

Sage Francis "Crumble"

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They'VE said it every year but this times it seems like
The end is near and i'm in line to see the light
How far does this black tunnel go
I got a car but the gas is running low
And as long as i've known the bumps and creeks of this
house
It's starting to make the types of sounds that only
comes from people's mouths
You cant tell me it's still settling
Built on an indian burial ground killing everything
The childhood scar on my chin is back again
That old jump over my own leg dance move has to end
I've seen better days in my night terrors
I was a bike messenger without a bike and i would write
letters
Ask directions TO YOUR whereabouts
Before the slow walk the rest of the show-offs were
peeling out
To many hares only one TORTOISE
Thats why I left this city, toO fast paced for this HO-
HUM TAURUS
By the time i developed the pictures
They're as blurry as my memory of constant life
fixtures
If distance is a girl's best friend
Tell them bitches in the rough who think that love
comes with DIAMONDS
Slave labor, you made me work for what I couldnt have
Diamonds cut, BUT COAL burns and nothing lasts
forever
Dont know why I bothered saving any of your
letters,they're just aged paper
Crumbling
Slave labor, you made me work for what I couldnt have
Diamonds cut, the cold burns and nothing lasts
Wonder why I saved your urn of ashes

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