

Sage Francis "Souvenir"

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You don't want me here, now do you?
You don't want me here
You don't want me here, now do you?
You don't want me here
You don't want me here, now
You don't want me here, now
Now you don't really want me

From what I hear my extra baggage is a turn off
My carry on luggage gets smuggled in the bags under
my eyes
I'm a travelin' man
Without sleep on my itinerary
I eat whatever's vegetarian
I'll live with vegan, that's my saving grace
I gave up chase in the human mating race
'Cause I can't slow down my aging face
Wrinkles become my road maps
And my one last tire is going bald
Rubbing it when checking messages
Knowing no one called
I troop on
On the road again
Tired of what I wrote
I spend one more quarter to phone a friend
And hold a pen up to the receiver
Lettin' the ink seep into their ear
Waitin' for any intelligent speech, they've got to share
Most people can't think deep, but I don't care
I'm not concerned with them
I've learned to fend for me, my own
And I've got a lonely girlfriend back home
Who makes me feel a lot better when I return
I'm waitin' for that "Dear John" letter
I'm gettin' her a souvenir

You don't want me here, now do you?
You don't want me here
You don't want me here, now really?
You don't want me here
You don't want me here, now
You don't want me here, now

You don't really want me

Too much time all by myself
I've been around others I do not ???
These personal moments feeling about as
meaningless as phone sex
Don't stress me living in your condition
As still I'm that reason for that whole mess
I'm not in need of shelter
I'm just homeless
I'm a homeboy who's homely
Never known to be a homebody
Nobody knows the amount of body blows
or head shops at they got at rest stops
I gotta go let's ride hip hop shows ???
Let me download you on my desktop
I keep it real audio
Let's talk before the phone card expired
Or let it know I'm far from wired
Why? Cause I just rocked that show hard
And I'm tired
Use a Gold Card to buy her a silver lined dark cloud
When it rains, it pours, it's hard out
But I fear that it may have dried out, pied out
I lay down to earth girls who say "stop"
When they realize the only reason I'm outta this world
is cause I'm a space shot
These relations aren't making me feel any better
When I return I'm handing her that "Dear Jane" letter
I done got her a souvenir

You don't want me here
You don't want me

We're all rock stars
We do big drugs
And we have big heads
And we have big sex
[Come again]
x3

You don't want me here x6
Cause you don't want me
You don't want me x5

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