

Sage Francis "I Keep Calling"

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AUTHOR: Sage Francis

Chorus

Intro:

Pick up, Pick up...Pick up, Pick up...

Verse One:

Now I can't even think back. Self-induced amnesia has
made its impact /
Mental health produced at leisure was frayed once it
was intact /
I voluntarily refuse to remenisce /
If I could choose any wish...I'd lose my genesis /
And prove to my nemesis that I don't need Memory
Lane on my way home /
But I got lost and I needed a pay phone /
Because I was in an unsafe zone...inside of a place
unknown /
Where unfamilliar faces roam (...and it's so strange)... /
I've got no change...I could've sworn that I did when I
left /
My breath gets heavy with every lie and theft /
I looked right and left...then I called people at my home
collect /
To tell them, "Things changed." But they just won't
accept /
I'm out of range...with no respect. Every time I asked
for directions /
All I got was dead ai, cut lines, and bad connections /
People who would helo changed their number to
unlisted /
411 info left me unassisted. Wickedly twisted... /
incidents. Is it coincidence? I choose to think so /
Deep in thought, my eyes blink slow. Pictures appear
like slide shows /
My mind knows each and every single detail /
Total recall is leaving me pale /
Sick to my stomach...nautious...forces of nature bring
my homing instinct /

Its stink...is so distinct...now let me think...a minute /
epiphany: This is the much traveled trail from my past /
Now an unbeaten path...unfunny memories are now
making me laugh.

Chorus

Verse Two:

Haaaaaa! The flashbacks of my past acts are
numerous /
Since out the uterus...Earth encounters ain't been that
humerous /
heheheheh...my laugh lines have been faked for the
last time /
I'm past my prime. Climaxing again is a task of mine /
I'm homeward bound. Break out the map and atlas /
I ask gas station attendants...and they just act pissed /
I'm black listed...for not staying true to white lies /
I fight lies...in darkness...heartless...until the night dies
/
Then I shed some light on what's the matter /
Reflections in the looking glass self scatter when the
hard stares make it shatter /
7 years bad luck? Time's irrelevant /
I'm searching for signs of intelligent minds, but find
the element /
Which blinds what the hell I think. Now I'm thinking... /
"What time is it?" I see the 12:00 blinking /
Check the position...of the sun...to see there is none /
I figure there's an eclipse...so I look away to save my
wisdom /
The solar system left me stranded in a universe /
Where I do reverse psychology. Apologies are made
through my verse /
Ain't nothing to do but curse when I'm frustrated /
Making people disgusted. Plus, I'm mistrusted and
hated /
That's an understatement, but who really cares about
my failure years? /
I'm on an expedition...following my trail of tears /
From when I cried, but...it dried up...and vaporized /
I played your game, so where's my consolation prize?
I'm taking lies /
from faking guys...and gals...who want to be my
pals...and peers /
At this here pace, it'll take me a thousand years /
To find my way back...encompassing what they lack /
It cost me most of my life, but still I'm thinking about a
pay back /
Decapitated...I lost my head, and fear is activated /

I'm in a fog. My blood, sweat and tears evaporated /
I back track to find my lost sense of direction /
Stop, look, and listen...before I cross the intersection /
There's much construction. I'm signaled with morse
code /
to take a detour. Somehow I end up on an off road /
I squint my eyes...trying to find some street signs /
I can only read strong thoughts. These people have
weak minds /
Trapped in a desert that to me looks like a sandbox /
With damn NARCS...hold up, son...I'm noticing some
landmarks /
I rack my brain...knowing that I can't attack in vane /
Upon return I promised myself not to act the same /
But every so often my selective screen memory...will be
my enemy /
Metamorphasize and say, "Remember me?" /
Getting me petro...wish I could kill the retro /
But heck no...to much of my past I just can't let go /
I'm just a stone's throw away from my home turf...which
really is this whole earth /
But claims like that have no worth /
epiphany: And then it hits me...the reason why I'm dizzy
/
Is because I've been traveling in circles keeping myself
busy.
(Where is he?)

Chorus

Outro:

Deejay Perseus drumming.

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