

Sage Francis

"Call Me Francois"

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(feat. Scratches by DJ Orator)

"Today, my mother killed me"

If I'm alive by the time you find this, it's a miracle
What else can be said, a vision quest with infrared
I'm at a dead end, I bled slow
From my chest, held my breath and did my mess and
never let go
I lived a good life, I never had half-compromise a thing
And if I couldn't write, I'd think of other ways to
optimize my living
No wife, no kids, no anchors
Hand over fist to withhold this info from the bankers
Don't know my neighbors, didn't take a village to raise
me
Small-town mentality types thinkin I'm crazy
I ain't as weird as they paint me
Off color, I'm more gutter, punk, and ritzy
More glitz and glamour than others
Motherfuckers left me lonely in this designated corner
Had a couple walls that build upon, they made me a
performer
Now shade me from the warmer weather
Save me from the slaughterhouse
That creeps between the pages where I try to hide my
awful mouth
Speak discretely to the sheets that seem to be hollow
Punched a ladder full of holes, just for my swollen feet
to follow
Support me all you want, don't let me drop a field of
land
/]
I'm not going to stop until God is my ceilin fan
Spare the lamb, save me from my former-self
That creeps between the pages as the line across and
locks my self
Now this is my box, these are my walls
This is when time stops and I'm all that there ever was
And I'm all there ever is and I'm all that there ever will
be

A freeze frame pine box soliloquy Call me FRANCOIS

[Hook:]

Call Me Francois (call call call me francois)

(Call call call me francois)

Take what you can; leave what you must
Because y'all comin with us, (motherfucker you comin
with us)

Fill your bags with the rags that you wear and their
necessities
Along with the dog-tags and family recipes
Rest in peace, if you arrest the pace, movin haste
God-speed you black empress, get dressed, we're late
She painted my head orange, carved my face with her
tongue
Emptied out my insides and lit the candle behind my
eyes
Had the strike of twelve to midnight, winter queen
Left with my life rival in a white limousine
When he made her dress twirl, it looked like a
mushroom cloud
Everybody ducked down except for me, that's my
destiny
He used a broken condom as a corsage
I watched him push the rusty pin through her prom
dress into her heart
Kill me already; fill me with confetti
Crush me up and sprinkle me over their wedding and
her pregnant belly
I wasn't ready to suppress these memories, undress
the mam', O' Reese
Forget the family, streamline the enemy, design the
penalty
Cruel and unusual, commit the felony, unfit for prison
duty
No man's an Island, except for Island man; he's a ROCK
STAR!
No man's an Island, except for Island man; he's a
ROCK!

[Hook]

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