

Hang Ten

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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