

Sage Francis "Cafe Girl"

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Author: Sage Francis

We walk as two, but we'll leave one set of tortured
footprints/
Now here she comes...walking through the door...giving
that look. Since/
I roll with shook wimps...I'm shaking in my boots/
Kids are behind me eating steak and soup, talking
'bout beatbreaks and loops/
And I wanna' turn around...join in on the convo, but I
ain't got jack to say/
And it's sad to say...I'm just a poetry fag actin' gay in
my black beret/
I just came to this wack-ass cafÃ© /
To drink an ice coffee and kill a bit of time before the
matinee/
Why oh why did I need Cappaccino Cooler?/
Now I'm trying to avoid eye contact. Lets see if I can
fool her/
I put a look of concentration on my face as I scribble on
a napkin/
Squinting my eyes, acting like I'm really serious about
this mess of non-sensical pen action/
A web of chicken scratch and ink blots/
Is she still there? Standing awkwardly glaring? I think
not/
Look up....think again. Shit...now when/
Is she going stop making me waste ink from my pen as
I sit and pretend/
I knew I should have come with a friend. I shrink and I
send/
Myself into meditation...and I'm on the brink of Zen/
Is she buying it? I pick up my empty glass...tilt it..and
drink the flem/
She's STILL scoping! in fact, this chick's a 10/
At least in my book...which isn't all that well read, but
it's been said /
Once she gets her grip on men they simply
bend/...backwards.
She attracts nerds, jocks, substitutes and student
teachers /
Who all profess their love for all of her protruding
features/

There's no fooling this creature, she's WAY fine/
So dope, I'd have to smuggle her across state lines or
else pay fines/
What's holding me back is what I heard through the
grape vine/
She's a non-conformist freak who only comes out in the
daytime/

"Don't look at me." I can feel the burn of her stare on
my sensitive skin/
I'm anti-social and I don't know how conversational
sentences begin/
Plus, I'm allergic to the medicine of sexual healing/
This impotence is sickening. She's sensual...appealing/
Now I'm covering up my crotch region by crossing my
legs/
Lost in thoughts of whores in my bed. It's awful...so I'm
forcing my head/
into my forearms. I should...invite her for a cup of Joe/
It would do more harm than good...I just know/

I mean...she's no Natalie Portman, and I've been kind of
holding out for her/
Naturally...Now my thoughts spin...and she's on the
"out" for sure/
Gradually...contort my mindframe so no doubts occur/
I activate testicular bravery and I shout to her/

Our eyes lock.
And time stops.../

She floats over to my spot...
and I say "Hi, I'm not/

trying to hit on you like the way all these other guys
jock/
I just wanna' let you know...I'm the type of person who
lies a lot/

Sometimes I fart and I pick my nose like a maniac/
I'd be glad to front the cost of a date with you as long
as you pay me back/
If we ever reach the friendship level where things like
that are shared/
And I know my facial hair is weird...but I've been waiting
for someone like you to shave my beard/

I'm usually more discreet about my insecurities, but
today...I just ain't prepared."/

In all honesty...this dame just stared/
And I was like "Uhhh...yeah.../

So ummm...heh..."
Nervous twitches were initiated and out nostrils flared/
Our eyes started wandering and I was rocking in my
chair/

I start fiddling with my gear, I uh continued on scared
that I lost her...in my upfront approach/
She looked at my napkin and noticed what I wrote/
...which was nothing
I said "The funny thing is...I could have used you as a
muse/
Wrote you sonnets in iambic pentameter and then
produced/
Mass amounts of unsent love letters and out-of-tune
love ballads/
Some valid...but most just to get you thinking of
marriage/
It's untrue. I don't want to create a first impression I
can't live up to/
I...just...wanna...

She said "Nuff said. I'm a theme park. Ride me before
the sun sets."/
So I jumped up on her shoulders as we exited the
entrance.

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