

Lazy Eye

Aesop Rock

My spirit animal comes with a pretzel bun
Troll of a treadmill, record on the Kessel Run (allegedly)
Edgy from elevensies to megabucks
Techies with the treble down, this is how we level up
Dead meat, time travel, pressure, and disease
As ushered out of two fingers pecking at the keys
The coping mechanism in his LMNOPs
Went from healthy to unhealthy to oh hell he never leaves
Cineplex Jesus, curse at the curly fries
Mulling over Chuck D telling me diversify
I'm at the Supercut souping up the wardrobe
Fourcast looking like Ganesh on four phones
HelloHelloHelloHello base camp space camp
Bass in your facefuck, brace for the rain dance
Back in the back of the classroom
After a magical nap in a vacuumAct natural
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for yaBefore climbing douchebag mountain I was skate or die
Started eating kale and came to terms with my lazy eye
Puttin on the yoga lady, cuttin off the cable guy
Whistle while you're waiting for your condition to stabilize
A/V cables everywhere, every piece of vinyl scratched
Mentholated tiger balm, Aleve with the arthritis cap
Irons in the niacin, iron quiet riot masked
Unabashed privacy expanding in a simulcast
Forty winks never the same adventure
Refreshing or this ain't the longest exorcism ever
In the end you gotta wonder if its even worth the effort
No stairways into heaven, you can step into the Escher
Some people have mistaken my allegience for a weakness
They fucked me up for eons, I wish there wes a theist
The type to fake his death and forget he faked his death
Show up on TV in the crowd at the AVNs (like)Act natural
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for yaSometimes I feel my heart putrifying inside my body
From diary at dark, to piety in the ponzi
On my better days they mingle and walk off into the poppy

On my worst, work is overshadowed by the monte
I had to buy some clothes that fit me and pretend I like agave
With a promise to his congress not to compromise the motley (in em)
Maybe I should kinda sorta move to Mars
I'm feeling kinda done, too many moving parts
The piss-poor vision is forty percent floaters
The kitchen is a chorus of glorious leftovers
The friends you confessed all the dark shit to
Would weaponize the information before we can send roses
And they want a little pearl and how we got to where we at
I can't remember where I am, I feel it's probably a trap
Balk with the lawless, cough in his notes
Walk on even when the walls hug his coatOh, and act natural
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya
Whatever that means for ya

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