

Ground Control

Sage Francis

Sad sad monster
Turn those horns up
Burn the back roads
Find your way out
Troubled love life
Give the gift of
Yourself
To the dark.

Ground control to lost soul
Ground control to lost soul
If you copy
Come in lost soul
Come in lost soul
We lost contact,
Abort Mission
We lost contact

Don't these dead streets back you into bad corners
Curbs crumble once you park yeah I saw them sitdown

Parking meters overdue, violation goes unnoticed
Out of all of those who try to travel off road you come the closest

I grant you this toast (this toast)
for all of those who showed promise and never made one that broke
I salute you
I never meant to loose you but I know this road don't go where it used to
I got a map that looks a lot like your veiny arms
It ain't to scale but the details the names of the songs
And this one is called Carefull Fight Blues
Manipulative twists that I think that Manson might use

But poor musicians come a dime a dozen
And You're the egg man I'm flashing the pan and your yoke is running
Who broke that hard outer covering
Some chick in the mix you couldn't level with
Headless horsemen come the suffering
Call the direction
Come the air currents but it was my drift your supposed to be catching
Fishnets collect dust in stagnant boarder
Haven't heard back from you since the gag order
Pussycat got your tongue?

You
You're a lint ball who moves on the whim of the wind
Confused flexible movement for freedom
That ain't free
If the walls we keep bouncing off of keep closing in
there's only so much time before your rhythm gets broken
I can hear it speeding up before we lost the signal
It caused the ripple effect
Brings on the radar with intersect
Now your fingers are off limits
I can't hold your hands longer then your attention span
The two way street we are supposed to meet on

It's a one-way dead end
Some of my best friends press send.

Where are the doughnuts you've been lost inside
Tow trucks you've been for survive
Holdups at the border line
Customs who confiscate costumes, eat my dust
We get exhausted force-fed by car fumes

I can't afford the duty tax so expensive
Come off your head trip and visit where your old friends live
Your sensitive like the time (critical)
You swore to god on a lie and didn't die (your invincible)
Kiss the pavement
Make love or cars when
Be careful when the unsaid ex-parade comes a-marchin
Full body condoms I'll carry you off in
I wish I told you that while we were still talking