

Jesca Hoop

"Ode To Banksy"

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My pencil is dull
My pencil is dull
There's not much lead left in my pencil
My marker ran dry
Was a scribblin' night
And there's not much lead left in my pencil
There's not an activity at all
There's no wheels a turnin' in my skull
In my skull, in my skull

Oh oh oh
I'm in love with Jacques Cousteau
You take me deeper than I ever go
And that's the reason why I'll leave you

Oh oh oh
Making love when ad we've just begun
I need assistance from your aqualung
And that's the reason why I'll leave you

And oh my mystery man
You're so oh oh oh
You're so provocative so underground
And I never wanna see your face
You come oh oh oh
You come invisible to paint the town

My pencil is dull
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There's not much lead left in my pencil
My marker ran dry
Was a scribblin' night
And there's not much lead left in my pencil
There's not an activity at all
There's no wheels a turnin' in my skull
In my skull, in my skull

Oh oh oh
Suicide bombers just need a hug
Get that bomb strapped on nice and snug
Let my divine love relieve you

Oh oh oh
Tonight's the night go and oil your gun
We'll turn the quick stop to emporium
Let my divine light lead you

And oh my mystery man
You're so oh oh oh
You're so provocative, so underground
And I never wanna see your face
You come oh oh oh
You come invisible to paint the town

Go on guerrilla pull your hoods up
And the billboards yours this time
And shake your paint can and throw your piece up
Then you run for your righteous crime

Oh oh oh ring around the fat man
Around little boy
Daddy gave me this fantastic toy
Let's go and find out what it can do

Oh oh oh
Ashes to ashes and we all fall down
There's nothing standing for miles around
I guess we found out what it can do

And oh my mystery man
Oh my mystery man
You're so oh oh oh
You're so provocative, so underground
And I never wanna see your face
You come oh oh oh
You come invisible to paint the town

My stencil is dope
My stencil is dope
Just follow the rope to my stencil
Tiananman square mickey d's in the air
'Cause there's not much lead left in my pencil
There's not an activity at all
There's no wheels a turning in my skull
In my skull, in my skull
In my skull, in my skull
In my skull, in my skull

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