

Pressure Cooker

Sage Francis

(Where have you been?)
(Where have you been?)
(Where have you been!?)

I've been busy, get-get-get off my nuts
I've been busy, busy, doing stuff
Copper Gone, I had to take my time
To get my life together, put everything in line
Sage Francis, no need for me to tell 'em
I'm from the Epic Beard Men, I'm steady representing'
Strange Famous
And slow and steady wins the race, fuckface

This is a letter to the editor sent in an envelope
Sealed shut by some candle wax
Shipped by an olden only show pony, with a carry sack
The only thing that I overnight express is myself through song
But it takes too long to reach the intended listener
When it gets delivered wrong
Never knew the words to the school bus sing along so I stayed off
While I organized my chaos I was like "Biotch, bring it on"
Pick 'em up, your stupid self-esteem is low
Put 'em down if they're just feeling incredible about themselves
For no good god damn reason though
Never saw the need to boast
They were standing on the shoulders of a giant, so defiant
But his feet are so, Jesus Barely even know if it appears as if I hate your
guts
It's just, both sides of my bed are the wrong one, and I'm always waking up
Plus, I don't care to defend sides of myself that I don't like much
I am what I am that's all that I am, bullshit don't got that right touch
Let the better half I punch, and push, and scratch it's way out
Get on all fours put a saddle on your back and let the pain mount
I'm off to the races, gentlemen place your bets
Running in circles, turning their heads, eventually you could break their ne
cks
The bookie collects, don't play the victim when it happens
Lower the stakes before you try to burn the witches at 'em
It's the business of a Madam when the brothel has a profit loss
The best of the best survive the cut and the rest get auctioned off
They serve the Molotov, so Mazel Tov
Forefathers of stability in this industry have ridiculously fallen off
Chalk it up to blackboard, fingernail, crescendos
That was my jam when I was ten, but I was deaf though
I didn't understand that I wasn't landing a deal at all, it was a death blow
Whistling Dixie through a hell hole then I went pro
Active-Retro even though I paid my dues
Losers hate playing a game that they can't win so they always change the rul
es
And I keep up, putting coffee into my tea cup
Try to cut me down when I take a stand? Good luck
'Cause I got legs like a tree trunk

They say anger is a gift, I'm very gifted
And if ignorance is bliss then I'm a Sado-Masochist
Mastered the passion for the sake of stripping it from all its pleasure
Got a treasure chest collapsing under pressure

Get-get-get off my nuts
I've been busy, busy, doing stuff, Copper Gone
I had to take a minute to get my shit together
Otherwise I was finished, Sage Francis
No need for me to tell 'em, I tried to keep from yellin'
But I'm steady representin' Strange Famous
And slow and steady wins the race, fuckace

I been treating a vacant lot as if it's a destination spot
Picked a hell of a depression to set up my shop
Master of tragic-comic timing
Mellow drama you understood, a sensei to some
Hyperventilating praying for the end of days to come
By selling survival kits, New Testament bibles to Zionists
And training wheels to professional cyclists, it's like this
Plucking petals from your frame, She-Loves-Me-Not and goes nowhere
I pump my tires while you pump my brakes, I thought it was no fair
Spent several sessions giving away precious possessions
During an endless recession, turned repentance to oppression
Pressure into a permanent first impression
I'm the last of my kind so I side-step your health inspection
There's a difference between gambling addiction and making love to Lady Luck
Erectile Dysfunction and being afraid to fuck
The pressure's always building, I simply can't wait to erupt
Both sides of my bed are the wrong one and I'm always waking up
(Always waking up, always waking up)

[Bridge]