

Less Than Jake

"The Tugboat Complex"

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Oh my God
They've got angels sweatin' like Hell, it's
workin' their little halos to the bone combing them
deserts
my figure eight knotted
lifeline defined traffic
the way my schoolin' end-less-ly defined every day
one exquisite fitted crisis rivets an octagon of red
to the ceiling above my bed
it's not a conversation piece, like public spectacles
unleashed more of a clue
so when I wake up to the rains I'll be one step ahead of
you
I slide like Kodakrome(?)
wrote a poem for every planet
tracked their mileage from the sun in an envelope
licked it, stamped it
got eight thank yous in the mail, but nine planets
means there's one left
only the earth would thank me later with a breath taking
sunset
(man, I'm just a bum)
zip that waterfall around your skeleton
tell it to boil
loyalties, the shovel in the soil
dig it, I split my lip kissing the winter
nursed the blister in the sun
strung a hammock between spring and where the
willows turn to blood
might of worked
sip a little, litter it, love it
without big beetles trying to sell him sunflower seeds
by the bucket
might of, tugboat for the boxcutter above those ashes
without hot air balloons floatin' their four passenger
baskets
and I'm asking you
to let a captive lacerate a caption
splash out massive
apolster plastic glasses with famine patches
i-identify all saints linked around the fountain's warmth

and for a second taste of pain when removing that
crown of thorns
?????,???,???, born hostile, pacifist huddled in subtle
masochist
stamp the blame on ??? ???
my fire escape overlooks ghost town market place
artists bought out passes
then fast themselves to the target's face
you're killin' me

if I had a hammer, I'd build a city on stilts
so my feet would stay dry when God's wine glass tilts

if I had a shovel, I'd dig a hole in the dirt
and I'll be hiding when his drunken stupor lands upon
earth

and if your little wing is broken
I'll see the poacher in hell
I can't afford another ?????? in a cell
my carousel mimics the interests of a thousand leaking
spickets
and a colony of graziers raised to justify the grimace
(and yes I read the treaty)
I prescribe the remedy plus the premises
my pin cushion, my limbs pushin' the knitting needle
evils, idle, peddle past the greeting
where the sleepers feed the cycles
stop, watch the eagles board the little engine that
could not
ghost in a shell
and it fell in my lap
passin', postin' the bail but the guard has misplaced
the key ring (that's
wonderful)
I lead a flee to blaze exact songs directly into the
village
power supply burning the bridge between the magnet
and my eye
now how many cadavers satisfy a mad man?
and how many crooked samaritans turn pleasantville to
bad land?
I can count my own dusty nickels with you laughing
about you'll turn my poor ass ebony and navy with cane
lashings
(well, you're right)
grip your pointed stick, incite your riot
I'll sell your worth in a bottle at profit, explain my bias
atomic box cult, downward spiral rapidly
cast to hell with hate mail, forged Christ's autograph
laughed itself, drastic catastrophe

biting my lip
skin and bones, stringent
bingin' on rancid baits
mummified well inside a muddy New York minute
was it
your remnants my smoke rings have cocooned prior to
fading?
well, it wasn't conscious spite but it might have been
that

I am not your friend anymore
my arrow head dissertation(?)
when narrow bed sleepers occupy the basement
and I am not your friend anymore
come the dawning of ??? in your pity blend that
whispers in the wind

man, if it were only that simple
I'd add a guilt frame to ???
I'd board myself inside my room to trace the wilting
contour
one petal falls to the rug, she loves me not
town crier lugging a boom box with spirit plugs
and a red radio flyer
tied to irony like twenty burning igloos with a sailors
knot
fiddler crabs build sandcastles while high tide off
azalea crops
in the icicle field I portray, cats get antsy
and ask 'why if every light is dark do I continue
dancing?'

why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?

why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?

why if every light is dark do I continue dancing?
well if it ain't finally a question that's worth answering

I boogie for the raindrops
for the purity, the anger
for my childhood recollections
for the comic book in my heart
the mocked intentions
the clarity, passion, seclusion
those cool summer nights
for the mark emerging across the street selling me
stog's at half price
for the mights, the maybes, the nauseating pitfall
my girl, my friends
for the fact my window opens towards a brick wall

for the three legged dog I saw dragged on a leash
for the homeless man who walks my block in
rainstorms with plastic bags on
his feet
see I throw away the tenders over one shoulder
and walk across broken glass
through every wicked world to kiss tomorrow's morning
not for nothing
you'll drown in a pool of your crooked morals
whispering 'maybe Aesop Rock was on to something'

maybe, no promises

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