

## Sage Francis

### "Hell Of A Year"

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It's been a hell of a year, but I'm mentally prepared  
To do a dance around the next couple medical scares  
I'm Fred Astaire with the metal wearing quickly off my  
tap shoes  
So I step quietly, the way that cat's move  
But I'm bear-like. My head trapped in dear lights  
You can call me John, I'm writing letters to the dark side  
of the moon tonight  
My lovely Jane, you went away but the pain stayed  
So I'm sending you a package to the address where  
you traded names  
I made no claims on the identity theft  
I'm more concerned about the home with no amenities  
left  
And it's already a mess. The dust piles like your junk  
mail  
So I eat away depression and crush the scale  
You find yourself on the opposite side of the spectrum  
Emaciated on a strict diet of bed crumbs  
Me? I choose to wallow and I'll just swim in my fat  
You...refuse to swallow so I see ribs from the back  
This isn't an attack, it's an admission of guilt  
I'm living in the past, kissing your ass, sipping your  
milk  
But it's all bone and curdle. I saw stones in a circle  
Stood in the middle. Told myself riddles in a robe that's  
purple  
The murder weapon was an icicle  
Is that the reason why I'm standing in this puddle with  
my eyes so full?  
I fight feelings like a war on drugs  
I'm a chemist with a test tube addiction born through  
coffee mugs  
Our baby now is all grewed up  
Your car is still dead in my driveway while I wait for the  
tow truck  
And you know what? I know I drove you away  
I still don't think it was wrong so I don't know what to  
say  
It's been a tough year. You say that life ain't fair  
Well, guess what, baby...life ain't. Them's the breaks

You say that life ain't worth it. But it is. You gotta work it  
Nobody's life is perfect

Yeah, you've been dealt a bad hand. Placed against a  
stacked deck

Been through all the cat scans and bad checks

But I slashed your debt. Not your wrists

And I couldn't help with anything else that became  
cancerous

Halfway people with a full baby to bury

Took a flame to the papier-mache sanctuary

When the smoke clears...try not to stare into the light

But, also, don't stay in the dark as if that's what life is  
like

It's just a series of unfortunate events

But the messages we get are more important than  
death

What's the rush?

I've got a shortness of breath

What's the rush?

Running from you...running from me

It's the rush. The crush. The lust. The love-trust

So what's the trouble? The busted bubble? The unjust?

That's just the way the cookie crumbles. It does suck

But suck it up. We're all looking, but nothing's enough

We used each other as a crutch. The clutch. The shift  
switches

You couldn't just adjust. You combusted and ripped  
pictures

This is why I'm not considered a saint?

Well, guess what?.....I ain't

It's been a hell of a year

You said that I ain't there, I ain't care, and life ain't fair

It's been a hell of a trip

You say my mind's unfit, I've been flip, and I ain't shit

It's been a hell of a life

You say that I ain't like the way I write and that ain't  
right

It's been a hell of an attempt

You say that I ain't meant for promises unkept

Well, guess what, darlin..

I'm a keep keep callin

Guess what, darlin..

I aint gonna sleep in mornin

Guess what, darlin..

I'm a keep keep callin

