

Drums on the Wheel

Aesop Rock

Do you read me? Do you read me? Do I need to reach through the TV?
Do I need to reach through the ouija? Houston, I may have gone too Houdini
I'm too uneasy, I'm out of phase, and I'm orange Tang, and I'm powdered eggs
And my radio has been down for days, I just stand around and sound out the phrase
It go do you read me, shook up shoe to beanie, y'all look for the moon graffiti
Deep end of some hellhole, come detect this tempo
I been feeding back in these headphones, beating back a profound fear
Farewell to my bread crumbs, is anybody even out there?
I'm like out there, in that true 3D, that new ether, that do you read me?
You don't read me, I'm barely a thing, staring off, I'm too scared to blink
I might shrink some and I shrink more, shrink past this pink dwarf
No sign of my pole star, although up here, it don't mean north
Deep space in no G-force, I more tumble out to some death bell
Some bleep bleep, robot voice, some red lights, some send help
Street meat for some E.T. to come deep fry in old frites grease
And re-home, reach out, reap what he sow, Jesus, do you read me? We don't
And I play drums on the wheel
Whether feeling out of touch
Or outgunned in the field
Drums on the wheel Bomb sites and blackouts and fog lights in gas clouds
Jockey through vacuums, none of our flaps down
It's shocking, shot off as one small part of some squadron
That ain't once chosen to abort shit, now we've honed in on our problem
Nonstop until he stop and see what kinda quadrant he got lost in
Do you read me? That option when y'all's options are exhausted
I been dropped off in this moshpit, instead of locked in to one orbit
Knock knock, call back or this cockpit is my coffin
Boss levels I'm doomed to repeat, new dance I call it Do you read me?
It evolve as a beyond the yonder mantra, once none pinging my transponder
Once what macabre y'all planned to conjure, been handed back to y'all unresponsive
Ten hut and I'm in sync, phone home, it just ring and ring
Asteroids that leave marks and blackholes that eat stars
Green cheese and GPS bedecked with detours
Fuel gauge around E-street, and my beacons are all blinked out
I might slink up in that junk heap you can't read and or pin down
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