

# Hoofprints In The Sand

Sage Francis

I've seen a monkey evolve into a man  
I've seen a man devolve into a monkey  
I've seen a junkie redeem himself with help  
I've seen a wealthy man melt into the snow and blow his credit on a decongestant  
The dyslexics breathe easy  
The people in the top tax bracket just keep looking for freebies  
Thumbing their noses at those in need of handouts  
I'm talkin' panhandlers with secondhand clothes, living hand to mouth  
Camping out on Capitol Hill  
The fat cats are still insisting reparations be a jagged little pill  
Today there's free vaccinations at the walk-in clinic  
If you're lucky, you won't just be a guinea pig  
Call me a cynic  
I find it interesting how certain epidemics spread  
More specifically - where they don't and who isn't affected  
Yeah, I'm infected with a curious nature  
The welcome mat said, "God bless this home," not "God damn thy neighbor"  
They can repeat history but can't recycle paper  
They don't see the forest or the trees, just skyscrapers  
Towels of Babel in a town full of cattle  
When I question brand loyalty, the crowd is bedazzled  
But I'll never be hoodwinked, I'm mindful of the footprints  
The shape of the hoof, the way the path in the wood splits  
The author of the book, the origin of the crucifix  
The waitress looking for tips and the place where the cook spits  
This is where I was when the bomb dropped  
Hiding from the uninvited onslaught  
I've seen people who don't believe in sleep count sheep  
With calculators that double as alarm clocks  
From Noah's Ark all the way to Rosa Parks  
To black folk pushing white agendas inside of an office with flow charts  
Technology ain't shit, we feed off the fruit  
When I stuff leaves of absence in my briefcase, follow suit  
Spill the liquid from your double fisted escapade  
Kill kids with the drunken misfits in your Escalade  
It's gruel for the food fight and foreign aid  
Bream 'em down and build 'em back up with what you throw away  
Administering band aids on amputated limbs  
Kissing 'em with air raids, and your lips gave 'em infections  
Too many closed doors led to back drafts  
Now the spring edition of fashion catalogues feature gasmasks  
How becoming on these lanky models  
They can't look truth in the mirror without a pair of safety goggles  
Hold the bobble head, insert the feeding tube  
Even if they stop breathing, make sure they keep eating food  
Do the Schiavo  
Mouth opened wide like a perverse psycho circus side show  
Forgive me not, my patterns stay impartial to apologies  
Despite a polite side of mine that says, "I'm so sorry"  
Adding flame infinitum for your eternal fuel tank  
My higher power doesn't need to be thanked  
Thanks anyway, that's from him to me to you  
I don't mind being the middle man, someday I might need one, too  
  
I'm at the fire  
Where are you?

I'm at the fire  
Where the hell are you?

I've seen a man devolve into a monkey  
I've seen a monkey evolve into a man  
I've seen it all, upside down, in-between, inside out  
It's neither here nor there, hoofprints in the sand  
I've fallen head first into the pit of my stomach  
Taught to trust my gut, got no trust in the gutless  
Save some hope for the hopeless, but I won't show it  
Shoot my load in an opus, now it's an open casket  
Going to Hades in a hand basket  
Holding onto a dream, but lately we can't grasp it  
There's been too much murder and not enough martyr  
Why is it no one else wants to impress Jodie Foster?

[x3:]  
I'm at the fire  
We're at the fire  
Where are you? Where are you?

You can't have revolution without evolution, huh?  
You can't have evolution without velution, huh?  
You can't have velution without elution, huh?  
You can't have elution without lution, huh?  
You can't have lution without ution, huh?  
You can't have ution without tion, huh?  
You can't have tion without ion, huh?  
You can't have ion without on, huh?  
You can't have on without n, huh?

Seriously I know that you pray when the chips are down  
But act different when there are atheists around  
Have suspicions that make you think you'll drown  
All alone in the middle of a crowd  
I'd be a liar if I said I never had to beg  
Doubled over with my knees bent touching my head  
Stuck in a bed, dealing with all of these evil visions  
Running from the dead in a fetal position  
Needing assistance from a nurse  
She said, "Tell me where it hurts"  
These words are gonna make my belly burst  
So I mentally revert to all the enemies I've cursed  
Running through my memories in reverse  
I said bring that beat back, man, bring that beat back  
A flash ain't enough time for me to recap  
I'm a bastard sometimes, don't think I don't see that  
Laughing at the dumb, blind, the deaf to the knee slaps  
Cracking punch lines for the sake of some green stacks  
Passion for the rhyme can be cheapened by feedback  
I shut my eyes and proceed to go dream catch  
But a troubled mind can't seem to fall asleep fast  
I cut my ties like the way that a fiend acts  
Go into overdrive and get caught in a speed trap