

Limelighters (Flunkadelic Interlude)

Aesop Rock

AESOP- Pain cave uno, smoking a broken blue note. Tar pit escape artist carcass linger in the bull doze. Rose radio Lazarus via linear bark screaming 'I'm back to kill the video star and I'm double parked!'

CHIBA- You can kite this or yet maybe baby you won't. Corvette, green Mercedes, daddy one hundred four. When I'm stunting simply stunnin', funk'n' with twenty monkeys. They can be like I'm talkin' 'bout we. Slap that orangutan, drop her on her knees. Please be very cautious the funk'n' makes me nauseous. Hate the bogota, The target it ain't off. It's right here and the volume's on three.

SUEDE- See, we keep the black plastic stuck in the elastics, even Chevy's heavy hallows lift you higher legend has it. White crows crossing broken bridges double deucey clickin' but the rounds never runnin' out, pounds of ya blood's just comin' out.

CHORUS

We limelighters. Up until the ugly unplug me. We limelighters. Kill it now, fade to black comfortably. Spark the dynamite 'til the limelight's gone. As far as I can see the limelight stays on. And on and on and on the limelight... so we got something built if we all die tonight.

CHIBA- She pissed champagne and shit caviar. Don't the watch the stars, the stars ain't fallin' any sight of glimmer... lo. Shimmering king, spring, they're trembling.

AESOP- O.K. the web spread from Brooklynites to born-in-barn kittens who's gimpy half step hid behind Noah's arc systems. Inconspicuously clustered with the boas, sharks, and pigeons like Zoo York won't clock them rusted crutches up mopping the ship deck. Texas hold'em pocket ace investment. Totem altimeter tiki torch it. Freak abort. Fold or hold a cold cell in peak enforcement fortress. That's a sheep corpse who under penumbra turned tail like a sea horse.

SUEDE- We got that permanent ink, that's staining the paper. Murderer's drink steam in my soul, I'm breathing green vapors. We're the last of them falcons that's soarin' beyond your altitude. Please show us some gratitude.

We're carvin' your grave for you.

CHORUS

AESOP- 16 D batteries. See the halflings flee the shire before he tore open the packaging. Plus, minus, in proper Panasonic alignment. Pseudo Pliskins o.d. on kick drums, snake, escape that environment.

SUEDE- Wave that colt 44, bolts of lightning with Travolta grease. Strip your skeleton, it's swelterin' inside Miami Heat. Your fishnet and red vette are sizzling. Shoot through chocolate city, Wonder Woman wind whisting. Freeze, presidential sleaze, with Egyptian cuts, Valentine Ave., Jack Daniels out of them plastic cups. Winter white pinstripe lookin' Hugo. Poison ivy out the windpipe blowin' the crucial.

CHIBA- First they line up, we'll divide them. Suede get roscoe, then design 'em. Aesop rock box drop the hot rod getaway car, and head up the rock highway.

CHORUS

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

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