

# Keep Off the Lawn

## Aesop Rock

(Good Evening)  
(Happy to be Breathing)  
(I am Alive)  
(Yeah)  
(Fuck You)  
(Like you've seen a ghost)most copious  
brain soaked the opiates  
notice to the phobias  
appropriately procreate  
woke up with a ghost farm  
focused on his groceries  
when they aren't telling stories they are multiplying grossly on the lawn  
let 'em loiter never let 'em spawn  
the abhorritions have been drinkin' this water for too long  
so when they gather by the birdbath in the morning you can tell em  
i mean no disrespect but you have all outstayed your welcome  
interesting in a sense  
interrupt commiserating phantoms on your picket fence  
how quickly they will lift their heads  
and breathe an ultimatum like the dead don't argue  
said you're living by the bayonet but how alive are you  
shit  
haggis old juice and bad etiquette  
elbows on the table lobster bib on and on the ready set he said  
but how alive  
i dunno homie you decide  
fine  
how alive?  
too alive  
how alive?  
too alive  
how alive?  
too alive  
and one by one around the yard til each one felt communal pride  
like they had done their little part in cleaning up the public  
with a steaming plate of justice for them east baker stomachs  
(say what?)  
we the legends at home with the unremembered  
geriatric lurin' the clutch of the budding censored  
snuck around the art police and all related governments to infiltrate a human lung and hike up  
off his tongue and lip  
ahh, money's in the market for a mothership

double as a vessel to drag its legacy under it  
and who am I to hang 'em out to dry by the heap, when if rehydrating fails we're all dumber  
because of me  
zombies of the antiquated nation chatter quietly  
the too alive channel from the livarian (alternate: live aryan (alternate alternate: library of)  
rivalry  
and summers in the mud  
winters by the tracks  
no story goes untold, aes is backI got a handful rockin' the same poker face  
gonna dance around the table like they own the place.  
I got the whole world thinkin' it's a holiday  
'cause they can smell the chum in the water from miles away.you  
you  
you  
you  
you  
you  
you look like you've seen a ghost.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.  
how alive? too alive.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>