

Sage Francis

"Hoofprints In The Sand"

Visit "[Hoofprints In The Sand](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Scratches by Reanimator)

I've seen a monkey evolve into a man
I've seen a man devolve into a monkey
I've seen a junkie redeem himself with help
I've seen a wealthy man melt into the snow and blow
his credit on a decongestant
The dyslexics breathe easy
The people in the top tax bracket just keep looking for
freebies
Thumbing their noses at those in need of handouts
I'm talkin' panhandlers with secondhand clothes, living
hand to mouth
Camping out on Capitol Hill
The fat cats are still insisting reparations be a jagged
little pill
Today there's free vaccinations at the walk-in clinic
If you're lucky, you won't just be a guinea pig
Call me a cynic
I find it interesting how certain epidemics spread
More specifically - where they don't and who isn't
affected
Yeah, I'm infected with a curious nature
The welcome mat said, "God bless this home," not
"God damn thy neighbor"
They can repeat history but can't recycle paper
They don't see the forest or the trees, just skyscrapers
Towels of Babel in a town full of cattle
When I question brand loyalty, the crowd is bedazzled
But I'll never be hoodwinked, I'm mindful of the
footprints
The shape of the hoof, the way the path in the wood
splits
/]
The author of the book, the origin of the crucifix
The waitress looking for tips and the place where the
cook spits
This is where I was when the bomb dropped
Hiding from the uninvited onslaught
I've seen people who don't believe in sleep count sheep
With calculators that double as alarm clocks

From Noah's Ark all the way to Rosa Parks
To black folk pushing white agendas inside of an office
with flow charts
Technology ain't shit, we feed off the fruit
When I stuff leaves of absence in my briefcase, follow
suit
Spill the liquid from your double fist ed escapade
Kill kids with the drunken misfits in your Escalade
It's gruel for the food fight and foreign aid
Bream 'em down and build 'em back up with what you
throw away
Administering band aids on amputated limbs
Kissing 'em with air raids, and your lips gave 'em
infections
Too many closed doors led to back drafts
Now the spring edition of fashion catalogues feature
gasmasks
How becoming on these lanky models
They can't look truth in the mirror without a pair of
safety goggles
Hold the bobble head, insert the feeding tube
Even if they stop breathing, make sure they keep
eating food
Do the Schiavo
Mouth opened wide like a perverse psycho circus side
show
Forgive me not, my patterns stay impartial to apologies
Despite a polite side of mine that says, "I'm so sorry"
Adding flame infinitum for your eternal fuel tank
My higher power doesn't need to be thanked
Thanks anyway, that's from him to me to you
I don't mind being the middle man, someday I might
need one, too

I'm at the fire
Where are you?
I'm at the fire
Where the hell are you?

I've seen a man devolve into a monkey
I've seen a monkey evolve into a man
I've seen it all, upside down, in-between, inside out
It's neither here nor there, hoofprints in the sand
I've fallen head first into the pit of my stomach
Taught to trust my gut, got no trust in the gutless
Save some hope for the hopeless, but I won't show it
Shoot my load in an opus, now it's an open casket
Going to Hades in a hand basket
Holding onto a dream, but lately we can't grasp it
There's been too much murder and not enough martyr
Why is it no one else wants to impress Jodie Foster?

[x3:]
I'm at the fire
We're at the fire
Where are you? Where are you?

You can't have revolution without evolution, huh?
You can't have evolution without velution, huh?
You can't have velution without elution, huh?
You can't have elution without lution, huh?
You can't have lution without ution, huh?
You can't have ution without tion, huh?
You can't have tion without ion, huh?
You can't have ion without on, huh?
You can't have on without n, huh?

Seriously I know that you pray when the chips are down
But act different when there are atheists around
Have suspicions that make you think you'll drown
All alone in the middle of a crowd
I'd be a liar if I said I never had to beg
Doubled over with my knees bent touching my head
Stuck in a bed, dealing with all of these evil visions
Running from the dead in a fetal position
Needing assistance from a nurse
She said, "Tell me where it hurts"
These words are gonna make my belly burst
So I mentally revert to all the enemies I've cursed
Running through my memories in reverse
I said bring that beat back, man, bring that beat back
A flash ain't enough time for me to recap
I'm a bastard sometimes, don't think I don't see that
Laughing at the dumb, blind, the deaf to the knee slaps
Cracking punch lines for the sake of some green stacks
Passion for the rhyme can be cheapened by feedback
I shut my eyes and proceed to go dream catch
But a troubled mind can't seem to fall asleep fast
I cut my ties like the way that a fiend acts
Go into overdrive and get caught in a speed trap

Visit [Sage Francis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.