

Water Line

Sage Francis

I just sit there
And let the thoughts flood
And I remind myself, "It's all right, it's all good, it's all love"
It's not though

Cause there's a kink in the armor
A pot hole I'm sinking in
While I think of the drama

So I stand up
I start to pace in my living room
Set my eye to the highway knowing that I'll play chicken soon

There's a vanity plate
With my name on it
There's a Davey Crockett hat with a Masonic fat cat under it

A musket rifle spitting at my feet
They want me to dance in the middle of the street

And I respect my elders, so I do as I'm told
But I offset the bell curve when I do it with soul
Losing control

Guilty feet do have rhythm
They just dance to the wrong theme music to amuse the villain
Instead of killing, I'll spare the raccoon
And start filling sandbags as I stare at the moon and let the thoughts flood

Blessed are those who are dammed
When the levee broke
How many choked on the steps to a slow dance?

A staircase to a hug with no hands
Accountability hung out to dry on the line of command

We let the thoughts flood
We remind ourselves "It's all right, it's all good, it's all love"
It's not though

Cause there's a kink in the armor
A pot hole I'm sinking in
Sharing a drink with my father

It's a family affair
The vanity we share

The waterline is rising and all we do is stand there