

Cool Band Buzz

Busdriver

They want to hear good freestyling with sarcasm of Woody Allen
Their parents own oil rigs
They're just some spoiled kids who I must aim to please
And so I'm dipped in a syrup vat
And you know this town is a tourist trap
Run by entertainment industries and the bureaucrats
Selling the ultimate brain freeze
This year I'm Sambo
I'm on the Clear Channel
I'm smiling and reading my parchment of prose
I talk of the common man and of the promised land
But I'm insincere and make the Marxists doze
My head was a jar of lit bulbs
I used to make viewers carsick at shows
But now I'm easily the most compromising slut
Oh, it's hard to keep this harlot clothed
I network and do more than schmooze
I start licking toes
Underground rappers smell like garlic cloves
But me, I'm smug and decadent
Paid obscenely to appear at a set event
Companies license my likeliness
Money, it heightens my flighty fits
I wrote the great American pop song stylized to my respective tiny niche
I wasn't invited to your shindig
I've got no plus one and a low slush fund
I never expected to ever win big
I never expected for you to open my press kit
The attendance is always subpar when I perform at a club or bar
Why did I choose to do weird shit
I steered my career off a cliff in a flaming stunt car
So now I'm falling down a bottomless pit
But I'm trying to be optimistic
I spin microwaveable plates
But the label prorates nothing
My arms are too cotton pick with
Look at the poignant portraits in my doodle sketch
Meaning and art exude with every brush stroke
But my promises of revolution are futile threats
I'm so over sensitive my crotch is bloodsoaked
I'll African dance and cast a voodoo hex while in your dorm spilling all the bong water

And count the stars in the nebula until a goggleplex while selling you sticks of nag champa
I dumbfound in the coffee shop
Looking like Jean-Michel Basquiat
And kill gaudy pop with dirty laundry smell
Acting all foolhardy
Leaving kids oddly distraught
Gentle laughter when I'm telling jokes at your dead pool party
I am a necromancer of an exquisite corpse
I'll cry ten minutes in your wet tennis court because I wasn't invited

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