

## Saul Williams "Seaweed"

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I drive a yellow Volvo, '86 submarine  
Someone's behind me in an Escalade  
Trying to blind me with their high beams  
I make a left, I'm the road to nowhere  
Heading west, the sky is purple streaks

The sun is setting in my chest  
I feel warm inside so I'm going for a ride  
Put your picture on my dashboard  
'Til my fate and your collides

Seaweed washed upon the shore  
Severed locks  
Of he who walks the ocean floor  
I drive a yellow Volvo, '86 submarine

Rims like Tibetan prayer  
Wheels and my tank is filled with dreams  
Fuck the game  
I practice being in the passing lane

And watch the price of gasoline  
Rise with the price of fame  
I'm immortal, I render unto Caesar to be cordial  
He sees a wooden casket  
Where I see a glowing portal

Check your engine  
Looks like you're running on the blood of Indians  
Put some turquoise in that Rolls Royce  
Before you crash into a pendulum

Seaweed washed upon the shore  
Severed locks  
Of he who walks the ocean floor

I drive a yellow Volvo, '86 submarine  
I drove it under water, guided by my own high beams  
Nothing's left  
Witnessed the demolition of the west  
I feel like a little kid hiding in my mothers' dress

I'm in space, the lone ambassador of every race  
The starfish that discover me  
Plant their flags into my face

I'm a clone of every written and unwritten poem  
A shark pulls up beside me fingering beads  
And chanting om, I can't believe it  
I never really thought that sharks would need it

I thought they'd make their peace  
Bite it, bleed it, kill it, eat it  
But I was wrong, every living being deserves a song  
And our passions must be rationed  
'Til our rations sing along

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