

Seaweed

Saul Williams

I drive a yellow Volvo, '86 submarine
Someone's behind me in an Escalade
Trying to blind me with their high beams
I make a left, I'm the road to nowhere
Heading west, the sky is purple streaks
The sun is setting in my chest
I feel warm inside so I'm going for a ride
Put your picture on my dashboard
'Til my fate and your collides
Seaweed washed upon the shore
Severed locks
Of he who walks the ocean floor
I drive a yellow Volvo, '86 submarine
Rims like Tibetan prayer
Wheels and my tank is filled with dreams
Fuck the game
I practice being in the passing lane
And watch the price of gasoline
Rise with the price of fame
I'm immortal, I render unto Caesar to be cordial
He sees a wooden casket
Where I see a glowing portal
Check your engine
Looks like you're running on the blood of Indians
Put some turquoise in that Rolls Royce
Before you crash into a pendulum
Seaweed washed upon the shore
Severed locks
Of he who walks the ocean floor
I drive a yellow Volvo, '86 submarine
I drove it under water, guided by my own high beams
Nothing's left
Witnessed the demolition of the west
I feel like a little kid hiding in my mothers' dress
I'm in space, the lone ambassador of every race
The starfish that discover me
Plant their flags into my face
I'm a clone of every written and unwritten poem
A shark pulls up beside me fingering beads
And chanting om, I can't believe it
I never really thought that sharks would need it
I thought they'd make their peace
Bite it, bleed it, kill it, eat it
But I was wrong, every living being deserves a song
And our passions must be rationed
'Til our rations sing along

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>