

## Runaways

Sage Francis

It's time to rethink every fact that is imaginable  
Survival instinct dwells in a past that is inhabitable  
I happen to pull fast ones over the slow parole board  
Who likes to speak to de-fanged wolves who cry sheep  
Time seeps into our skin, age indicates how long we've been lost in space  
I keep putting expression-less upon my face  
An awful waste of human skin who waits for Autumn to begin  
My fall from grace, will do me in too late  
(I'm out of seasoning)  
No spring chicken, summer romance novel writer could win a prize  
It's Nobel, go to hell in a riding vehicle that he winterized  
I change my mind more often than my undergarments  
Abide abortion and other nonsense  
I'm an orphan who comes from Providence  
I am a sign from God! For the parentally misguided

(And I know...)  
State is not an ocean, not an island, not a road  
If I don't know where I come from  
How do I know where to go?  
It's not where you're from, not where you're at  
It's where your going... and I am going home  
(And I know...)  
State is not an ocean, not an island, not a road  
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...to where? The land of the lost souls  
Feeling the loneliness that really only exists in abandoned foster homes  
How many images of missing kids can be fit onto a milk carton?  
Framed, they're starting to look the same  
Starting to say his name, and claim privileges  
As if they found HIM!  
The strangest little kids surrounding the circle of false friendship  
Rings of fire are connected at the elbow  
Cause they're tired, moms unexpectedly let go  
The Velcro light component that keeps there unit cohesive  
It's the music! So we give reasons to get sober  
Life experiences to hum to  
These kids play Red Rover? I look for weaknesses to run through  
With reckless abandon, they're standin', refuse to go down  
The pinballs in their machine bounce between abusive homes now  
If its fight or flight, they'll just choose to throw down  
Ain't nothing like beating a dead horse, riding it through a ghost town  
I move with no sound... I used to think I was invisible  
Til they stopped me mid-stride and said  
"I think I seen a picture of you..."  
Picture that, I said "Nah I just got one of them faces  
Placed next to an expiration date that changes.  
I kind of look familiar, my name is on the tip of your tongue  
The lost look on my face makes you play dumb.  
Say something colloquial  
I need to get my bearings and a feel for where I'm at  
but you ain't hearin' that.  
They shout "freeze!" I'm a tourist trapped by townies

Who put bounties on armies and all surrounding counties  
Before I bounce, I hear them shout  
"Someone help us out, PLEASE!"  
We're all alone in the foster home  
Killin' ourselves with the house keys...  
Not every broken home can come equipped with a fix-it man  
And it's a smelly mess once the shit hits the fan  
Kids just stand in their circle jerks with there dicks in the sand  
Saying "FUCK THE WORLD" cause they ain't got no girl  
But who do they think I am?  
Think again, I'm not that quick to plan ahead of time  
I'm two steps behind their schedule, they pretend to have read my mind  
I think they just misread the lines in the palm of my hand  
Cause, they're random scars caused from slap boxin' with landlords  
I ran with the dogs till I realized they were all mutts  
Turned bitch once the dog catcher caught up  
Forced into trucks, boarded up, put to sleep in the pound  
Being an orphan sucks, but I'm through with sneaking around  
I see my frown posted up on street lights  
And telephone poles, from what they show it seems like  
I never grow old, from what they show it seems like  
I never go home, and that doesn't seem right  
Cause they won't let me grow...

And this is where some go  
to avoid the sunrays and the noise of subways  
Emerging introverted, unemployed and unshaved  
I feel rewarded offering a finder's fee that I know no one will pay

And this is where some go  
to avoid the sunrays and the noise of subways  
Emerging introverted, unemployed and unshaved  
I've got multiple personalities and my inner children are runaways

(And I know...)  
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If I don't know where I come from  
How do I know where to go?  
It's not where you're from, not where you're at  
It's where your going... and I am going home...  
To the land of the lost souls  
Feeling a loneliness that really only exists in abandoned foster homes

I feel rewarded offering a finder's fee that I know no one will pay I've got  
multiple personalities and my inner children are runaways  
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