

Day Grows Old

Sage Francis

Build up your saliva and get ready to kill the fire

Spit in the face of figure heads, give 'em a taste of the shit I said
Build a place for children to escape
The inbred human race of living deadbeat
Dads milking the motherless childcare system

Let the sleepers have another nightmare from Christian conservatives
They don't fight fair and any religion would murder kids
If they don't quite care about the condition
Of the prison where we're serving bids
Once I escape my skin cell I won't be banging on the bars of soap
That I dropped into my living hell

The seemingly indestructible knuckles of my fists are clean
Keeping eyes wide open and bulging out like Mr. Bean
Misdemeanors made to look like felonies, the prison queen
Is existing in his own filth and feeling no guilt it seems
It's a dream with cheetah speed we're chasing after
Some are running quick

Track teams want me to lead but face the fact
Y'all can't catch up to it, pace at your own pace on this race track
You'll eventually get lapped on your last leg while stretching my aggression
is just a lack of serotonin
Plug the jack of your telephone in to the wall
So I can call your bluff just to say what's up, how ya doin'

Now I've ruined the beautiful sound of silence
Won't get quiet until the voices in my head come down with laryngitis
Talking, talking, talking, talking, so much to say, so little sense to make
Bedposts get chopped off once innocence gets raped
Close the curtains and drapes, pull down the blinds
Cover your ears, block your nose and mouth, shut your eyes

There's a black box in my head which is actually read
When I crash and burn it keeps a record of every last word I said
It goes "one" for the finger, fuck, two for the peace sign
3 strikes, you're out, Casey's at bat with unloaded guns in his mouth

As the day grows old
We pave this road
When we take control
We will save your soul

And it burns just like that famous ring of fire
Sing to inspire, try to loosen up the dirt that clings to the tires
Establish some traction, lingering behind the curtain of satisfaction
I'm certain of nothing, Mr. Knew it all
Late for my disorientation, fate glued to the wall

The pain felt could make the brain melt
Heard the shackles on the ankles, mistook the sound as slay bells
Remember that song called big pimpin'?
It made me want to dance around but I had no type of rhythm
Then I thought I should write a song called sick pimpin'

'Cause I know a lot of beautiful psycho inspiteful women
Now I'm that cat that tiptoes on this pads
With the gauze on track and so as not to cause damage
Hello, Miss Management, time decision making process
Trying to catch the breath I couldn't find 'til I lost it

Stand upon a rock I couldn't climb if I tried
With a fist full of issues, a bag full of pride
Well alright, I'ma write all the problems on the board
If anyone can answer 'em, I'll let them drive my Ford
I quit searching for the truth 'cause the truth can change

It all depends on how the furniture's arranged
If you don't take a moment to sit in the chair
Then there wasn't any point of ever puttin' it here
And I'm lovin' every minute as the day gets vivid

While I'm twistin' up the lyrics of existence
And it goes, one for the wife and two for the house
Three strikes, you're out
Now please remove my life from your mouth

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