

MC Frontalot

"You Got Asperger?s"

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You got Asperger?s, this ain?t a barbeque.
It?s your whole afternoon though, lost down a rabbit
hole,
looking for a timepiece, wonder when your date?s at,
wonder if she?ll visit you at all today ? relax.
Wonder how many ribbons to expect in her hair ?
to deflect talk of triplets in respect for the pair
or to stare at the bow made of four different colors ?
didn?t notice someone talking to you: there were
others
in the room, out in the gloom of the periphery.
To shift your focus for a moment is to give the ribbons
liberty,
and that?s to suggest they make escape.
This is a secret from the future: can?t rewind like a
tape.
Got to make the best and the most of each moment as
it
happens,
got to keep your eyes on those bows, got to trap in
your vision all four of them ?cause this is a first:
she might have noticed last time that you like ribbons
that are hers.

And sometimes you wish you didn?t. Sometimes it slips
your mind.
But when she?s supposed to visit isn?t one of those
times,
and you?re on one of those lines of thought that you
encounter
when you?d rather your surroundings were quieter
instead of louder
so that you could focus on other than a clock tick.
You don?t want to talk shit but the one who made the
clock made the cog stick.
Minutes are violent noise,
obliterating what you thought of as silent poise .
Miles of boys before you done got crushed
out on a girl like that, her hair flush
with ribbons on all occasions and every day.
If only making study of the bow could stem its getaway.

Letter A S P E R G E R S:

wonder whether she's so confident with alphabets
that she'd do it backwards skipping alternate letters.
If you offer demonstration, would she consider that
clever?

This bitter endeavor: trying to predict a reaction.
You know you're supposed to try to give the notion
traction
but it don't do nothing 'cept make the clock tick.
It don't don't even do that. Yo, you got Asperger's,
kid.

And I feel for you, son. I know love is hard.
Can't even write down all the answers on the back of a
card.
From the back and the far end of a cafeteria line
you seem to catch sight of a ribbon. Fabric shines,
and you abandon your tray, leave it clatter on the
floor.
You haven't planned it this way. You can't look at her
no more.
You don't know what her eyes are like, whether she
ever
smiles,
whether anything other than how she wears her hair
beguiles.
And while some apron ladies holler at you,
you clutch your left ear and stand still like a statue.
You could count cut corn on the floor without
subtracting
misplaced fish sticks like Dustin Hoffman overacting.
Ain't this already a scene in need of a fast forward?
Why won't the lunch people hush, do they court
discord?
You think you see a flash of color fleeing; it could be
worse:
you could have known how many ribbons there are, if
they were hers.

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