

Grace

Sage Francis

Patience is a virtue, virtue is a grace
Grace is a little girl who wouldn't wash her face
Grace is a virtue, virtue is a mean
Between two extremes, one of excess, one of deficiencies
Patience is a virtue, virtue is a dirty stain
Cleanliness is next to godliness and isn't worth the pain
Grace is a virtue, virtue of the pageant
And this is not a love ballad

You suggested Lithium to get me better again
That is unless if we, uhm, get together again
But that ain't gonna happen, never again
Send my well wishes to your nutritionist
Your dietician, your pharmacist
Your personal trainer and your accomplices
Your partners in thought crime
Your criminal group thinking doctors online
There is a difference between what is and isn't
Business and friendship
Parental assistance and an assistant
A permanent solution and a quick-fix
A fit body and sound mind
A hundred hour weeks, and dangerous amounts of downtime
You got a lot to offer, but you're not an author
If I kill your persecution complex that don't make you a martyr
Drop the styrofoam cross, you can't walk on water
You could use it for floatation, not a flying saucer
You suggested professional help like I wasn't mentally well
What I was feeling wasn't meant to be felt
Duly noted, you'll be quoted in the eulogy
It'll be passed off as poetry between you and me
I know you know the difference between confession and conjecture
Prosity and needing to be lectured to a meet up
The student becomes the teacher, the son becomes a parent
From a scab to teamster, the sun becomes apparent
From a chemical imbalance to a litany of habits
And this is not a love ballad

You should drown me in that womanhood and teach me how to swim
Beat me with my own hands and tie down my limbs
Suffer for my sins or let me suffer from within
But in the end this is not a love ballad
We can battle with tattoos to cover up the bruises
The first to show any sign of discomfort loses
For the first time in a long time you're not who my muse is
And this is not a love ballad
I'm not thirsty, I just got hungry eyes, you look appetizing
And from a distant stare broken eye contact in disrepair
Sometimes I disappear, but now you see me
A part Irish goodbye, other part Harry Houdini
Put my feet to the fire, I got Satan on my heels
If it's all about prestige, just wait for the reveal
I got a new bag of tricks to turn, a new black magic woman bitch to burn
So much for live and learn

Is a music box that haunts me from the top-shelf of the bedroom closet
I don't touch it, it just cuddles with my conscience

I'm on constant guard, jittery the whole night
Clinging the sheets because it sings to me slow like
And that's her song running through an hourglass
Built with two wine bottles that I found in a flower patch
Planting it in quicksand, refusing to sink fast
Abusing me slow, I hear the music and I think back
Before the fall, before the set up
Before the interest in sex even developed
I fell in love with distance as an ex's best friend
There used to be revenge, but i couldn't see no end
So I had to switch the lens in and focus on some flesh
No more clinging to old threads