

# Grace

## Aesop Rock

Ian why don't you say grace  
"dear god thanks, and if you loved me vegetables would be extinct"  
Now I'm looking down the barrel of a string-bean side like an exodus of biblical proportion redefined  
Rectangle seat 4, squeeze 5, each one  
May not be excused from the table til the green gone  
Stomach revvin up an episodic rerun  
Where's a dissipating plume of smoke when you need one?  
Chris and Graham hate em too but advocate a braver chew invented for the code red, cola chaser, nose held,  
gulp!  
Moments later 2 have been released  
Leaving me the legroom and the legume police  
Going "freeze, you with the pretzeled arms  
Send your fabricated nausea my best regards  
And know this kitchen as a prison til the pea pods die  
I could sit here all night"  
So could I Who was at the door just now?  
Kids on dirt bikes asking you to bunny-hop the curbsides Really?  
Yup I told em "oh he busy, he staring at his green beans being a total pussy Who was at the door just now?  
Kids on skateboards asking you to navigate the claymores Really?  
Yup, I told em "oh he can't, he in the kitchen pouting and terrified of a plant" Blink Twice if you are being held  
hostage  
I speak and spell of a sleeper cell in the hospice  
Woke, impersonating busy little helpers  
That intimately purr between the hiccuping up of feathers  
Pick a porcelain dish  
A single portion canned  
Frozen or fresh  
Defies the glory of the Poultry or fish  
Via communal bloodletting that rupture spud levy  
No '87 supper-scape was truly flood-friendly, ever  
Including at your basic cemetery for contaminated textures 60 minutes into never  
Where room temp heirlooms emanate a crude black mist  
To a rendition of "dude, dad's pissed"  
Tell dad dude's pissed too  
Not to mention genuinely brandishing a the new gill hue  
Still out-mule any last strafing watchmen  
til the lord taketh waiting as an option Who was at the door just now?  
Kids on dirt bikes asking you to bunny-hop the curbsides Really?  
Yup I told em "oh he busy, he staring at his green beans being a total pussy Who was at the door just now?"

Kids on skateboards asking you to navigate the claymores Really?  
Yup, I told em "oh he can't, he in the kitchen pouting and terrified of a plant" Less like toes in a tide pool  
More like, left, right, poached from notable giant Kaiju  
Fat neck, fine tooth, rock and lean, yelling  
"this ends now eat the god damn beans!" ah!  
Hangdog mouth talk slang wrong and that there's flatware exhumed by a crane arm  
Time for some action  
Stab one ripe for a swipe and extraction  
Brined in malpractice  
Carried to the cavernous yap and obliged access  
If only in compliance with a deep-fried fascist, peep  
Literally bite down once  
And my tongue get a flooding from my uninvited guts  
Pointer finger plug a hole in the damn  
Ma notice, "ok gross, dinner's over, go spit", pop call "bullshit"  
Both of my brothers break in, like "he's on his Davie Hogan no mistaken", by the way Who was at the door just  
now?  
Kids on dirt bikes asking you to bunny-hop the curbsides Really?  
Yup I told em "oh he busy, he staring at his green beans being a total pussy Who was at the door just now?  
Kids on skateboards asking you to navigate the claymores Really?  
Yup, I told em "oh he can't, he in the kitchen pouting and terrified of a plant"

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>