

Dorks (Instrumental)

Aesop Rock

Question: If I died in my apartment like a rat in a cage
Would the neighbors smell the corpse before the cat ate my face?
I used to floss the albatross like Daddy Kane with the chain
I'm tryin' to jettison the ballast with the hazardous waste
The kid is comfortably numb, routine a tedious crutch
Deep in a self imposed Stockholm and Lima influx
Maybe an occupation popular with demons and ducks
Made any mingling akin to bein' seasoned and stuffed
It's a theatre of jumpin' jellyfish, jealous little sycophants
Miserable and flimsy from the skivvys to the pissy pants
Each one seperately convinced
They're sketching with Da Vinci's hands
Delusion turn a communication of prison camp
You fuckin' dorks ain't a threat to the cause
There ain't a lesson we can learn from the ostensibly lost
I think it's funny when defendants from identical haunts
Step out the tempest to measure Of what the spectrum involves
Maybe no one cares, party over here, I'll be over there
Don't need no help, all by myself I used to hang around
with rappers at the root of the scene
It meant a lot to feel the fugitive community breathe
Maybe to sentimentalize is to be truly naive
I know some shit about your heroes that you wouldn't believe
I think we're all a bunch of weirdos on a quest to belong
The songs are echolocation up in impregnable fog
That's why it's odd to see a pile of imperfections and flaws
Ascend a pedestal to patronize the rest of the cogs
And a mess of obnoxious fantasy, posturing and pageantry
I ain't even mad, I'm impressed, shit it's baffling
God almighty chop an ivory tower to piano keys
Play your own dirge on the way to surfin' maggot beach
You fuckin' dorks ain't a source of the art
You can't be cooler than the corners Where you source all your parts
The poker face, all it takes a couple sordid
remarks
We let the manticore out, We make the sorcery bark
Life is so unfair, party over here, I'll be over there
Don't need no help, all by myself I view the rattling of sabres
like a show to expose
Insecurities exploding in emotional code
With braggadocio to go from mostly jokey to gross
Corrode a homie til his probity is notably ghost

Before the hobby was a job he was a manager,
Hell You would wobble round your momma like an infant gazelle
The disillusionment has truly been a difficult pill
That you was anything menacing is a difficult sell
In a whistle-and-bellorama, black mollies to dress up like piranha
It's not even compelling melodrama
It's a comedy, somebody wanna shop you as a saga
I'm very voluntarily persona non grata
You fuckin' dorks ain't the leaders we need
This ain't the medium for divas out to weasel and breed
I'm off in coffee with the paupers over tea with the queen
Don't make 'em show the regency what disobedient means
Heavy load to bear, party over here, I'll be over there
Don't need no help, all by myself

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