

## Sage Francis "Garden Gnomes"

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(I'm over time)

Welcome to my life (welcome)  
Welcome to my life (welcome)  
Welcome to my life (welcome)

Welcome to my life where everybody wants to cipher  
They've never held a mic, but they swear they nice,  
'cause they boys told 'em so  
and surely enough they suck my dick in front of they  
girlfriend like  
ÃfÃçâ, -Ã... "Look, this is how you do it, you gotta  
fuckin' do it slow then fast, slow then fast,  
eat that shitÃfÃçâ, -Ã,Ã, check-check  
If this is you, you're not alone  
This world's a rock of drones  
Girls flock like birds  
Cause they heard lots of poems from the mystery man  
When my name gets spit it echoes  
Straight-laced people say grace with evil smiles  
I'll stick to Velcro  
Let go of these claims I hold true  
This is Sage, don't say I ain't told you  
Fake gold tooth  
Real problems with garden gnomes who talk shit  
My respect's the best bargain known to the consumin'  
market  
So pay me it  
To my love-hate relationship with love-hate  
relationships  
Makes me rich  
My old lady thinks that I done did it  
But I done didn't  
Save my breath during dramatic movie endings hold  
the stub of the ticket  
When credits roll I'm heading for the exit hole  
Your track record is such a short shelf-life bless its soul  
It's about you, all about you  
That's probably why you don't really respect it or know  
how to  
Fuck a fickle fan base, stuck a middle finger in they  
damn face

Does the pinnacle of my hand taste dirty like the  
suggestive gesture  
You're best to drop out the school of hard knocks  
Get murdered by stress and pressure, pressure-cooker  
I leave the party with a mass amount of assed-out  
demo tapes to butcher  
ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã... "Could ya give it a little bit of a listen,  
bro?ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â  
Into ÃfÂçâ, ¬" ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã... "do me a favor and play it  
on a big system thoughÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â  
Into ÃfÂçâ, ¬" ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã... "give me a detailed critique  
of my hot shitÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â  
ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã... "Sure thing boss, I'll get right on  
itÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â  
Oh hell no he didn't, oh yes he done did my friend  
Think he was so very special among the hundred  
thousand  
You play the fence, your flow is weak and your  
concepts suck  
It makes no sense, slow to speak ÃfÂçâ, ¬" your logic's  
fucked  
You made no dents over beats that got lots of cuts  
Noise you do have toys like you stocked with Tonka  
Trunks

You're not a lone, this world's a rock of drones  
Who rock microphones and abuse generous ears  
With the ÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã... "yeah, yeah . . . off the  
domeÃfÂçâ, ¬Ã,Â

You're not a lone, this world is stocked with clones  
And my dear Watson's are coming to bite a style near  
you  
You best for sure lock your homes  
You best for sure lock your homes  
You best for sure lock your homes  
You best for sure lock your homes and beware,  
Beware the garden gnomes.

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