

Stuck

Sage Francis

you act smart, while i act dumb
but i know some that still lay under my thumb
see, we've got issues
we swing our fists for whatever
trying to keep the tempo down to the gristle
they like the small talk, as long as it's about you
they walk that walk, without knowing how to
i watch it all, and pretend that i'm above it
but the truth is, i see her i need it i love it

i'm stuck with random stray hairs, from ex-lovers
entangled in each other's desire to stay here beyond their welcome
sharing the same common problem
blonde and brunette tightly knit
and i don't fit in with split ends
didn't have to worry about them taking me from my dividends
payed my dues spending time by myself
she was with her friends
mingling with single men
say things like hitting skins to them
thinking it's innocent but then giving me guilty grins
swimming with filthy fins
knocking boots, kicking my shins
shark infested water torture treatment get beat by the timbalands
feet is shivering walking on cold rage
roses like unrelationships, too impatient to die of old age

yeah, remeber when you knew all the answers?
well something shook until you thought you had the questions
for all the time and effort you've invested
i find it kind of funny that you haven't learned your lesson
still guessin'
the whisper of the leaf, the rustle of the bitch
when there is no love, nothing makes you rich
so i give a shrug, and the eye muscle twitches
in replace of a hug and a lack of superstitions

stop thinking you don't belong here.
you are where you are 'cause you hardly move.
the music is not gonna' stop
take your eyes of the chair
'cause there's others that are under the same impressions as you
how many seats will the rock bottom accommodate?
one, too, many people who share nothing but views
misery is willing to keep company
with those who don't ever walk a mile in their own shoes

so now they swap souls
they got soul, fuckin' uninspired
they drive low under the fire of sky dives
it got old and now they wanna' go higher
but cops control every single empire with tripods

so video, did kill the radio star
now we're all so cute and drive brand new cars
we make music so you can lose your minds
we do the crimes, so you can do the times

tell me who can get busy like this man
well the truth is
damn near anyone can
so i'ma buy you some implants and a suntan
let's follow the plan and get some fat off the land
fuck this little rapper, treat me like a crook
maybe if you knew me, you wouldn't sing my hook
you'd think i was so ugly, you'd be afraid to look
but maybe if i'm lucky, i'll get a chapter in your book
doing fine thanks for asking
standing as the last man
popping bubbles and aspirin
ready, set, action, remove your dress
so we can make a mess
and hit the world with a little bit of stress

let's head talk these winds until they
strengthen for getting footwork
making power moves on ceilings with head spin
it unravels the bloody ground, revealing red sin
we created hierarchy, now there are no kings in heaven
fatty acids added to the asthma medicine
breathing heavy at the gates make them have to let us in
like implying we've been trying our hardest
using everyone elses' honest way of dying as an armrest
i promise broken over dislocated kneecaps
and it's harmless jokes that provoke freak accidents
laugh at that lapdancer who strips off confidence
i live off of hope, and providence

communication tactics are all fucked up. don't blame me i had nothing to do
with this.

you play the same damn records everyday
no wonder you believe you'd never get away
you wear the same pair of jeans you woke up in
keep the music coming, keep the movements sudden
i watched you dance every street of this city
i feel no pity
you laid the carpet
you made the target by yourself, little help
now loosen up the belt and straighten up the apartment
finish that book that you never even started
take a look at that face that hates to look back
set the oven on bake take a pen out the rack
season up your past put it in and cook that

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