

## Sage Francis

### "Stuck"

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[slug.]

you act smart, while i act dumb  
but i know some that still lay under my thumb  
see, we've got issues  
we swing our fists for whatever  
trying to keep the tempo down to the gristle  
they like the small talk, as long as it's about you  
they walk that walk, without knowing how to  
i watch it all, and pretend that i'm above it  
but the truth is, i see her i need it i love it

[sage francis.]

i'm stuck with random stray hairs, from ex-lovers  
entangled in each other's desire to stay here beyond  
their welcome  
sharing the same common problem  
blonde and brunette tightly knit  
and i don't fit in with split ends  
didn't have to worry about them taking me from my  
dividends  
payed my dues spending time by myself  
she was with her friends  
mingling with single men  
say things like hitting skins to them  
thinking it's innocent but then giving me guilty grins  
swimming with filthy fins  
knocking boots, kicking my shins  
shark infested water torture treatment get beat by the  
timbalands  
feet is shivering walking on cold rage  
roses like unrelationships, too impatient to die of old  
age

[slug.]

yeah, remeber when you knew all the answers?  
well something shook until you thought you had the  
questions  
for all the time and effort you've invested  
i find it kind of funny that you haven't learned your  
lesson  
still guessin'

the whisper of the leaf, the rustle of the bitch  
when there is no love, nothing makes you rich  
so i give a shrug, and the eye muscle twitches  
in replace of a hug and a lack of superstitions

[chorus]

stop thinking you don't belong here.  
you are where you are 'cause you hardly move.  
the music is not gonna' stop  
take your eyes of the chair  
'cause there's others that are under the same  
impressions as you  
how many seats will the rock bottom accommodate?  
one, too, many people who share nothing but views  
misery is willing to keep company  
with those who don't ever walk a mile in their own  
shoes

[sage francis.]

so now they swap souls  
they got soul, fuckin' uninspired  
they drive low under the fire of sky dives  
it got old and now they wanna' go higher  
but cops control every single empire with tripods

[slug.]

so video, did kill the radio star  
now we're all so cute and drive brand new cars  
we make music so you can lose your minds  
we do the crimes, so you can do the times  
tell me who can get busy like this man  
well the truth is  
damn near anyone can  
so i'ma buy you some implants and a suntan  
let's follow the plan and get some fat off the land  
fuck this little rapper, treat me like a crook  
maybe if you knew me, you wouldn't sing my hook  
you'd think i was so ugly, you'd be afraid to look  
but maybe if i'm lucky, i'll get a chapter in your book  
doing fine thanks for asking  
standing as the last man  
popping bubbles and aspirin  
ready, set, action, remove your dress  
so we can make a mess  
and hit the world with a little bit of stress

[sage francis.]

let's head talk these winds until they  
strengthen for getting footwork  
making power moves on ceilings with head spin  
it unravels the bloody ground, revealing red sin

we created hierarchy, now there are no kings in heaven  
fatty acids added to the asthma medicine  
breathing heavy at the gates make them have to let us  
in  
like implying we've been trying our hardest  
using everyone elses' honest way of dying as an  
armrest  
i promise broken over dislocated kneecaps  
and it's harmless jokes that provoke freak accidents  
laugh at that lapdancer who strips off confidence  
i live off of hope, and providence

[slug: communication tactics are all fucked up. don't  
blame me i had nothing to do with this.]

[slug.]  
you play the same damn records everyday  
no wonder you believe you'd never get away  
you wear the same pair of jeans you woke up in  
keep the music coming, keep the movements sudden  
i watched you dance every street of this city  
i feel no pity  
you laid the carpet  
you made the target by yourself, little help  
now loosen up the belt and straighten up the apartment  
finish that book that you never even started  
take a look at that face that hates to look back  
set the oven on bake take a pen out the rack  
season up your past put it in and cook that

[chorus.]  
stop thinking you don't belong here.  
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the music is not gonna' stop  
take your eyes off the chair  
'cause there's others that are under the same  
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how many seats will the rock bottom accommodate?  
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