Catacomb Kids

Aesop Rock

I was a dark, dumb student
No hooky rookie day trippin' on visions of chickens that look like R. Crumb drew 'em
They grew 'em in a royal dirt of Suffolk county's flooring with the blood of an alcoholic clergyman in his forearms
Long Island was porn stars and puppies pushin' sniffles
Fit into the aforementioned or slipped through the pinholes
'Zook slipped through the pinholes
Crispy the godsender who thunk over a quarter plunk to local Mortal Kom vender
Both the formal squad censor
Look down
Either side across the marsh before it was "Awesome cars!"
My calling card Calvary cooking an '85 Dodge Ares
Gas for Huntington and back, barely
Equipped with Super-Soakers full of piss and an uncanny knack for constantly upsetting pigs by doing stupid shit
The kid ... his ring king dummies to King Kullen, where he hollered "Fuck the world" from a parking lot in the suburbs
(What's this?)
A couple spray cans and a little litter but they'd look at us like swindlers with them Ricky Kasso jitters
So fuck 'em, a glutton sunk into the alley for props
But things will still go bump when them halogens pop
Believe
I'll be there when it happens
The shakin' of the plates off the mantle
The snakin' of the flames off the candle
The lady of the lake off the answers
Admitting the mistakes to their deplaning cadavers
Now it's "Rest in Peace" Will Peterson whose heater sung disturbingly to further re-evaluate your beast of burden's urgency
Damn, doggy
Good times, thanks
I wrote your name in wet cement by the corporate banks.
(What's this?)
I'm an activator
Made a fire, made a wheel, made a snack for later
Catacomb kids cuddle up fantastic labor
When the towns be freak sleep
Trap the traitor
He will ask for papers
(What's this?)
Say I'm an activator

Made a roof, made a weapon, made a flag per acre
By the snotty little nuzzle of a latch-key neighbor
When the folk push aggie over some dap with ?gators
He will catch the vapors
Couple Playboy mudflaps and hell on his heels
Beautifully echoed in the pace at which he shoveled his meals
Like not a farmer among us had a harvest survive the winter
So dinner split a lima bean and triplets, pick a winner
Took a couple summers pukin' pills behind the dumpster
As the largest pez dispenser on record recouped his numbers
One shoe in the soupy gutter
One shoe in the velvet heaven?
Where the mermaids told him shake 'em by the lake of melted weapons
(What's this?)
You could dance purty with the hooligan nation
Who will be patiently awaiting zoo-keeper facelift?
Extra
The days of yore painted similar uber-ape shit
We've merely updated the ancient 8-bit
Yeah
I'm dumber than a cow on a roof in a flood
Who's not as dumb as the watered-down beef from the burgers that jumped
I'm dumber than a Taz on a beach chair with a martini
Who's not as dumb as the tat wit the same scenery
Sparky nails pig stigmata for all good sport
Garbage pail kids unite at the mall food court
They chase cheese fries with Binaca
They had shut the school down early
There were bombs inside the lockers
No concept of the problem
We responded like a snow day
It was clobber shit to flotsam
'Till the cops said it was okay
Okay
Show the squadrons back into their boxes like his Breakfast Club of hotheads show no progress to the doctors
And I walk into the office, coughin' awfully at their often
Flood a parking meter fever, knucle up for Love and Rockets
It was rain of the razor laser
Day of the cloudy howdy
Flight of the shelter melter
You can bow without meKnock 'em out the box, Ace
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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