

## Sage Francis "Hopeless"

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I played connect the dots with your beauty marks  
And I ended up with picture perfect sheet music  
I read your musical notes with a composer's eyes  
And heard our song for the first time  
My spine is still tingling, mental images of your fine  
tune  
is what I've been nodding my head to lately  
Every now and then you can catch me humming  
your nudity under my heavy breath  
I heavily suggest you resurrect  
your ancient neglected dust collector  
If you distrust the distance in my seldom plucked heart  
strings  
Sit stripped before your full length  
Perform your reflection backwards  
Maybe then you will understand the rhythm in my  
movement  
Listen when the news is sent  
Extend when the rules are bent  
I'll be waiting to take your leave  
Make me a victim of your two step  
Make me an apprentice of your body parts  
Teach me to dance to your beauty marks  
I'm stepping on toes here and I don't care  
It's hopeless, it's hopeless  
It's hopelessness holding this openness to blow a kiss  
So close your lips but don't get pissed  
and throw a fist at this vocalist  
I'm not emotionless, in fact I broke my wrist  
when I wrote the list of all those I miss  
This is my poker face, Mister Feel Nothing

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