

Mr. Big Philosopher

Kleenex Girl Wonder

Had a dream about Cat Greenleaf
She was interviewing The-Dream and Matt Sweeney
And then Tieria (?) starts talking 'bout Imperial Beach
And then the Sween' breaks his beak and screams
"Seriously?" Well I mean, surprise that the world is half hollow
But you'll survive like a Mellotron
Throttle back, we agree the pot is black
It's the matter of the kettle that we've yet to settle on
So I sold my license to Jim O'Rourke
I haven't had time for poetry since '94
And all these Nicolas Roeg films are a mighty bore
But I will say your relationship is like an ID war (?)
I see your punk music and wirework fees
For Kung Fu flicks and fine filigrees
You hire and fire a marketing team
Define a divine geo-targeting scheme
Divide all the curds and the whey from the cream
Silence the nerves get a place on the beach
Where time makes the words on the page obsolete
Like lines in the surf fading under your feet
So like gods and yet so unerringly human
I don't like odds even when their evenness is proven
Life goes on even when it's intermit and lose it (?)
Going crazy has its uses when the clues are inconclusive
Let it buffer, I bet you love to watch this motherfucker suffer
God it must suck to be such a sucker
And it's fucked up how we stuffed one another
In silos just to justify our fivefold lust for life and luster
Bullets are strong but you need more numbers
Pull it along this will be your summer
Be more dumber
Mr. Big Philosopher
More Joe Strummer, less Bo Bummer (?)
Mr. Big Philosopher
The Holland Tunnel's a goddamned funnel
Maybe the sun will come out to confront you
Maybe the luck will run out and they'll thump you
Mr. Big Philosopher...?
You are what you hate
En garde, touché
Mr. Big Philosopher

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>