

Sage Francis "Little Houdini"

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Christopher Daniel Gay was arrested on a Friday
In Florida, at the Daytona National Freeway
Christopher Daniel Gay was arrested on a Friday
In Florida at the Daytona International Speedway
He was a fugitive on the run,
Christopher made a quick escape
while being transported in a van
that was picking up convicts state to state.
He did it during a bathroom break,
he hot-wired somebody's pickup

In fact,
Christopher had a long history of theft
involving trucks,
He was on route to Alabama
for stealing someone's travel trailer
Grand Theft Auto
He was a career criminal, jailbird
who also had three outstanding warrants
in his home state of Tennessee

It was an outstanding performance that set him free

Little Houdini
Stole a big rig, then a tour bus that belonged to Crystal
Gayle
to evade a five state manhunt that wanted to put that
birdy back in jail
but they failed

'cause Christopher wasn't just running from cops
Christopher Gay was now racing a clock
his mother was dying
and there was no time to be held
inside of a cage with locks
so y'all can turn up your nose
and suck on your teeth and wag your finger like tsk-tsk
but he had to take the risk
Little Houdini

There wasn't a single thing sinister in his decision
to break from the prison

His only motive was to go back to his childhood home
while his mom was still living
it wasn't a house
more like an old mobile camper
where she was bedridden diagnosed with colon cancer

Sometimes,
The only answer we're left with
when a loved one's name is on the death list
Is to head for the exits and go home
Christopher got the hell out of Texas
His abandonment was reckless
It prolonged his sentence
Y'all can forget it

He had numerous convictions and none were as strong
as this
Unless you consider the other instance
He went the distance

Similar situation, it was a bizarre coincidence
When he escaped from the prison the first time,
Not this time, but the one before
He visited his dad
Cause he was dying inside of a mental ward
Suffering from Alzheimer's
He paid respects
Made his peace
When he was done
He didn't run
He returned himself back to the police

That's when his mom made her plea
She said:
"He knows what he done was wrong,
but he knows his father don't got long
He's not a fugitive on the run
He's not dangerous, he's our son
he ain't never hurt no one

He knows what he's done was wrong,
but he knows his father don't got long
He's not a fugitive on the run
He's our son"

This ain't no country western song.

Christopher wasn't just running from cops
Christopher Gay was now racing a clock
his mother was dying
and there was no time to be held

inside of a cage with locks
So y'all can go on tossing rocks
And talk your talk like tsk tsk

Meanwhile Chris is stealing a tractor trailer from Wal-Mart
An 18 wheeler, he's peeling rubber the bird takes flight
down turnpikes
Three hundred thousand dollars worth of merchandise,
but it ain't worth her life
Ran it off the road, and abandoned it
50 yards from his moms to avoid the cops
Thats half a football field from her feeble arms

After all this stuff
The tour bus, the pick up trucks
The tractor trailer, interstate chases
He put on the brakes and couldn't get close enough
The news reporters told people to lock their doors
Like there was a monster on the loose
but there was no truth to those reports.

His mom had weeks to live
And Chris had years to serve
They were within shouting distance
But I don't think he heard her final words.
I don't think he heard her final words.

She made her plea to the TV

"He knows what he's done was wrong,
but he knows his mama don't got long
He's not a fugitive on the run
He's not dangerous, he's my son
he ain't never hurt no one

He knows what he's done was wrong,
but he knows his mama don't got long
He's not a fugitive on the run
He's not dangerous, he's my son"

This ain't no country western song.

The third time he escaped from a state cop at a Georgia pit-stop
He just slipped out of the handcuffs, he jumped ship
then he took off
With no father to visit and no mom to go home to
Just an open road where he could be free
Little Houdini

With no father to visit, no mom to go home to
Just a wide open sky where he could fly
With no father to visit, no mom to go home to
Just an open road where he could be free
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