

Hell Of A Year

Sage Francis

It's been a hell of a year, but I'm mentally prepared
To do a dance around the next couple medical scares
I'm Fred Astaire with the metal wearing quickly off my tap shoes
So I step quietly, the way that cat's move
But I'm bear-like. My head trapped in dear lights
You can call me John, I'm writing letters to the dark side of the moon tonig
ht
My lovely Jane, you went away but the pain stayed
So I'm sending you a package to the address where you traded names
I made no claims on the identity theft
I'm more concerned about the home with no amenities left
And it's already a mess. The dust piles like your junk mail
So I eat away depression and crush the scale
You find yourself on the opposite side of the spectrum
Emaciated on a strict diet of bed crumbs
Me? I choose to wallow and I'll just swim in my fat
You...refuse to swallow so I see ribs from the back
This isn't an attack, it's an admission of guilt
I'm living in the past, kissing your ass, sipping your milk
But it's all bone and curdle. I saw stones in a circle
Stood in the middle. Told myself riddles in a robe that's purple
The murder weapon was an icicle
Is that the reason why I'm standing in this puddle with my eyes so full?
I fight feelings like a war on drugs
I'm a chemist with a test tube addiction born through coffee mugs
Our baby now is all growed up
Your car is still dead in my driveway while I wait for the tow truck
And you know what? I know I drove you away
I still don't think it was wrong so I don't know what to say
It's been a tough year. You say that life ain't fair
Well, guess what, baby...life ain't. Thems the breaks
You say that life ain't worth it. But it is. You gotta work it
Nobody's life is perfect

Yeah, you've been dealt a bad hand. Placed against a stacked deck
Been through all the cat scans and bad checks
But I slashed your debt. Not your wrists
And I couldn't help with anything else that became cancerous
Halfway people with a full baby to bury
Took a flame to the papier-mache sanctuary
When the smoke clears...try not to stare into the light
But, also, don't stay in the dark as if that's what life is like
It's just a series of unfortunate events
But the messages we get are more important than death
What's the rush?
I've got a shortness of breath
What's the rush?
Running from you...running from me
It's the rush. The crush. The lust. The love-trust
So what's the trouble? The busted bubble? The unjust?
That's just the way the cookie crumbles. It does suck
But suck it up. We're all looking, but nothing's enough
We used each other as a crutch. The clutch. The shift switches
You couldn't just adjust. You combusted and ripped pictures
This is why I'm not considered a saint?
Well, guess what?.....I ain't

It's been a hell of a year
You said that I ain't there, I ain't care, and life ain't fair
It's been a hell of a trip
You say my mind's unfit, I've been flip, and I ain't shit
It's been a hell of a life
You say that I ain't like the way I write and that ain't right
It's been a hell of an attempt
You say that I ain't meant for promises unkept
Well, guess what, darlin..
I'm a keep keep callin
Guess what, darlin..
I'm a keep keep callin