

## Sage Francis

### "Sea Lion Feature Saul Williams"

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The force of my love was strong. The sea lion lay down long. Song in the air. Why should singer care? When singer can be among song.

Ma, Ma--look what i did, Ma. Look what i did to my hands, I broke 'em.

You gave me the stone, gave me the chisel, didn't say how to hold 'em.

Didn't say to give away every piece of the puzzle 'til i was left with nothin'.

But i took it upon myself to crush it up and distribute the dust.

Get in the bus. Hop in the van. Jump in the water. Crawl to the land.

Build another castle out of sand. Break it down and then get into the saddle again.

I'm going city to city - i'm already lost. Tell the boss who is new in town.

I'll ride this horse 'til it it bucks me off and i'm forced to shoot it down.

I'll take him out for some gasoline. Trade this cow for some magic beans.

Gonna make mom proud of the deals that I made, 'cause I'm just a modern day Johnny Appleseed

But i'm glad that I never passed the genes, and I never put down the axe.

Piano man got a checkered dance floor to grace and a painful look on his face.

'Cause the crowd is packed and the louder they clap the less he is able to make the connection between what he sees

when he hears certain notes and the hurt that is shown in his facial expression. Ahhhhhh.

I don't need your "go ahead" to go ahead. No, I know no one said it was gonna be easy, but sweet jesus who wants to sleep with me?

Way too many moves to learn. Not enough people to put 'em on.

Look it, mom! No hands. I built this suit of armor with wooden arms.

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Oh God I think I'm dead  
I can't see outside my head  
Brains and bloods and cryptic gang men  
Czars and warlords breaking bread  
Thoughts are thought  
What's said is said  
I thought that 'fore you said it  
I didn't mean to think out loud  
My tongue slipped but who let it?  
Let it be, let me be, let me go, nah let me out  
My manhood nods and whispers when my father  
screams and shouts  
Dear dad I'm sad you're dead  
A new man standing in the pulpit  
He bows before a wooden cross and forces praise the  
culprit  
I'm a tenor in the choir but I sing a different song  
Of how the wheres and whys of now all prove I don't  
belong  
But I'm staying I've planted seeds and plan to watch  
them grow  
I've watered all my wishes dreams fulfilled more seeds  
to sow  
And I promise to learn to love the way I've learned to  
fear  
To unknot all the inhibitions tangled in my hair  
To let my ego mound in piles around the barber chair  
And make a graceful exit from my vexed troubled  
years  
I've decided I've been invited to my own resort  
Where knights can leave their armor neatly piled by the  
door  
And every woman, child, and man will gather by the  
shore  
and study how sea lions swim in cursive

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