

Waterline

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
Cuz there's a kink in the armor
A pot hole I'm sinkin' in, the more I think of the
drama
So I stand up, I start to pace in my living room
Set my eye to the highway, knowin' that I'll play
chicken soon
There's a vanity plate, wit my name on it
There's a Davy Crocket hat with a masonic fat cat under
it
A musket rifel spittin' at my feet
And want me to dance in the middle of the street
And I respect my elders, so I do as I'm told
But I've offset the bell curve when I do it with so
losin' control
Guilty feet do have rhythm
They just dance to the wrong theme music to amuse the
villian
Instead of killin', I spare the raccoon
And start fillin' sand bags as I stare at the moon
And let the thoughts flood, blessed are those who are
damned
When the levy broke, how many choked on the steps of 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
Cuz there's a kink in the armor
A pot hole I'm sinkin' in, sharing a drink with my
father
It's a family affair, the vanity we share
The water line is rising and we do is stand there..

The water line is rising and we do is stand there
[repeat to fade]