Coffee

Aesop Rock

chorus:
we don't need no walkie-talkies, nope no walkie talkies, we don't need your coughing when offing the morning coffee, no, we don't need no walkie-talkies, nope no walkie-talkies we just want our hermitry to stay and our coffee to go
and the last shall be, first to immerse in the pass out heat, face in the mud where the moxie melt 'til he woke up drowning in tsatke hell, more in a cave with a torch on the wall than a window arrangement of porcelain dolls on a brand new day, saw what he saw, property owners who crawl to the mall, with a bad toupee and a face like he author the law, pace like he mourning a loss, right hand on a can of worms, left full of gold he will trade for turf, i mean thats o.k., you got to answer to you at the end of the volatile day, but a model of mercy and might? no way, marionette who will clap and obey, dude, look, all that noise? call that flight of the water boys, meet and greet and they all slap five, cheek to cheek when they colonize, and a grown ass man shall abide as he wish, walk that path with a dime and a stick, walk that path with a diamond and wine, walk that path to the firing line, just walk, pay no mind to the new recruit with the play-doh spine, let's be friends from opposite ends, wave to the kid don't hop on the fence, play to the radius far and away, orbit wide don't park in his space, one little martyr who talk in his face make one little weathermen sharpen the blades.
chorus

and the last shall be, first to the curb with the mad cow meat, face in the bars of a regular cell when he woke up high in collectible hell, boom town kid who was taught by the binge that a man who expire with the most shit win, that's warpy american nonsense penned by the rich, not a routine friend in a pinch, still not used to the stench, how it throws off otherwise lucid events, in the case the afraid observe i got a pro-keds box full of layman's terms, it goes hey, peace, pray for the plagued, major relief and capacious rains, but just cuz i don't want to war with you, it don't mean go warm up the barbecue, i'm like pardon you, sawed off limit, my high noon is a quick little minute, i don't wanna spend it sitting with a critic, who simply isn't going to ever really get it, this HQ is alive and alone, no driveway no sign of a home, no dial tone, no line for the phone, no world's tiniest violin song, and i might just lie to them all, lie in the morgue with a deep breath hiding and bored, fighting a smile, highly annoyed, when the timing is right i will rise and record, cal for the monster beats and blockhead got animal drums like he's doctor teeth, it goes red light green light 1 2 3, one large coffee, fuck you, peace.
t-a-k-e-n-o-p-r-i-s-o-n-e-r-s
john darnielle:
i crawled down to the basement when the weather got cold, like a lost lamb returning to the fold, and when the outside world recedes from view, it's just a year's supply of make-up and memories of you, 1967 colt 45, holding back the vampires, keeping me alive, there's an envelope with some cash in it out by the front door, this is what they make you take the medication for

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