





Where the junkies trade diseases and the gullible trade passions  
Then the masses want to lean on me like 'O Captain, my Captain'  
Not considering maybe this oarman hosts orbit attachments...

[Dose One]

Button, button, who's got the button (???)

Take my name, please...

Button, button, who's got the button (???)

Leaks the little checker-men made out of lightning in my ????

Oh, you like to help with goats (!!?) see what I got in this here locket

[Aesop Rock and Dose One]

This is not your ordinary ballad

With a perfect little bow around the middle

And a black man on a white horse

Or a white man on a black horse

And I can't forget the not-so-perfect bow around the middle

Har-bour (???)

Songwriters

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