

Shrunk

Aesop Rock

My first name is a random set of numbers and letters and other alphanumerics that changes
hourly forever

My last name, a thousand vowels fading down a sinkhole to a sussurus, couldn't just be John
Doe or Bingo

My address, a made up language written out in living glyphs lifted from demonic literature and
religious text

Telephone, uncovered by purveyors of the Ouija, then checked against the CBGB women's
room graffiti

My social, a sudoku

My age is obscure

My 'in-case-of-emergency' is in the daisies chasing birds

Employed by trillionaires with perfect teeth and pores, and people who open doors for the
people who open doors

My medical history is a course at SUNY Buffalo

Charlatan psychiatry and troubleshooting undertow

Nervous in the service still

I'm burger meat and purple pills here

"Thank you. We'll call your name."

Sure you will

Skipped lunch

I'm shrunk

You pack up all your manias

Sitting in the waiting room

You're dreaming of Arcadia, you're feeling like a baby tooth

Awaiting panacea, channeling your inner Beowulf

In Purgatory, just before you pay up to filet yourself and others

In the name of help, coal on the conveyor belt

In a ego death alone, no telephone from Gabriel

I'm half a human combing over Home and Garden stoned

Gold chains over turtlenecks, cigars over cologne

A thousand shitty paintings wrap around a wounded animal

Womb with the Schubert he's a future human-cannonball

Little fuckers fighting, mother hiding in her Hulu

I'm climbing up the stucco

Let's get to the seppuku, uh-oh

That pretty penny turn the prickly into Benji

If you save up all your winnings, then you get to count your blessings

I finally crunch the budget up and punch the button

She called my name out and pushed me into an oven

The fuck?

I'm shrunk

She says, "I'm not your enemy"

I said, "That sounds like something that my enemy would say"
Instead of playing off the chemistry she said, "You're being difficult"
I said, "I'm being guarded. You're a quarter mil in debt, I get more guidance from my barber
Look, I'm not good at this, I grew up in a noogie fest
You built your walls up high or say goodbye to all your Cookie Puss
Here's one, every time my telephone buzzes I see images of hooded riders setting fire to
hundreds."
She said, "When you start getting all expressive and symbolic, it's impossible to actualize an
honest diagnostic."
I said, "When you start getting all exact and algebraic, I'm reminded it's a racket, not a
rehabilitation, okay?
Agree to disagree as grown-ups from opposing clans
Honoring the push and pull I should have called the Scholomance
Oh well. Preservation is a doozy
Will you be needing another appointment?"
"Absolutely"
I'm shrunk

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>