

## Climb Trees

Sage Francis

Sun set and sun rise I'm my own personal light show  
Flipping switches...moving from basin bottoms to plateaus  
The Earth...manipulates itself beneath me  
I stand still...stagnate. Can't kill...this lagged state  
Life...manipulates itself around me, but I'm dead still  
Upright...but dead still  
Word is still born...I will not stoop to the level of the stoop that y'all c  
hill on  
If the building's boarded up and the children of the corn  
-er Liquor Store don't want to kick it no more...  
because holes have filled the wall, sneakers are scuffed & toes have become  
sore  
I saw y'all walk from the hood of tough luck  
Yeah, if these walls could talk they wouldn't shut the fuck up  
Jump in your pick up truck. Drive from the mountain range  
Cash the chips in on your shoulder, cut your losses, die young, count the ch  
ange  
How strange...you think these clouds look lovely?  
Smoke signals...manipulate themselves above me  
No symbols...are below me enough to overlook  
I know you read my every move, I wrote the book  
Mind not the blemishes that are on my premise. Endlessness is my "to be cont  
inued..."  
Notice the nervousness in my footnotes when being interviewed  
Shaking uncontrollably. "How you doing?" "Not bad...how about you?"  
Brought it right back to me like "What've you been up to?"  
I don't talk to freaks. I even ignore my neighbors who live down the stairs  
I walk the streets. And they don't know that I'm famous in 2000 years  
So I say shit loud in their ears and I spit a wretched verse in their face..  
. .  
Disrespecting their personal space  
In a split second, curtains and drapes get closed  
They think they've shut me out, but I can see their ugly mouth in the shape  
of "O"s  
I'd break their windows with a stone that has a note attached  
that says "I hate Jim Crow, and here's a poem to let you know the haps:"  
"I've got a golden axe and I chop cherry trees down  
Dead to this world. Bury me now."  
I am from a distant place that sits and waits for my belated time to come  
but its too late I've missed my fate. I "F" with the deaf, blind and dumb  
My father taught me one thing...how to fire a gun  
I don't bother...this is survival for fun  
I have become the most sinister sin city clicker  
cynical dim witted trixter  
critical shit grinning hipster  
Whisper...to my earhole...tell me not to be fearful  
Be careful  
not to make any...sudden...movements  
Show me your sole...I like to study shoe prints  
You've stepped to me before! I can recognize them stubby toes!  
I left them guys with bloody clothes. For a second time...nobody knows  
The pain I've seen. Nobody knows the pain I've seen  
Nobody knows why I've got a bloody nose or how they made it bleed  
Chorus:  
Climb trees...go out on a limb  
To find me...forget about him  
Forget about hymns...what are those psalms that you sing

What are those songs that are in your head echoing...  
I am not here to make a change. I break chains  
I break dance moves and move Strange--  
Strange Famous is infamous for inflammatory mission statements  
Living in basements with subterranean secret service agents  
With little patience. A pediatrician who hate kids  
Women's lib is getting choked to death by their own baby bibs  
Baby, did you know I love women who hate mankind?  
I talk about it all the damn time....keep it comin' HUH!!!  
"IIIIIIIII HHHHAAAAAAATE MEEEEEEENNNNN"  
This conversation is mine. I own all the stock in boring small talk,  
And I've trade marked this facial expression called the "gawk."  
So fuck off. I dis functions souped by ninjas and hockey fights  
While discussion groups infringe upon my copyrights  
All them bitches want me tonight...I've been so great and respectful  
They only get salty when I bend them into the shape of a pretzel  
I make them flexible when I break their schedule. It only got hard...  
When I asked 'em politely not to fight me and to give up...God  
Damn...this is easier than I thought it would be  
They'll attend any party and not fight it as long as they're invited cordial  
ly  
Unfortunately, I've only got so many hundred openings  
But talk to me, I want to take you all under my broken wings  
Who's the right man for the job?!  
Put up your hands y'all because I'm not tall enough to stand up to God  
Who's the right woman?! Throw up one hand...and wave it now