

## Kimya Dawson

### "Delicate Cycle"

Visit "[Delicate Cycle](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

\*Aesop Rock\*

I can take my finger off  
Old dog, old trick, new twist  
Like actually take the finger off  
Wrap it in a blanket as you would a severed horse head  
Mail it to a friend you wanna pinky swear more with  
And should they need a forearm  
Or something they can practice drawing skulls on  
Cut it from the shoulder while the saw's warm  
The full appendage really make a world of difference  
And include it to a 30 teeth to chew out all your critics  
32 would have been perfect  
2 were casualties of its-its  
I always wanted radder things for Christmas  
The rest were cool  
I'm shipping out a torso in the AM  
You should learn to hit the organs every time at 40  
paces it's important  
I can't explain why now by the way  
Legs in a crate delivery by today  
If a uniform man knock-knock; sign his documents  
You shouldn't have to walk out to the mailbox for the  
other shit

\*Kimya Dawson\*

My Mom was a lunch-lady When I was in elementary  
school  
She was outside during recess; she had a whistle and I  
thought that that was cool  
She was really nice to all the kids who didn't have a  
lot of friends  
She would give them hugs and tell them jokes or  
she'd play catch with them  
And my dad worked at the Laundromat which was  
really cool to me  
I'd get to open up the washing machines and clean  
them out and collect the money  
And I'd open up soap dispenser and put 'lil boxes of  
soap inside  
I knew how it worked and I was good at it and helping  
out filled me with a sense of pride

I would meet all kinds of people there and I'd look  
them in the eye  
And I'd say, "Hi, excuse me, but do you mind if I  
shine the glass while your clothes dry?"

\*Kimya and Aesop\*

My Whole life is a delicate cycle  
A delicate cycle  
A delicate cycle

\*Aesop rock\*

Inside a jar with a lid, a giant arm with a head  
They said it used to walk upright and like New York  
after 10  
One day it woke up out of order; nothing more to  
extend  
Delicate cycle in the alpha of it's orbiting Zen  
When in a personal skill has already poured it's best  
A conversation can be riddled with exorbitant debt  
And you don't know it but I know I owe you more than  
I've kept  
So if you find a biohazard by a door on the step  
Maybe it couldn't find it's faculties, but swore it  
would help  
Wanted to be a larger part than it's abnormalities let  
Hang on, I'm over knighting eyes with a headlight  
deer-stare  
One up, Bin-Ban, UPS, and ear pair  
Wear 'em if you need a new perspective on a weird  
year  
And one day when I'm better we can square away a  
fair share  
The last frame silhouetted by the sun was an air mail  
stamp on a still warm tongue

\*Kimya Dawson\*

I was 26 years old the first time I lived in a house with a  
washer and dryer in it and that's the year I bottomed  
out  
Maybe what was missing was the sense of community  
that comes from hauling your big old load out in public  
and airing your dirty laundry  
And the company of other people who also don't have  
the amenities  
At their convenience in a home that's so set up that  
they never have to leave  
I miss the smell, the dust, the coins, the trust, the  
squeaky carts, the vibrations  
The bucket full of bleach, the dryer sheets, the old  
pay phone, the giant sink  
I'd watch my daddy mop the floor, and my heart

started with a quarter  
I'd watch my daddy mop the floor, and my heart  
started with a quarter

\*Kimya and Aesop\*  
My Whole life is a delicate cycle  
A delicate cycle  
A delicate cycle

Visit [Kimya Dawson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.