

Aesma Daeva

"Maintenance"

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[Aesop Rock]

Count that for me...thanks

[Robotic voice] 4x

One, two, one, two, three, four

[Aesop Rock]

Well any asshole with a book of matches can light a fire
fresh

Make that sucker burn for days, I'll be impressed
Circlin past the culture's bigot, procreation baked in
advanceable

Then ball and scurry up the grass to roll his marbles off
the anthill

I know gerth and nature but recognize absentee ballot
And sappy ballads couldn't fill the void

This game's in the giant Tugboat Complex and HE'S
ANNOYED!

(No one's asking you to feel the narc, brother!)

Hmm, it's fashion

I'll find my own bullies to shake a finger wrapped in
Realigned mine knives in divine justice
Plus this uncontrollable laugh with those ample waves
of brain finally crash

Brimstone clone with legs and dim poems

Ten little Zen crafts

Things cooperate like paper dog participants litigans

Picket well or ride or burner style clinic

Acid with the basics

P-H imbalance to burn the malice martyrs spaceless

Then fabricate daytrips

I want to be the halo that jumps off the brain

Of the genius who decided some pictures deserved
frames

(God and I are on a first name basis)

Yeah I call him God, he calls me Jesus

When I lost my religion, he fell to pieces

Blade, dragon, up hell's creek

Interrupting a devil pagent

Starfighter settling to madness

I keep my ghoulish spirit concealed

Until the warriors return to the Coney Isle Wonder
Wheel

[Chorus] 4x

My momma told me there'd be days like this
Days like this, days like this, days like this (yes she did)

[Robotic voice] 4x

One, two, one, two, three, four

[Aesop Rock]

Okay, tell me who you chill with and I'll tell you who you
are

I walk a mile with a leash attached to your freak
seminar

It's a modern sensation on the boulevard of
maintenance

To sweep your broken hopes under the rugs then hug
the playpen

This revolution pushing through the loose pins and a
strait jacket

A maverick classed in a bunk category

They had him parallel with a tattered glory division

(I could devil drink dreams out of thermos)

Yeah, with a whiskey afterburn

It's like, nine o'clock wake (I'm up) spit obscenities

My girl ties on my cape, smoke a bone then work my
dental tree

The clear day's laced with a classic mother nature
thunderchaser set

That got my papergrain's wings wet

Voyeurist amendments lack expansive coverage in the
syllabus

I dance with shuckles while you man the keyhole
grilling code

I've done my chores according to God's schedule

With coffee holding the wheel and nicotine working the
pedals

Metal edge kings that tends to rapel the pebble

Kettle screaming out the operetta

I live to autograph the iron curtain with doveback
feather pens

Spurting magma, cursing television urns to burn until
my Cleopatra

Minor (Major) dispersed slap on the wrist

For the tennants lacking the arms to harbor the rarity of
thick friendship

Stuck with a "Yes sir"

Change of fatigue to ankle

Each beneath the angle

I'ma call home until the rock meets the angels

Chorus 4x

[Robotic voice] *repeat to fade*

One, two, one, two, three, four

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