

## Sage Francis

### "Going Back to Rehab"

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I'm going there to give 'em cash, hear 'em laugh bring  
'em back

If i cant tear down these walls I'll slip 'em through the  
cracks.

If that crack ain't big enough, I'm sick enough to get  
committed,

Where he's been I ain't been, allowed to visit, and I  
miss him.

They put me in a submission hold, got him living in a  
hole.

Give me the rope, pull it back, cut him slack he's  
getting old.

This cold does nothing for his brittle bones..he's  
shaking.

Always put on hold that prison phone's always taken

They put me on a speaker but my voice is breaking up.

I'd like to think he caught bits and pieces before the  
gates got shut

RAISE IT UP

Somebody cover me, I'm going in, with razor cuts, and  
something ugly that I

know within

Can't afford the luxury of exposing everything, but I've  
been doing the best

that I can.

I take it day by day, just one step at a time, and I don't  
need a sobriety test to walk the line

Walking on this tightrope with arms open wide, hoping  
to find you live and well on the other side

So I could give you this gift as a symbol

When I felt the rope loosen, I knew i missed my window

He really did love you, you know.. pat pat..I said 'Get  
your fucking hands off

my back'

This is my passage into adulthood and I need not

Small talk fingers fishing from a weak spot--i used to  
dream a lot

In search for meaning in a sleepwalk

The only time I find myself having a deep talk

But now I never sleep 'cause sleep is the cousin of  
death

One can never rest depending on how up the drugs get  
Upset, submit me to a blood test  
Find no trace of my words reverting back to...wait, that  
wasn't what I meant  
My right eye is sunrise, the left is sunset, the  
moonshine ain't got me drunk  
yet  
My tongue's wet for the lunar eclipse, and when you're  
flat broke ain't nothing you wont do for a fix  
It's a beautiful mix of Jesus-Juice from my lips  
And words that are stuck so I stirred 'em up with a  
crucifix  
And this is where I found a friend in Christ  
I also found a few spikes and I decided to use them as  
pegs on my bike  
So you could have a place to ride when I broke you out  
of that vice  
And now I'm going back to rehab.  
I'm going back to rehab...back to back..going back to  
rehab...I dont drink  
though  
I'm going back as a dead again Christian, with a  
medicine prescription, the other friend of Bill ..let let let  
me in  
Get me outta this  
Hooked up to plugs and wires while dogs sniff for a  
powdered substance  
In a town of judgments with glass house development  
Cookie-cutter Republican school-book intelligence  
They ain't never considered how just one rock, could  
crack the whole facade now they call the ski slingshots  
I will not meditate on the sermon  
Heaven's gate is burning so we self-medicate with  
bourbon  
While their collection players turn into a person  
I've turned into a second rate person, but I'm not the  
first  
This isn't your typical cry for help  
I tried to melt, but someone stopped the trickling with a  
bible belt  
Reminded me of tourniquets and heroin nods  
Now that, that right there, that's one hell of a God  
You cant match magic with an addict that's got a  
mapping compass  
In order to find a substance and match dick that  
functions  
A searching and fearless immoral inventory  
'Til every person with a story begins to bore me  
I did what i had to do to get  
To the place where your face wasn't such a blurry mess  
I took all our favorite promises and dreams that we

kept,  
You weren't hard to find, all it took was 13 steps

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