

## Aesop Rock

### "Thank You"

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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, for 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 for 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,  
scaffling imploded  
I kept it on the hush, but nearly tumbling  
to the cold hard concrete on near bodega trips  
for ciggarettes and soda, shook me to kasper  
Dizzy with a nothern chaser, motor sensory eraser  
Gorophobe tunnel vision, guilt, self loathing  
arrangements  
Rose rapidly outta fog I'd never fished in  
that abates three separate foreign men's

While I seems to hook lines and syncro 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 mol  
edge  
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 frail... Simply put  
I don't know what happened, or what's stillhappening  
I literally feel like I'm teetering on the blunt edge of my  
sanity  
JAMIE, 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 you 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 to 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 brag 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  
Now my f\*\*kin' crooked soul never faced a monster  
like the last  
few months

Never 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 headed 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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