

Sage Francis "Oliver Twisted"

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Reminiscing of when I was living in fear
Is he here yet?
I feel sweat building on my upper back
Children are under attack
With every question mark
When testing starts
Hearts burn and stomachs knot
Inner organs begin to morph in
To dinnerless orphans
Asking for more things to digest for Oliver
But I love her
You do?
I guess
What part, all of her?
Yeah except when she tempts men
You know those uncontrollable feelings and thoughts
except them
Now I accept when she tempts men to extend
Plutonic handshakes and I'm all hung up on sex again
And untrusting is she still talking to him?
I'm hung up I used to be off the hook
Picked up girls and read them motives like an awful
book
Put them down
Fast but gently to maintain the grass entry level
position
Last century I had several decisions
To make before the new millenium
To secure finances
As for dollars did I make a mill or any?
Check the public record freedom of information
Act One Scene Two Third page Fourth paragraph
Fifth center sixth word seventh letter G
Seems like I ain't make any
And I'm stuck clutching on to my very last penny
Loafer searching every crevice of the sofa
Warning you not to get any closer
I need some space to breathe
And he's making me
Shovel the snow cut the grass and rake the leaves
Take these responsibilities and shove 'em
These working boots weren't made for running

Your landscaping business
My hands are shaking hidden fists
Holding a dead fish
Breaking limp wrists
And listening for lisps
Smack speech impediments out your mouth piece
I'm all alone in the foster home
Killing myself with the house keys

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