

Sage Francis "Come Come Now"

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(verse)

Let me rub my back against the notches on your
bedpost
Scratch these afterthoughts off my flesh and she'd
ghosts
My head's close to your closet door.
I've got the glass to my ear. My nose is in your
Business I smell something fishy here.
I hear bones rattling. Poems battling for space and time
Phones that'll ring when I make judgement calls with
pick-up lines
Sexual hang-ups leave me waiting nude and while
alone
It just gets aggravating masterbating to a dial tone.
I'm the home to run-away trains of thought
My one track mind is a collision inter-course where
victim's cross,
Bedroom eyes...uncross their legs exposing inner
thighs
I disrobe and show my most convincing disguise.
I've lived so many lives each death has left my face
scarred
Hid so many lies under my breath that I can't face God
Dig into my mind deep enough you'll find a graveyard
I get nervous bodies will resurface every time it rains
hard
"Don't cry, girl." Let me outline your short comings
While my world is full of them and they're all in the long
runnings
It's all fun and games. It's all done in vane. It's all a ----
ing shame
I ain't the one but I'm the one to complain?
I'm the one to come home. Compare. Contrast. Come fast
Make love to the present, fuck the past
Make love to the present, fuck the past. Nothing lasts
Don't you dare worry about the morning aftermath
(yeah!)
Don't you love how much you paid for your education?
(yeah)
Don't you love your job and spending every day there?
(yeah)
Don't you love your girl? You have such a healthy

relationship. (yeah)

Don't you love having that break-up sex, that make-up
sex? (yeah)

(verse)

Taking an acid

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