

Vonnegut Busy

Sage Francis

Of all the words of mice and men
The saddest are, "it might have been"
Of all the words of mice and men
The saddest are

I like for my shoes to look like they've been walked in
My house to look like it's been lived in
My car to look like a coffin that's been driven off a cliff
My career like a non-stop graveyard shift

Don't clean the crime scene cause time means money
Don't need visine when my eyes seem bloody
I see dead people, but who doesn't?
We walk undercover, deadpan blending in with other human puppets
Discussing nothing but the sports and weather
If I stare long enough they all morph together
Then I freak out, it'll blow my cover
So I just keep out, no, we don't know each other
I'm on the road to recovery, no GPS
Hoist in my sails 'till the sea breeze rests
Suck wind if you wanna player hate
Day to day I use my fear of falling asleep to stay awake
I appear psychic-like, but I'm not a psychic
You're just predictable with no fight left to fight it
If you write it they will come with a red pen and a tazer-gun
Let's do something

I sift through the ashes in search of survivors
Digging up the Earth filling urns with dirt
For what it's worth I'm richer than the cemetery soil
I use slant drilling to get my midnight oil
I've been moonlighting as a daydreamer
I'm at the wheel of an eight-seater, (hey) hey mister gatekeeper
Call me key master, no, home owner
One, two and to the three and to the foreclosure
They said the war was over, but we know it wasn't
They wanted more soldiers so we said "sure, fuck it"
Here's a fresh batch of people with setbacks
The poor folk, in fact they're all broke cause of your debt traps
Picking the pockets of people who probably needed assistance most
Selling them lies, selling them out, sending them off to a distant coast
Telling them anything anyone left with impossible debt is receptive to
Breaking a promise of negative worth like "buddy there's nothing left for you"
Gotta buy buy buy to stay alive, they punish the payment delayed
Then they charge you for the low balance then they ask "why didn't you save?"
"
Too long we took it on the chin, too long we took it to our grave
Now we take what we can get, fuck an unlivable minimum wage
Do something

It might have been
(Do something)
It might have been
Of all the words of mice and men
The saddest are Vonnegut busy
Do it, do it - mess up my mind (Vonnegut busy)

Do it, do it - mess up my mind

Sometimes I shoot myself in the foot, I put my foot in my mouth
Clean it while it's there, and then i suck the bullet out
Reload the weapon, now that's conservation
Stay locked and loaded in a bad conversation
He making blank statements like the circles of your ammunition's finite
Visionary nothing, you're a man who lives with hindsight
Return to the hive mind and call me back
I'm predicting early that you'll be the Monday morning quarterback
So, cocksure in a culture that gangs up on bully-types
Mob mentality, as if that isn't what a bully's like
Inspiration strikes like an union
I write these lines just to cross 'em, I'm concluding
If my mama don't wanna she never has to work again
You never asked me why I spread myself so thin
I'm finna flirt dirty with the pen and flick my tongue on this bottom
I promise writer's block ain't never been a problem
I'll probably make the columns wanna pop bottles of pain relief
Sometimes it's what you don't say that says the most to say the least
Idle feet are the Devil's fetish club
A highly exclusive spots none of us are members of
Dante is a scrub - we kicked him out the van and steamrolled him
In 2010 we had a couple dreams stolen
Me and B. Dolan relocked and reloaded
When it feels like you're going through hell, keep going
And as they say may the bridges that we burn light the way

Do it, do it - mess up my mind

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