

Skip Town

Aesop Rock

On the train
Watchin' the rainbows peak, (thank you window seat)
I mean, it's all the same to some
But that cityscape makes me numb
Walkin' the wire between firewater and water - I'll take the tap
and still manage to end up thirsty the day the nursery collapsed
In my hand I hold the plumage of a buzzard
suffered for circlin' nutrition (seems barbaric)
I may have just saved your children
There's an inborn tendency tellin' me to grip that sickle
for the pirate tyrant breeds feed on your precious little pixels
I interviewed the sun, he said the future's lookin' bright
I interviewed the rain, he claimed the sun's truly an asshole
It's supposed to interview the snow today but of course he flaked
So I let my frigid demeanor teeter and take his vacant place
We 3 sprout from the same litter
Yet amazingly crafted by separate scissors
I sloth from off the beaten path splashed in the cretin blizzard
Half my time is herded towards little lost causes
Half my time is spent pluggin' these leaky faucets
An' I'm here to pose inquiries
I'm here to draw a fork in the road and call it the diary of common sheep aspiring
Little Billy starlet up the block got the right premise
But can't thread the needle without consultin' apprentice present.
Now I don't really know you (I don't)
But I don't really care (I don't)
Can't judge a man's dignity by the wattage in his stare
Maybe that deem's be that vagabond you'd love to kill
But I really ain't got time for the all the motherfucking guilt. Chorus: I'm gone tonight. You best believe I'm
leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
I haven't exactly been embraced by the populace
Set sail upon the 7 deadly seas of the anonymous
I'm gone. Best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
I'm diggin' a tunnel to where the sun will never shine
I got my book, I got my dream, I've got myself and I'll be fine (My time) is the day before the day the earth
stood still
(My time) is the day before the soldiers fired at will

(My time) is the day before the hunter made his kill
My time's the final mile before the valley meets the hill
And I'm an archer
Parked where the farmers barter appetites
Sweet-talkin' harrassment down to a mere flashing of badges
Prototypic landscapes chased every step of my well-oiled collective workforse with frozen intention festive.
Wait.

What about the captivated?

Well I am the product of skeleton dancers poised crooked scattered amidst blue fields of firey bliss mixed
With disease applicant activist rattlers, fascinate grave child
Oh you're expecting slave smiles after sticking the pin in limb and
God, if I could offer maintenance of fantasies I would
I'd place the button in the city square for everyone to push
You see my mission responsibilities range across the board
And still I'd rather be a pen than a sword
I swim a cold lake, and make no mistake: I was not ready
All edgy and out of shape, made the company look messy
(Sorry, well sorry) Honestly take it or leave it
Just let me know so I ain't beggin' forgiveness throughout the evening.
Basic locomotive with a whistle and caboose
Tryin'a pull my cargo 'cross the map without a boost
Fragile in more ways then 10 yet sturdy bird construction
Hope the smoke stacks puff into the morn, dream torn
Chorus: I'm gone tonight, you best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
I'll knock upon every little door that comes about
I'll sweep your porch if you can spare a couple of breadcrumbs and a couch.
I'm gone, best believe I'm leavin'
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening
This turning in my sleep is getting old and older still
I think I can, I think I can, I think I can,
I think I will.

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