

Aesop Rock, Basic Cable

television, all hail grand pixelated god of
fantasy, murder scape and perspective
fuck a sore channel changed digit
I sit with a nasty network intravenous plan
with a stable diet of my cable pirate
yo, the doctor is in, the doctor is on
born the bastard son of static radiance cloned to welcome in every home
let a blue screen, bruised dream canopy
victim of the cursed nursed Technicolor drunk support team
ooh, I love all advertisements
though accused by robot news casters who capture and pollute
spoon fed hazardous fog to joy luck catholic squad
please take me, please calm me, please make me a zombie
please I want to donate my brain to the monstrous Panasonic profit
now, twenty first century plagued
dispersed to wide eyed glamor-addict patients
telecast patrons
blue be the propaganda banners, well, sure I'll be a Marine
with a clean sword and blue uniform, it only takes a dollar and a dream
and I abide great idiot box power supply, fuzz vapor,
black out of New York, hey honey, get the generator
I'm in a doom, doom generation, pacin', ancient electric secret
never sleepin' to miss the AM oasis
my name is a wired heart, sloppy obligation
turn my stilt into my guilt and have a chatter box blame frame adjacent station
make reality scrambled and suck the life out of a hidden vandal
and loving every minute of the gimmick, change the channel

plug it in, turn it on, prop me up against the couch
lights out, I ain't ever gonna have to leave my house
satellite dish, get up on my wish list, turn me to a tyrant
let my clean spirit dissolve through the appliance

plug it in, turn it on, be my mother when she's gone, great
wipe the spittle off my chinny-chin during the breaks
if I gotta go blind I'mma do it for the love of all television kind
and that's fine, and that's fine...

make me a star, I wanna touch gold
hold me suspended in a dream, merely inches from the screen
deleted passions sacrificed to one electron monster
crucify my lit up future to the monitor
damn it feels good, turn on, tune in
zoom in to hug the bug up in your family function
but the children seem to love it
yes mother, me and wild discovery
and heard the static flock to where I sleep
by the glow of that magic box big speaker
stereo mastered often kill the freak seekers, eyes spiraling
tangled in the star spangled wiring
I can turn from toxicated visuals
and all the kings horses abort the loyalty to royalty
fuck the fortress
riddle me with glee, hoist the end all teleprompter above my sleeping head
I'll be dead by morning anyway
color my values with mundane humor in thirty minute tickets
to feel the magnetic seal picket censorship
I want commercials twenty four-seven
I wanna shop from my bed and set an
example for all my overworked, underpaid brethren
I bond with a six string(?) correspondence
and lurking circuitry circus
with allegiance pledged beyond the glass surface
adamant students within the fine school of possessed graduate catalysts

channel zero addict, immaculate
it goes- big screen, little screen, any screen'll do
just let me hold the controller and I won't have to murder you

plug it in, turn it on, let my little eyes glaze
twenty screens lined up along the borders of the maze
I wanna see the five day forecast, fourteen days in advance
so I can get my two weeks notice every time the sun dance

plug it in, turn it on, silent fix better than nothing
let a once divine soul feel the functions of the hypnotist
the viciousness, ridiculous, peaking a dummy's interest
touch the power button meet your maker, ain't that something?

plug it in, turn it on, say goodbye to Sunday afternoon
fix the antenna, sit back and let disaster bloom
it's a beautiful sight, with a most ugly intention
but I taste it everyday and bathe inside the consequences

plug it in, turn it on, never once have you talked back to me
your majesty, I love you, I despise you
my everyday is sitcom, soaps, news, bad dramatization
come along with me, my friend for the most glorious sensation