

Aesop Rock "1 of 4 (Thank You)"

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1 of 4...

My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz
I was born in 1-9-7-6, at Biosfet hospital, located in
Long Island, NY
I am 6 foot, four I weigh 2-0-0 pounds
I have brown hair and green eyes
I enjoy writing songs, painting, movies and diner food
I have two brothers, Chris and Graham
and two parents, Paul and Jameija
In august of 2-0-0-1 I went crazy..

This was originally not for public consumption
This was made for four people... four people that
literally saved my life
They know who they are..
And ahhh I mean I could live to be a thousand years old
and never re-pay them
I don't think this song would pay them
But hopefully by putting it out, push the bank a little
further..

This ain't a burner for the whips (no it isn't)
This ain't even Aesop Rock fly earthworm demeanor
(no it isn't)
My name is Ian Mathias Bavitz and I was born in Long
Island, New York
Seventy Six, before Graham and after Chris... OK
In August of 2001 my seemingly splinter-proof brain
bone, scaffolding imploded
I kept it on the hush, but nearly tumbling
to the cold hard concrete on near bodega trips
for cigarettes and soda, shook me to casper
Dizzy with a nausea chaser, motor sensory eraser
Gorophobe tunnel vision, guilt, self loathing
arrangements
Rose rapidly out a bog I'd never fished in
that abates three separate foreign meds
While I use the hook line and sinker simple fishing
Simple primitive self taught, easing of soul, mind and
body
but the symptoms rejected my cave-man modus

operandi

So now it's one fish belly up, through medicated
mileage

Shrinks that get 250 an hour for awkward silence

And, I'd be lying if I said all of this

made even the slightest fragment of sense to me

That's real... Simply put

I don't know what happened, or what's still happening

I literally feel like I'm teetering on the blunt edge of my
sanity

JAIME, I killed the robots and I'm sorry

Broke down in front of you, embarrassed

but you lent a heart and hand that only you could

you're one of my best friends and yes I'd take that
bullet for you

That's my word, which is about all I have left

TONY, I know you know I'm crazy, 'cause you told me

but that did never bother you, I hold you as my brother
'til death

And I got your back if ever the drunk goblin step

for makin' a cat laugh, when I was walking with the
dead

KATHERINE, mother figure, older sister, concerned be
a limits

Letting me know I wasn't the only one with this

Continuous offers for vacation, Chicago visits

Talked me through repair of a head full of broken
pistons

RIYAH, for the late night movie rentals and the
company I needed

An' you knew it, but I just wouldn't admit it

You listened to me blab about my issues for hours

Offer incredible advice, gave me a hug when I was
finished

Am I a jack of all trades? Nope... I like to write songs
tho'

Are they good? I dunno..

But I could tell you that I only write shit down when I
believe it

So take this how you want, but know I mean it

I want you all to know that I'm scared

Out my fuckin' crooked soul and never faced a monster
like the last few months

ever in my whole life... I wish I could explain this better
(I can't)

But the pieces won't formulate it to anything even close
to cohesive

So I guess this is my feeble way to thank you

Four soldiers that extended something sacred off the
purity of kindness

I owe you all my life and please don't argue with that

statement

'Cause without y'all I may not have a life to offer, take it

Thank you

I wish I could explain this better. (Thank you)

I'm sorry for burdening your pleasures. (Thank you)

I love you all with all that's left of me. (Thank you)

For helping try to kill what made a mess of me. (Thank you)

Somehow, someday. (Thank you)

I'ma get you back someday. (Thank you)

Just gotta figure this all out... So..

I guess it is kind of funny when you look at it from a
step back

How one man can literally buckle under the same
pressures

Other men operate normally under

I have soaked this out from all angles, walking through
time

I have been over everything in my head, still I can't
think anymore

But I guess some times, when you can't breathe, there
are people there
to breathe for you

I am lucky enough to have those people around me

Thank you for helping me to not die

Thank you for helping me to not die

Pocket full of pennies, and a soul gone tilt

Cockpit full of memories and a dream full of guilt

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