

## **Sage Francis**

# **""Mermaids Are Sea Sluts" (spoken word piece performed on 90.3 WRIU)"**

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I am nothing but a shell of the man i once was  
so you could put me to your ear  
and actually hear yester-year's ocean

I was in shape then  
A much better built body  
Of water with infinite waves  
and fathomless depths  
where you could have gone deep-sea fishing for  
compliments  
and caught plentiful schools of reassuring comments

Now all you get is the boot

You fell for the bait and got hooked on what you  
thought i was  
Now we're both struggling to win this tug of war of the  
worlds  
Where we breath the same air it's just done differently.  
And I'm trying to figure out ways to have comfortably  
survive outside your element  
Compromising intelligence  
I dabbled in watered-down thoughts that  
Filtered in from main-stream.

I'm offering mind-altering ideas that make the most  
quiet nature brain  
Scream from exposure to the types of things that won't  
Necessarily make you happier

They'll just give you a greater range of emotions

And I can feel myself getting lured into deeper oceans  
of  
Fantasy lands  
Where people think they're as safe as cartoons  
Simply because they speak in bubbles.

A sanitized safe-haven  
Where you could face Satan and

Have his faith straightened.  
His new goal would be to dethrone Poseidon and  
Have Neptunes place taken.  
They'd swash-buckled with their pitchforks  
While Lucifer shit talks and rips  
Thoughts of coral reefs  
For relief he'd be like "bitch, walk"  
From this oversize aquarium that daddy kept cleanly  
To unhealthy degrees  
Writing suicide notes with invisible ink  
On transparencies  
And posting them to the glass boundaries that  
Surround the seas of change.

Strangely enough, while bringing back the reel (!!!!!!!!)  
I could sense intense resistance  
So I had no other choice  
but to cut the line. I'm not  
saying you're overly naive  
I just think you should get into the habit of checking to  
see when strings are attached.

Fortunate for you I'm compassionate enough  
To throw back what I catch  
If its underdeveloped  
And needs time to grow; though  
I'm remorseful of the pain I've caused you.

And I want to kiss your lips better.

I sympathise with the sorrow by  
Stroking the scar of my own traumatic experience with  
My excommunicated tongue.

See I know exactly what you mean when you say  
It hurts to much to talk.  
I've been there.  
I don't plan on returning 'cause  
No matter how much of a distance I kept  
Or how long I waited for my wounds to heal  
They'd re-open with the slightest flash-back

So I sued time for mal-practice  
That bastard's a hack with a  
Rusty scalpel and  
Barbed-wire stitched thread.  
Instead of seeing things clearly  
They're pitch red and there's this glitch in my head  
That's got me thinking contradictions  
It said:

"There are more fish in the sea!  
Whether you hear me not,  
Or you listen to me.  
Whether you listen to me or  
Hear me not!"

There are more micro-organisms in my teardrop.  
But fear not  
I'd never sink as low as to  
Make my ears pop.

And I imagine now you only want to swim with members  
of your own league  
And don't need me  
Meddling  
Sending sonar signals  
High-pitched notes or symbols.  
My voice is thrown far but ripples are only caused when  
you cast stones

But you shouldn't throw rocks  
If you live in fragile fairytales.

This really means a lot to me...  
I'll always treasure it..as a token.  
No you won't...  
This is for the girl who loves me, the girl who cares  
about me for who I am, not what I look like!  
I just wanted you to know what you'd be missing.  
You think I don't appreciate art, you think I don't  
understand fashion, you think I'm not hip, you think I'm  
pathetic, a nerd... a lard ass, a fatso.  
You think I'm shit, but you're wrong, "cause I'm  
champagne, and your shit!  
Until the day you die, you, not me, will always be shit!  
See when you put a shell to your ear  
It is not the sound of crashing waves you're hearing  
It's the amplified current of your bloodstream

It was your self pulse that created that  
False human illusion of me.  
Your tireless heart pumping  
Out  
An ocean of lies  
And I foolishly tried  
Filling impossible shoes  
Resulting in my stumbling  
As I fell into the trap of making a woman my element

Now I just can't get comfortable being out of you.

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