# No City

## Aesop Rock

(for want of a nail the shoe was lost)
(for want of a shoe the horse was lost)
(for want of a horse the rider was lost)
(for want of a rider the battle was lost)
(for want of a battle the kingdom was lost)
(and all for the want of a horse shoe nail)There is a hole in front of the shovel, shovel in front of the brawn
Six billion gorillas for whom the graves yawn
Each withered his mule-ish days to choose his tool of trade
Dueling blades that cue the cruel charade and fuel the flames
If you would clue the crew into the civil
Just get the food and land like you the man who flew the coop over the pit-bulls
Dash back flashy to compassionate nano police
Sat beneath an avalanche and jagged inadequacies
And I would stop the violence more than I was Pontius Pilate
Cops and robbers riot by the vows of noxious sirens
A is gullible he figure all man equal no brainer
Take it his friends and neighbors didn't cater
Moms raised the babies through a very church-y eighties
Sunday mornings reinforced the waiting gates of Hades
And he brazen but apparently inferno bound now
For when a man had coughed recite his wrongs he wouldn't bow down
The punishment should fit the reasons you must punish him
Never puncture skin or pull the colored rugs from under them
Two opposing mother ships shall not employ the gunner's deck
Cause brotherhoods of public good do not employ the unctuous in you
Observing how the giveth is disproportionate to the taketh away decide to maketh his day
All the stoic odium glowing a coal holster
When he coulda stood easily in the tub juggling toasters
[Chorus]
No mountain too high
No city too far
No coma tonight
No city tomorrow
No fire too live
No city too charred
No treaty to sign
No city to guardI pick the phone up with a grown-up mode approach
Skin crawlin off the drawl and now it clawed the awkward tone up
I'd known it wasn't roses but hoped it was less corrosive
Coast in to the focus of the grossest diagnosis like
Holmes, the barnacles that chew upon the flesh of man

Have clued into suitor as capital to a beggars hand
Comfortably, sung a stubborn legacy of gluttony
With carnivores that burrow like hunters into the blood and meat
Umm, what?!?
The Jenny chin up and the city picked her sinning pen up let her numb the spitting stigma
Along came a spider sold her eggs to any buyer
Now the shooter in back is six legs wider than the driver
If you make no friends on the way to the top rung
There is no secret handshake club I do not give a fuck
But know the cancers make the olive branches obviously standard
So when they extend from the yachts and mansions drop your cannons
All kings hang em for the cliff side drip dry
Will he clip to zip line or slip for his final dip dive
If he live, will he survive the milligrams of middle ground
They pump into the pinstripe pentagrams over tinsel town
Or kill a man who trickled down the city with his scissors out as sickles
Dipped in military hells bells and whistles
Riders to the east
Now the wild tribes
Thank you for the peace on earth and mercy mild high
[Chorus]
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No city too far
No coma tonight
No city tomorrow
No fire too live
No city too charred
No treaty to sign
No city to guardAnd all for the want of a horse shoe nail
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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