

Sage Francis

"Mourning Aftermath"

Visit "[Mourning Aftermath](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I know I look good.
Stop sweatin' me.

I'm makin' myself look pretty
I'm makin' myself look pretty for you
I'm makin' myself look prettier

Let me rub my back against the notches on your
bedpost
To scratch these afterthoughts off my flesh and shed
ghosts
My head's close to your closet door.
I've got the glass to my ear. My nose is in your
business (I smell something fishy here.)
I hear bones rattling. Poems battling for space and time
Phones that'll ring when I make judgment calls with
pick-up lines
Sexual hang-ups leave me waiting nude and while
alone
It gets aggravating masturbating to a dial tone.
I'm the home to run-away trains of thought
My one track mind is a collision intercourse where
victim's cross,
Bedroom eyes...uncross their legs exposing inner
thighs
I disrobe and show my most convincing disguise.
I've lived so many lives each death has left my face
scarred
Hid so many lies under my breath that I can't face God
Dig into my mind deep enough you'll find a graveyard
I get nervous bodies will resurface every time it rains
hard
"Don't cry, girl." Let me outline your short comings
My world is full of them and they're all in the long
runnings
It's all fun and games. It's all done in vain. It's all a
fucking shame
I ain't the one but I'm the one to complain?
I'm the one to come home.Compare.Contrast.Come fast
Make love to the present, fuck the past
Make love to the present, fuck the past.Nothing lasts

Don't you dare worry about the morning aftermath

I'm makin' myself look pretty
I'm makin' myself look pretty for you
I'm makin' myself look prettier

Taking an acid bath, pissing on the shower curtain
The gal just laughs and starts dissing my towel turban
I had to ask if she knew how to listen now I'm certain
Now my task is just to get up in her like I was a
surgeon!

I'm a virgin who makes exceptions at sunset
My dirty skin gets cleansed by the summer sweat
"Self, have some respect! I don't need you new and
clean

But I don't want the procedure routine!"
A screw machine!with a few bolts loose.robot response
touch tone

Hair trigger, happy-go-lucky emotion monger wants a
love poem

Run home.dip into your closet and jump bones
Your secret admirer's stuck higher up and he's
unknown.

Looking down on you.can you bare the burden?my ears
are hurting

I found a few gears are turning
With squeaky wheels.they get the grease cause its a
damn nuisance

Understand the blueprints for our mechanical
movements.

It never ran smooth since we abused the Earth
Grabbed a hand full of pubics and removed the turf
Refused its worth, we lose our shirts.she assumed the
worst

And needed proof of birth? I'm leaving this universe.
It seems doomed and cursed.see if you come first then
come fast

Come here.Come back.Compare.Contrast
Complain.Constrain.Constantly ask,
Complicated questions contain scientific answers in
your flask

Condone.Condemn.Come home.Come friend
Confuse.Common issues.Con delude.Comprehend
Carma.Chameleon.Come again?

Continue to come in you.Come to daddy.Condescend
Come and bring us (Confidence). Cunnilingus
(Compliments)

Come to thank us went from guilty consciousness to
common sense

Calm down.Complete.Compound.Come eat
Our Common ground meat from man-made concrete

Come to the street. Conquer the weak. Come to terms
with coming last
Make love to the present, fuck the past
Make love to the present, fuck the past. Nothing lasts
Don't you dare worry about the morning aftermath.

I'm makin' myself look pretty
I'm makin' myself look pretty for you
I'm makin' myself look prettier

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.