

Coffee (Clean)

Aesop Rock & John Darnielle

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
'Till he woke up drowning in chachkes 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.
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We don't need your coughing when offing the morning coffee, no,
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We just want our hermitry to stay and our coffee to go 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,
Call 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
T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S
T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S
T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S
T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S
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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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