

## **Aesop Rock** **"Coffee"**

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chorus:

we don't need no walkie-talkies, nope no walkie talkies,  
we don't need your coughing when offing the morning  
coffee, no, we don't need no walkie-talkies, nope no  
walkie-talkies we just want our hermitry to stay and our  
coffee to go

and the last shall be, first to immerse in the pass out  
heat, face in the mud where the moxie melt 'til he woke  
up drowning in tsatke hell, more in a cave with a torch  
on the wall than a window arrangement of porcelain  
dolls on a brand new day, saw what he saw, property  
owners who crawl to the mall, with a bad toupee and a  
face like he author the law, pace like he mourning a  
loss, right hand on a can of worms, left full of gold he  
will trade for turf, i mean thats o.k., you got to answer  
to you at the end of the volatile day, but a model of  
mercy and might? no way, marionette who will clap and  
obey, dude, look, all that noise? call that flight of the  
water boys, meet and greet and they all slap five,  
cheek to cheek when they colonize, and a grown ass  
man shall abide as he wish, walk that path with a dime  
and a stick, walk that path with a diamond and wine,  
walk that path to the firing line, just walk, pay no mind  
to the new recruit with the play-doh spine, let's be  
friends from opposite ends, wave to the kid don't hop  
on the fence, play to the radius far and away, orbit  
wide don't park in his space, one little martyr who talk  
in his face make one little weathermen sharpen the  
blades.

chorus

and the last shall be, first to the curb with the mad cow  
meat, face in the bars of a regular cell when he woke  
up high in collectible hell, boom town kid who was  
taught by the binge that a man who expire with the  
most shit win, that's warpy american nonsense penned  
by the rich, not a routine friend in a pinch, still not used  
to the stench, how it throws off otherwise lucid events,  
in the case the afraid observe i got a pro-keds box full  
of layman's terms, it goes hey, peace, pray for the

plagued, major relief and capacious rains, but just cuz  
i don't want to war with you, it don't mean go warm up  
the barbecue, i'm like pardon you, sawed off limit, my  
high noon is a quick little minute, i don't wanna spend it  
sitting with a critic, who simply isn't going to ever really  
get it, this HQ is alive and alone, no driveway no sign of  
a home, no dial tone, no line for the phone, no world's  
tiniest violin song, and i might just lie to them all, lie in  
the morgue with a deep breath hiding and bored,  
fighting a smile, highly annoyed, when the timing is  
right i will rise and record, cal for the monster beats  
and blockhead got animal drums like he's doctor teeth,  
it goes red light green light 1 2 3, one large coffee,  
fuck you, peace.

t-a-k-e-n-o-p-r-i-s-o-n-e-r-s

john darnielle:

i crawled down to the basement when the weather got  
cold, like a lost lamb returning to the fold, and when  
the outside world recedes from view, it's just a year's  
supply of make-up and memories of you, 1967 colt 45,  
holding back the vampires, keeping me alive, there's  
an envelope with some cash in it out by the front door,  
this is what they make you take the medication for

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