

## Aesop Rock

### "Bring Back Pluto"

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And then there were eight  
Just like that (just like that)

Bring back Pluto

In the beginning it was Larbge Marge sent me a bet  
empty the rent if you can double-park the garbage  
barge gently  
The moon took a second mortgage on the seventh  
house  
Jupiter ain't talked to Mars, he felt the host of rovers  
sold him out

Close your mouth, poke your snout over the cloaked  
aroma cloud  
Solar boy eloped with couch, choking on older  
polaroids  
Motormouth chauffer the golden molar toy  
Gophers yoke a fish out of water, ir grows lungs and  
multiplies  
Idols, once soldering a perfect union  
it is vital to calculate any ornery loose ends  
So if mutiny ensues, the aloof is assumed nuisance  
The clue is in his vacancy, the proof is in his  
goosebumps  
Maroon the traitors expecting anchors of edelweiss  
who later learned it may actually be safer to play with  
knives  
I show up late looking Project Grizzly  
Two bowies, a third for throwing, an accomplished  
dickweed  
Nothing nada nil, I stuff a lotta pill of gut  
Whats the proper rules on stuffing hostages in trucks?  
He'll be numb enough to chill before the choppers spill  
the blood  
But if I'm not?

Hmmm...

Fuck it. Plug him, Warpy got his goddamn groove back  
Jet-setting on-spec with a dead The eddy on the roof-

rack

And miscreants will ribberneck jalopy euthenasia  
which will later be regretted when it's your turn for  
cremation

And I walk like early man, freak a little witch hunt  
Gathering the carnies and exploiting every stigma  
The malformed oddities amongst sovereignty's normal  
shall abuse every vice you can imagine right before  
you

(hook)

All I thought of was the cloven hoof  
then how the click-click-clop over the woven roofs  
With a nose for commotion and stolen goods  
now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do?  
In the meantime, (nine) minus (one) left (eight)  
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We were busy putting barbs on a large iron gate

Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus,  
Neptune

Bring back Pluto

They're gonna want his milk money next

Stare into the glowing eye of Cerberus and grow  
Authoritative laminates will not repel the quarantined  
alone  
All the towns simply know the coke machine as home  
when they sit and hope the ovaltine the nobles drink is  
strong  
Couples only roller rink with soul to kiss your chicken to  
before they wiggle mittens through the pillory to  
ridicule  
And you can hear the iron maidens lock, or see the  
town crier's ankles stock chained up to the tanker truck  
A is up early, ring and run, thank you much  
document a little of the underbelly for buck  
Hey, I walk as the hype of the city gossip, meaning  
every dumpster-diver's got a vomit of a comment, like  
"You ain't shit, this ain't ill"  
This is little Russian dolls that get smaller and smaller  
still  
This a corpse full of pills trying to sit still and build  
'cause eight planets bullied number nine until he fell  
Babylon goggles, gawk for the Galvetron coppers  
Tugboats salvage all fossils  
I'll be shepherd when the whirlybirds deny the lepers  
doctors

If I'm not?

Hmmm...

Fuck it. The terrible metal hacking seeds up  
As American as ski up off the plastic d-cup (yup)  
You'd think Charlie Brown was weatherman how I zig-  
zag around these yellowbacks for peanuts  
In a baggy stomach lining attached to the bums in  
hiding sits the morals every outing would slide to  
refine his grinding  
When the freakishly disfigured have been triggered to  
surround you,  
you will live inside the actual second they let the  
hounds loose

(repeat hook)

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