

Lazy Preacher
Astral Project into a Time Machine (2002)

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too much

she steps quiet
forgets herself
undying wisdom
said just keep dancing

she said separateness
let's get rid of it
'cause another dose would be too much
Another does would be too much

so wake me when
my brain is different
'cause jesus said he wants a lover

he said separateness
let's get rid of it
'cause another dose would be too much
Another does would be too much

telescopes

Now that I adapted to his room
I'd much rather sleep till noon
Don't remember to remember
A thought is shivers,
Needle splinter slivers
A bed head and mattress face
I'll stay in my place
And dream a queasy notion
Of uncontrolled emotion
A nicely-framed thigh
A half-naked thigh
I'm just another guy
With telescopes for eyes

So chase mysteries down my soul
And let's pack another phat bowl
What the time forever may I ask?
How'd you shove the void up my ass?
An old drum, whistle and chime
Well fuck you I'm fine
And this verse could get shallow
How much will you swallow?
I'll cut my throat last
Throw my head in the trash
I'm just another guy
With telescopes for eyes
Did you ever feel this?

So find another reason to live
Or take much less than you give
Explanation exists,
But it doesn't quite do the trick
The time, a sign, an unsaid rhyme

Do you think I'll get what's mine?
It doesn't really matter
My heart will get sadder
I sing out of tune as I trip on the moon
I'm just another guy with telescopes for eyes
Did you ever feel this?

sicker than fame

Leave your body alone
It knows just what to do without you
And stop double-thinking everything
When my lips were numb I became
Much sicker than fame

I never knew my name
Till you yelled it when you came
But passions gotta change
The idea remains strange

Hey

What's that next to your broken clock?
The one that's stuck on midnight a lot
It's a picture of a long lost boyfriend
He stole the tennis trophy that you hid your pot in
You still think of him every Tuesday
You never told your mom you met him at AA
Remember how he was so honest and beaten
In anonymous speech about seeking treatment

So hey what's your name?
I'll be the next contestant in your game
Hey, what do you say?

Even for a day

I see you got a fish tank with no water
I'd know why but your not much of a talker
You got a couple postcards from lovers
And those high heel boots could belong to no other
Just about all you own boxed up in the corner
Chances are you unpack when it gets a bit warmer
You're still looking for something to believe in
You're not sure you might have seen it last weekend

So hey...

Back porch chemical

Look at her laugh she shakes
She don't have to feel, just fade
A saint that wept she's not
But I can sleep at night
I like an 'A' brain

The upset will turn new ways
Like when she says always
Misspell your only chance
With a victory dance
Don't let your brain pay

Hands and then your forehead
Fungus devours your dead
Misspell your only chance
With a victory dance
Don't let your brain pay

DPY

Don't like money, don't like time
Don't like nothing except rhythm and rhyme
Wonder endless, is it all a waste
The doubt that's forming,
It's written on your face
There's no place I know
To hide from my soul
Till I'm over
When will that be?

My skin is electric
My skin is on fire
My skin sticks to anything
That my rhythm desires
There's no place I know
To hide from my soul
Till I'm over
When will that be?

And when I return
My skin will still burn
With a shiver

Sound is Closest

Sound is closest to the infinite
Next comes touch
Our senses seem to connect
Fingernails to an animal past
Of picking and scraping
Picking and scraping

Senses blend control
So what the fuck is a soul?

When everyone contains me.

Nervous explosions tend to hit daily
With nausea from drink and I can't eat
And I can't leave my safety cocoon
By wishing and waiting
Thinking and shaping

More to offer

It is over so now it begins
That's when they stopped caring
When I stopped making sense
There's no way I'm getting that back
The universal it.
But when unity extends itself
Well okay let.
I have more to offer,
But I keep getting sick

Half Empty

the sane half of me just went half crazy
that's three quarters if you want to
do the math but exact ain't quite
an exact science so I look down below
and see my glass is half empty

despite trance and chance vision
this world is me creating
so plug on in and watch me go

so how is it that nothingness and
chemical molecules are ideas labels

for indescribable. Nobody will ever
say the right word but phantasms are
so sticky that down below I'm half empty

don't make me kill you

did you hear that scream?
out back behind the moon
it smells like guns and perfume
Looks like there's no more room
for us two

Don't make me kill you it's over
And I can't hear myself think
I drank more beer than you can
shake a stick at
And I need another drink
I can't help but shrink

I thought I'd understand
what it is to be a man
Had to abandon that plan
Find other ground on which to stand

Don't make me kill you it's over
And I can't hear myself think
I drank more beer than you can
Shake a stick at
And I need another drink
I can't help but shrink