

Mystery Fish

Aesop Rock

Tech support, feral army
In a cave on a failed bed of terra-forming
Four corners of paranormal
Get shorn for a thermos and pair of thermals
In a warehouse air where his dairy curdles
St. Vincent de Paul trying to square the circle
Circle the source of his power
Foresight born at the corner of Howard on sale
Cherry-pick blew[?] in the pale
It's a blue nose chewin' his tail
Losing his coat
Schmoozing a high in the headrush
Hack up bile over H1N1 and then some
One eye on the bread crumbs
Other eye on the drencom
Other other eye on the income
Good knife in a grin
Shoot dice with the lice and the ring worms
Peg leg, smells like Medellin wake in the night
Make a pipe outta anything
Take five take a dive in the cellophane
Turn five into five six seven eight
Back out black out
Some weren't fancy
Shake in the back seat of Aesop's camry
Dude, seat full of chips and sandwich meat
From the crypt in the end
If ya give an address and a rib or a piss
Don't question the mystery fish
Just picture shrimp on a pillow of grits
Close your eyes, lick your lips
I'm at the cafe ordering a cup of fresh
Sarah gave me two, I gave one to Rex
He said, "Fools ain't shit plus fuck the pigs
They could never understand what Sumner is"(word up word up word up)
I'm off the grid
I'm through the gate
I fly these kites into the fray
(word up word up word up)

I'm out the box
I'm through the mud
I fly these kites into the cut
NorCal fried bacteria
No I.D. survive the vivarium
Try soft feel sourdough and heroin
Eat with the chimera fly with the seraphim-ight
Hold court with the cats and dogs
Who hold cools like an orb in a dragon's claw
And terry cloth robes outside detox surly
Curse of the beat cop doctor a slurpee
And not no Xerxes fear no moon man
Stay true like a wolf wearing wolf pants
Ooh, never could avoid himself
For long enough to contain or employ his help
And now we look both ways at the asteroid belt
Buzzed, gross unholy unloved
Still hear an ex in his head yelling, "Kiss the ring!"
From a fortune of fisher king
And from assistant care blisters in his hair
New day new diary of disrepair
Soups on two tongue crucifix to bear
No shoes no shirt no fiscal year
I said "Hello" to Marshall every morn for six
He yelled at me every time, "That's amore, bitch!"
Only took one tooth to crack the bug juice to chug
Turn the bum to a Sun Tzu, bug
Outside home is an open swim
Occultism in the throes of corrosive wind
A cold meal with the ghost of friends
A whole host of meds
A deal on a Tone Loc cassette
I stepped over a body in the door
I pretend he asleep but it's probably more, God damn!
Profound apathy, heart with a crack
I'm ships in the night
I'm darts in a map
Word up

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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