

Aesop Rock "Dark Heart News"

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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 chachkes 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 T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-
R-S T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-
N-E-R-S T-A-K-E-N-O-P-R-I-S-O-N-E-R-S

j.d. - 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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