

# Thank You

Sage Francis

You gave me language as a gift, I turned it against you  
I was stupid, I was young, I was hanged by my Judas tongue  
You shouldn't give weapons to kids that don't know better  
I can't possibly understand that there's no such thing as forever  
For every letter in the alphabet  
You said connect 'em to a happy word, no matter how bad things get  
I did my best, but the pickings got slim  
Once I arrived at "X" and I had to think of synonyms  
Weight 'em against the antonyms, I was hanging with all the mannequins  
Who are on a constant search for a person's amputated limbs  
Almost offered up my own, trading in my arms and legs  
You said learn to express yourself if you're gonna stand for things  
I stood up with that expression, stood up against everything including you  
I was stupid, I was adolescent, but I had your lessons to cling on to  
And I want you to know how much it helped  
Considering everything that I'd gone through  
It was a period without periods, run on sentences were like binges  
I was a comma with no cause, a rebel with no clause  
Anxiety is no excuse once there's nothing left to separate  
We could have connected, but didn't  
I was ignorant, passed out on the spacebar  
The further we drifted apart the closer  
I came to realizing just how amazing you are  
Now that you're gone I'mma say it to the stars  
'Till my words knock worlds off their axes and the universe collapses

Thank you for the matches, for the gift of fire  
For the wood and the axe, for whooping my ass  
For the wheel even if you didn't invent it  
For the impact that you had on me, it's epic, thank you for the effort  
For teaching me the ABC's even if I never make my way to "Z"  
Even if I never do for someone else exactly what you did for me  
Thank you

I was a stupid son of a gun with initials carved into me  
I was a stray, a runaway, afraid someday you'd shoot me  
So I scratched off the letters with a pocket knife  
It's how I loss my way when I was tossed into the fray  
This is not my life, who am I kidding, it's a thank you note  
Disguised as a written apology for everything you taught to me  
So awkwardly I approach the open microphone with everything that I wrote  
Clear my throat, adjust the collar on my coat  
As I rock crowds, microphones and boats and then I stroke  
Whatever little ego I have left, I should have left it at the alter  
But I didn't cause I'm an idiot, self-deprecating author  
With a paperback edition that isn't worth a flip through  
If I don't give you the credit that you deserve  
You edited the words from the grave and beyond  
From the first sign of sun raise at dawn  
Till the moonbeam set blaze to my lawn  
The universe collapses on my front steps  
So we get to share in that moment, for just one moment  
And nobody's upset, there's no more anger, there's no more sunsets  
So I crawl back in the chamber, you can shoot me up  
You might as well, we had great communication before the tower fell