

## Sage Francis "Waterline"

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I just sit there, and let the thoughts flood  
And I remind myself: "it's all right, it's all good, it's all love"  
It's not though. Cuz there's a kink in the armor  
A pot hole I'm sinkin' in, while I think of the drama  
So I stand up, I start to pace in my living room  
Set my eye to the highway, knowin' that I'll play chicken soon  
There's a vanity plate, wit my name on it  
There's a Davy Crocket hat with a Masonic fat cat under it  
A musket rifle spittin' at my feet  
They want me to dance in the middle of the street  
And I respect my elders, so I do as I'm told  
But I offset the bell curve when I do it with soul. Losin' control.  
Guilty feet do have rhythm  
They just dance to the wrong theme music to amuse the villain.  
Instead of killin', I spare the raccoon  
And start fillin' sand bags as I stare at the moon and let the thoughts flood.  
Blessed are those who are damned  
When the levee broke, how many choked on the steps of a slow dance?  
A staircase to a hug with no hands  
Accountability hung out to dry on the line of command  
We let the thoughts flood  
We remind ourselves it's all right, it's all good, it's all love"  
It's not though. Cuz there's a kink in the armor  
A pot hole I'm sinkin' in, sharing a drink with my father  
It's a family affair, the vanity we share  
The water line is rising and all we do is stand there.

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