

Bang Bang Boogie

Sage Francis

Bang, bang boogie, up jumps the party...

I know your name and the hours that you operate are
grave yard
shift my body weight out the gates, he came
like a thief in the night this hell hounded off his
leash
teeth clenched tight, you might know my face...
not the expression that it's left in
when I taste a loved ones blood my forked tongue
make sure protect your next of kin
take it like pain killers
spill the pills of medicine right down the drain
flush the evidence then claim your innocence
this shit just isn't their game, in fact their rules
don't apply here,
it's a shame that you're going to die here underneath
my thumb print
all over some dumb shit, run quick
cuz you're about to get your punk ass beat in public
like bang, bang, boogie,

he beat down her door with an alibi full of childhood,
I killed time while it stood still for her,
moments must have adjusted accordingly, but on his
watch
the minutes were fast givin him whip lash
beat by the hands of my clock,
lots can happen in an hour,
for some days don't fly by they make a crash landing,
I flee by night and only return for emergencies
just so I can listen to the ambulance sing,
sirens rang, the colors of the flashing lights
painted the town red in the blackest of nights,
so i will not taint beauty in the ugliest of moments
its that strange side of a poet, I'm writing you out of
my will to live and let live
and to give you some perspective, I'm a changed man,
and in that respect you best get professional
detectives
and motion detectors to protect your relatives, that's
as much warning as your ass will get,
I hold my aim, this is an invite, to my domain,
pick me up while I hitch hike, on memory lane,
sit tight while I back seat drive you insane,
and beat your brains until you see nothing but pitch
white
and keep you breathing just long enough to have you
explain what its like
and how you like it. convince me, I want to believe
that you bleed,
I want to believe that you're bleedin just as much as
she did
I'll exterm' it with your life until I find it's fuckin
meaning.

She beat back her attackers with a childhood full of

alibis, as I understood she had to lie,
the battle cries must have adjusted accordingly or
stopped,
calls for help never were answered back and for that
beat by the hands of my clock,

lots can happen in a matter of seconds
ask for a repentance from a looking glass self
shattered reflections,
before you blame your anger on adolescence
listen to the symphony of ambulances sing,
so beautiful,
so nice
tell me where were you last night?
As usual, you lied.
Tell me where the fuck you hide.
It goes bang bang boogie up jumps the party.
I always notice when she has new marks on her body.