down in the meadow with the hungry hound-dog
With a sidecar helmet and 800 pound conch
Cradling a calico growling shift towards
The thorn in his paw and his call ignored
Falling on his sword so that calling all guards
To the zoot suit riot get your giants on guard
With a roof boost gesture rocky dive bombs
Eye of the goliath fly his Monty Pythons
Circusing his Burger King sesame seed bun
Fred parry berry with the weatherby re-runs
Rent-a-ski beach bum with the broken Oakleys
When he Hang Ten men for the locals only
Rowboat slowly to the Roanoke docks
And trade a musket for a bucket full of hobo socks
And a rose gold watch, and a rototom
And take a selfie with a selkie as a photobomb
He give it how he get it and he got it bad
A flare gun tucked in his locker latch
For the hell of it and benefit of Mrs. White
In the kitchen with the television clicker, right?
No clue, no news, xanny-tabs
Boat shoes, gold tooth, fanny packs
In some fancy pants and a stussy hat
Just because I'm motherfuckin' bringin' ugly back[Hook x4][Verse 2 - Aesop Rock:]
Down in the meadow
Darkening the heels
Of the down-and-out animals
Of dower day and sour mouth
Will empty from a crowded train
Oversee an evil plot
And blend in with the basic layman
Hey man, is that freedom rock?
Yeah man, it balances the give and take of spinning plates
While easing the transition from efficient to a living grave
What started with a single flaming arrow

Would grow into a figure 8 of incubated ammo
In a blink, blammo, we cold packed the jam
No cold pack so Cro-Magnon man
Won't hold back homie
Start a cult, paint the world black
Old world magic, of a re-imagined skull snaps hope
Nun bells ring for the plebian
Melted down slow and poured into a fringe medium
Picture it by poorly tinted sepia
Ensuring it's remembered as a
More important story than it really was
What it really is
A culture of chameleons
Who must erupt a hairy eyeball
Deep behind the peeling skin
Hold fam, declawed knee-high
House cats bred with
Tin cans pre-tied
Drink from the river
'Til he return three eyed
Talkin back to a Beefheart B-side
If anybodies listening, I need a new apartment
Something spooky with a garden
Pardon[Hook x4]

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