

Aesop Rock

"Tomorrow Morning"

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These are the unregulated rabbit holes,
Barrack homes and taverns built for devil's acre
Opium enthusiasts and baritones, marigold -
The garish allure of the burning barbary,
Underbelly born of 40 thieves in whorish harmony,
Hammering for the dark and heartless,
Harpy, shark and harlot argue breathing room,
Do not let the arson jeeper-creeper you,
If we elect the scenic route see it as greener grasses,
Like morphine after snatch help you forget diseases
matter,
Not to mention 15 cents for either weakens cheaper
gamblers
Down for hell inside a melting pot,
No one's ever melting they just yell a lot,
Stab each other, drink and eat and belly-flop,
Murder Point, your thoroughfare at 12 o'clock
Is hell and back, EMB to chinatown,
Kearny clashing cutters out the netherworld,
Sydney ducks to pistol fuck the centerfold,
Every cellar iniquity, pretty killers and pistol petes,
Might wake up with horses tearing at your limbs
symmetrically.

Chorus:

Tomorrow morning when the wharf is finished warping,
You will wash up on the shore and wonder what was so
alluring.

(E-I-P)

Tomorrow evening when the leeches finish feeding,
You'll regret the ownership of an aorta that is bleeding

Before a later bay was calm, disreputable hangers on,
Would rumble for the hungry like montgomery's little
ghenghis khans,
Who plain as day would operate in holes where no
patrollers go,
Groggeries that host the most ignoble dog and pony
show,
Francis of Assisi in his grave alone to roller-coast,
His opus now a cove where all the lowest lows can grow

and grow,
With no sign of a holy ghost,
More the polar: horns and rosy cloven toes,
Bunny-hop claims, fold and overthrow,
Gangland anchors hit the harbor down for hangman,
Shuffle fifty two and slip the chew behind the fang-
span,
Greenhorn, he just wanna help his hammers
harmonize,
Stowed in hell's cargo by the spark in those wells fargo
eyes,
And famine wasn't featured in the pamphlet, neither
were the cancers,
Camp was smoking chimney, mantle, taxidermy
antlers,
Now the sourdough is lifted out the honeycombs of
kitchens,
Satan out on broadway and pacific blowing kisses.

Chorus:

Tomorrow morning when the wharf is finished warping,
You will wash up on the shore and wonder what was so
alluring.

(E1-P)

Tomorrow evening when the leeches finish feeding,
You'll regret the ownership of an aorta that is bleeding

40 winks, pissy at the grizzly, no lullaby,
Clark's point trollops off the docks to flood and
multiply,
Until a brilliant golden mother-load in the bank,
Hold up your drink,
She said between her legs that other gold's pink,
Sold it for cheap along the waterfront, wretched little
clusters
Push a fuss of smutty huffing plus some itching and
discomfort
Little wonder you, in public for the buck, it's rugged,
Rusty cutter gut any cutty drunkard who want it
Hellcat maggie, aggie, move to the music,
She had learned to spoon pollution in a climate pruned
for losing,
Thousand more like her in the cow-yards moo-ing, ooo-
wee,
Beneath the brutal harvest moon and UV,
Note it's the very same foundation on which you and
yours sleep,
Layers of players over debaucherous troubadour
speak,
They puff the pathogens and never let the humidors
breath,

That's why you grew up on stale tobacco and juniper
trees,

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