

## Aesop Rock "Skip Town"

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On the train  
Watchin' the rainbows peak, (thank you window seat)  
I mean, it's all the same to some  
But that cityscape makes me numb  
Walkin' the wire between firewater and water - I'll take  
the tap  
and still manage to end up thirsty the day the nursery  
collapsed  
In my hand I hold the plumage of a buzzard  
suffered for circlin' nutrition (seems barbaric)  
I may have just saved your children  
There's an inborn tendency tellin' me to grip that sickle  
for the pirate tyrant breeds feed on your precious little  
pixels  
I interviewed the sun, he said the future's lookin' bright  
I interviewed the rain, he claimed the sun's truly an  
asshole  
I's supposed to interview the snow today but of course  
he flaked  
So I let my frigid demeanor teeter and take his vacant  
place  
We 3 sprout from the same litter  
Yet amazingly crafted by separate scissors  
I sloth from off the beaten path splashed in the cretin  
blizzard  
Half my time is herded towards little lost causes  
Half my time is spent pluggin' these leaky faucets  
An' I'm here to pose inquiries  
I'm here to draw a fork in the road and call it the diary  
of common sheep aspiring  
Little Billy starlet up the block got the right premise  
But can't thread the needle without consultin'  
apprentice present.  
Now I don't really know you (I don't)  
But I don't really care (I don't)  
Can't judge a man's dignity by the wattage in his stare  
Maybe that deem's be that vagabond you'd love to kill  
But I really ain't got time for the all the motherfucking  
guilt.

Chorus:

I'm gone tonight. You best believe I'm leavin'  
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening  
I haven't exactly been embraced by the populace  
Set sail upon the 7 deadly seas of the anonymous  
I'm gone. Best believe I'm leavin'  
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening  
I'm diggin' a tunnel to where the sun will never shine  
I got my book, I got my dream, I've got myself and I'll  
be fine

(My time) is the day before the day the earth stood still  
(My time) is the day before the soldiers fired at will  
(My time) is the day before the hunter made his kill  
My time's the final mile before the valley meets the hill  
And I'm an archer  
Parked where the farmers barter appetites  
Sweet-talkin' harrassment down to a mere flashing of  
badges  
Prototypic landscapes chased every step of my well-  
oiled collective workfurse with frozen intention festive.  
Wait.  
What about the captivated?  
Well I am the product of skeleton dancers poised  
crooked scattered amidst blue fields of firey bliss  
mixed  
With disease applicant activist rattlers, fascinate grave  
child  
Oh you're expecting slave smiles after sticking the pin  
in limb and  
God, if I could offer maintenance of fantasies I would  
I'd place the button in the city square for everyone to  
push  
You see my mission responsibilities range across the  
board  
And still I'd rather be a pen than a sword  
I swim a cold lake, and make no mistake: I was not  
ready  
All edgy and out of shape, made the company look  
messy  
(Sorry, well sorry) Honestly take it or leave it  
Just let me know so I ain't beggin' forgiveness  
throughout the evening.  
Basic locomotive with a whistle and caboose  
Tryin'a pull my cargo 'cross the map without a boost  
Fragile in more ways then 10 yet sturdy bird  
construction  
Hope the smoke stacks puff into the morn, dream torn

Chorus:

I'm gone tonight, you best believe I'm leavin'

Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening  
I'll knock upon every little door that comes about  
I'll sweep your porch if you can spare a couple of  
breadcrumbs and a couch.  
I'm gone, best believe I'm leavin'  
Packing my belongings then it's off into the evening  
This turning in my sleep is getting old and older still  
I think I can, I think I can, I think I can,  
I think I will.

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