

## **Astronautalis**

### **"Somethin' For The Kids"**

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Me and Fat Joe were riding in the back  
Of an industrial-strength delivery van  
I couldn't catch a clear view of the driver's face  
But I could tell it wasn't a feminine friend

The ground plans for battle were all laid  
We were just taking some time to kick it with grapes  
and parlay  
It was just him and me in a van with the gate and gay  
We taste the grapes and spit the seeds in the street

The highway was a scalpel splicing the sands an  
impressive impression  
Of man's demand for the connection of lands  
I look back at Joe and laugh  
I give the grapes a puff and a pass spitting another  
seed out of the back

Joe squints his eyes  
Lets out a sound that can only be described as a  
laughter and a sad goodbye  
His pale olive fingers pry another one of the fruits off  
the vine  
"We should return here in ten years time." I ask him  
why

"So we can drink the wine from the orchard that is  
grown from the seeds we  
Alone cast aside."  
As the sun sunk lower on the sand, dust sprayed from  
the tires that picked  
Up the grains  
Displayed them in spirals  
And I held the last grape up to eclipse the sun  
The breeze plucked it from my fingers and the lunch  
was done

Father was an engine driver  
Grandpa fought the war  
Hope that I can maybe size up  
Leave my mark at all

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Grandpa fought the war  
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Me and Tupac Shakur sat inside a donut shop  
Sharing a dozen and watching the coffee cool  
One by one the box slowly emptied  
From the cakes to the crullers and at last the fancies

Pac sighed aloud so I could hear him  
"Donuts are communism"  
I asked him why, he said,  
"Better in theory"

We laughed and scratched the sleep from our eyes  
He said, "This is ridiculous, 12 is too much, half a  
dozen wastes our time

But every time we order twelve thinking we can handle  
it  
And every time we end up pissed because we made  
our stomachs sick"  
We both laugh a bit and gingerly sip our coffee  
His fingers scrape the tabletop and he digs in softly

And I watch him there, carving, scraping, both sitting in  
silence  
As he engraves his name with the word "West side"  
beside it  
And underneath the orange veneer of the donut shop  
gear  
There's an earthy brown flesh that excavation makes  
appear

And year after year Pac and I return there  
To the table that he claimed with the matching bench  
chairs  
Chug the last of our coffee and stand to leave  
Wave to the clerk, she says goodbye in Chinese

Clutching our sick stomachs we both struggle to speak  
Shake our heads, split our waists, and say, "See you  
next week"

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Father was an engine driver  
Grandpa fought the war  
Hope that I can maybe size up  
You can sing along

Father was an engine driver  
Grandpa fought the war  
Hope that I can maybe size up  
Leave my mark at all

Father was an engine driver  
Grandpa fought the war  
Hope that I can maybe size up  
Leave my mark at all

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